

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

April, 1932

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

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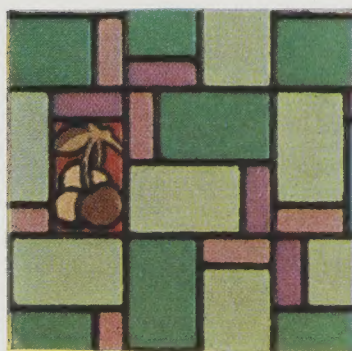
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Daring WORDS 5 YEARS AGO



● She wants to know but she hates to ask . . . the tragedy of false modesty.



● Trained nurses . . . they know how women fear the unknown... There is enlightenment in truth.



giene," he will tell you. "But do not use poisonous antiseptics. They can do irreparable damage. I have known many such cases." What germicide, then, can a woman use that is safe and yet effective? She can use *Zonite*.

This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the human body. Yet it is non-caustic and non-poisonous. It is a great triumph for modern science that a germicide, as strong as Zonite, is at the same time gentle in its action and even soothing to the tissues.

Read "Facts for Women"

You need have no embarrassment in asking for *Zonite* because it is employed for many general antiseptic purposes. It comes in bottles and sells for 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00. You will find it in every drug store.

Be sure you send for your copy of "Facts for Women." It would perhaps have been considered daring five years ago. Today it is in the spirit of the times, and the information it contains is absolutely true. You will be much better informed after you have read it. A couple of excerpts given at the top of this page will give you a little suggestion of its subject matter. *Zonite Products Corporation, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.*

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION, LTD.
Ste. Therese, P. Q. WM 24

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ Facts for Women
- ☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME
(Please print name)

ADDRESS

CITY..... PROVINCE.....

TODAY women are faced by a new problem. Talk is franker. Discussion is more free. There should be a much greater enlightenment now. Yet a condition has arisen that is disturbing. It would almost seem that the secrecy of a few years ago was less dangerous than the present confusion and misunderstanding.

How is it that all the talk does not make certain matters clearer? Why is it that women are just as unsure and worried as ever? What is there about the subject of feminine hygiene that it is so likely to cause argument and dissension?

Some women use poisons

No matter where the conversation may start, it always ends with the antiseptic. Of course, there must be an antiseptic and it must be powerful. In the past, the only germicides

powerful enough were caustic poisons and many women believe that this is still the case. They go to the extent of telling this false theory to others and giving advice about a matter on which they are ill-informed. They mean well, but they are spreading a dangerous doctrine.

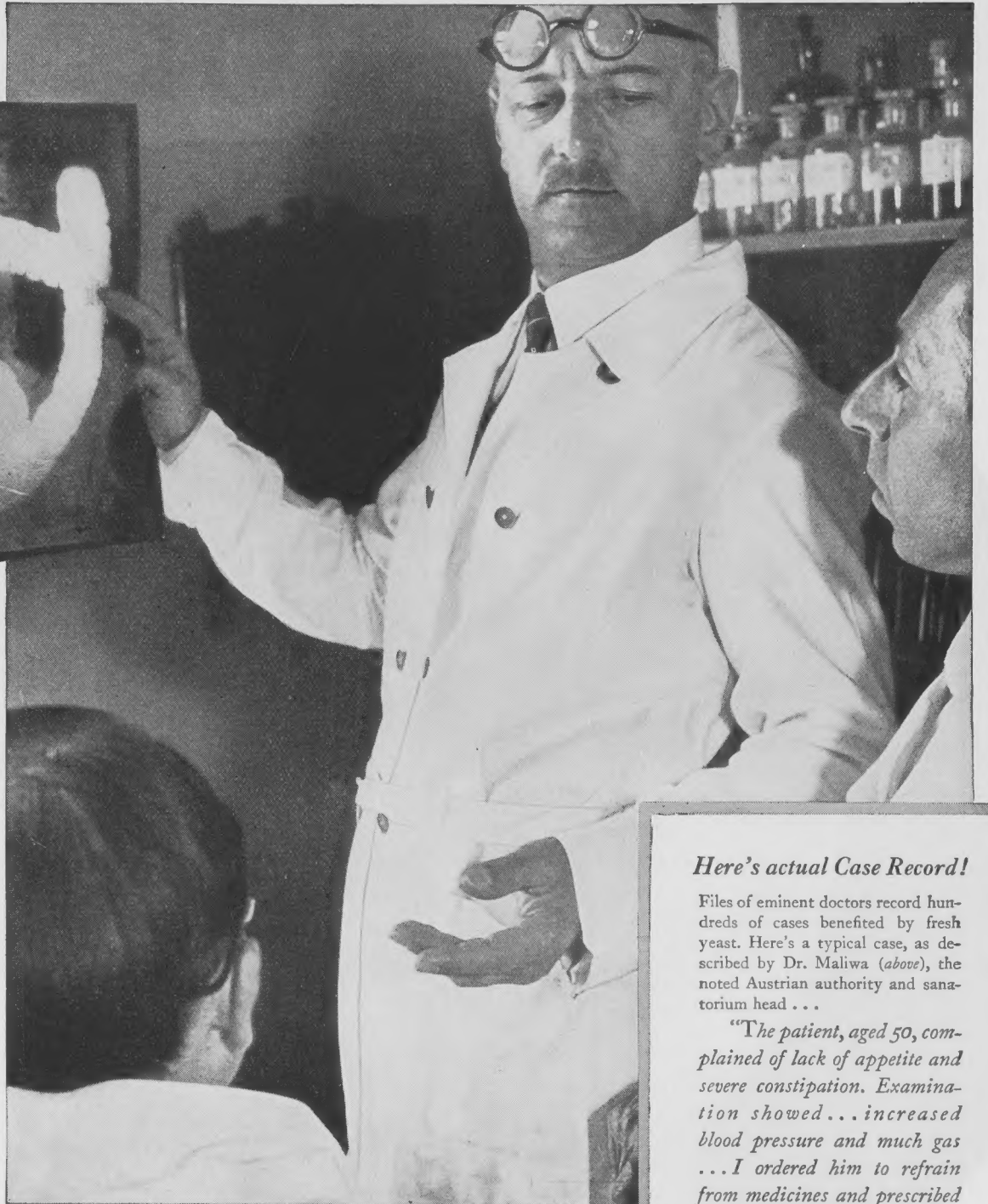
Zonite is safe to use

The time is past where there is any doubt remaining as to whether feminine hygiene is or is not advisable. Women know that nothing less than surgical cleanliness will satisfy them. And the physician's stand has long been established. No one understands better than he that women are right in their standards. He realizes, more than the women themselves, the importance of this practice, the necessity for it. But the doctor will warn you against poisons. "Certainly you should practice feminine hy-

X-RAYS prove fresh yeast—unlike weakening cathartics, pills, etc.—actually strengthens “tired” intestines, Dr. Maliwa shows.

“It has none of the Objections of *harsh Cathartics*”

—says DR. MALIWA, head of the noted Sanatorium Esplanade



Here's actual Case Record!

Files of eminent doctors record hundreds of cases benefited by fresh yeast. Here's a typical case, as described by Dr. Maliwa (above), the noted Austrian authority and sanatorium head . . .

“The patient, aged 50, complained of lack of appetite and severe constipation. Examination showed . . . increased blood pressure and much gas . . . I ordered him to refrain from medicines and prescribed fresh yeast. The constipation was entirely cured.”

“IN cases of constipation and intestinal sluggishness . . . I prescribe fresh yeast. I prefer it to all other purifiers of the intestines.”

That is the way one of Europe's foremost authorities on the intestines sums up the results of his medical experience!

Dr. Edmund Maliwa is physician-in-chief of the world-famous Sanatorium Esplanade, at Baden, near Vienna, and the author of “Peristaltic Action,”

which describes the way in which the human intestine works.

“Fresh yeast,” he explains, “has none of the objectionable features of harsh cathartics and laxative drugs, which weaken the condition of the intestines and aggravate constipation.

“Fresh yeast stimulates weak intestinal muscles . . . helps renew normal action . . . increases the flow of gastric juices . . . improves digestion and

the general vitality.”

Not a “cure-all,” Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food with certain amazing properties.

Eaten daily, it mingles with and softens the waste masses in your intestines. In addition, it supplies elements that actually “tone” and strengthen your sluggish intestinal tract.

Thus normal, easy elimination is induced . . . poisons are regularly cleared away. And your whole system shows the healthful effects!

Your tongue clears—you boast greater reserves of energy—you digest your meals more easily. You are less subject to bad breath, to skin eruptions, to frequent headaches and colds.

Why not try it . . . in place of weakening cathartics and laxatives? Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

Important Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors advise. At grocers, restaurants, drug stores, and soda fountains. Rich in vitamins B, G and D.



“I heard doctors advised it in such cases”

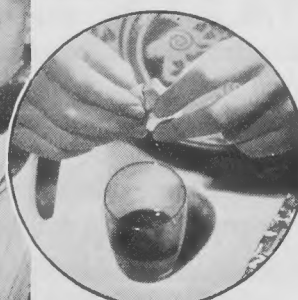
“I felt very depressed and run down,” writes Mrs. Elizabeth Caldwell, of Toronto, “and it was a burden to get through my household duties. My body was broken out in boils.

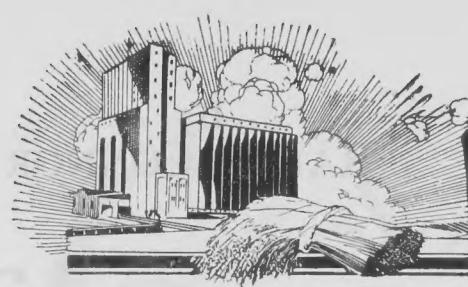
“My neighbor advised me to try Fleischmann's Yeast, and I heard doctors were advising it for just my trouble.

“In a short time after I started, my boils disappeared and I regained my usual health.”



EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast every day—just plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass). Try it!





EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXIII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 4

Kidnapping and Crime

THE sympathy that was felt for Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh when their child was stolen, was as universal as it was sincere. In cases like this people ignore those artificial distinctions which separate human beings into classes and nationalities. The world is at heart a great brotherhood. To Canadians, Hopewell, New Jersey, is but next door, and the Lindbergh family one in which everybody has a personal interest. The regret that was expressed when the baby was taken away, the interest that was manifested in the search and all that pertained to it, will be no greater than the joy that will be felt throughout the Dominion when the child is once again safe in his mother's arms.

It is perfectly natural that men and women should recall other losses of the same kind, and that they should consider the problem of kidnapping and home-desecration in a serious way. It is said that in the United States during the last two years no less than two thousand people, young and old, have been abducted and held for ransom. How eagerly these have been searched for, and how many have been found nobody seems to know. The interest shown in most of the cases seems to have been purely local. The social prominence of the sufferers and the amount of the ransom demanded, seem to have been the chief factors in determining the interest that would be shown by press and people. This is not a very favorable comment to make, for it implies that the public are more interested in sensation and in personal affairs than they are in the detection and punishment of crime, and in the preservation of law and order.

Colonel Lindbergh is a young man whose greatest charm is a becoming modesty. The last thing he would wish is that his loss and sorrow should be so magnified that people would become insensible to the losses and sorrows of others. It was Will Rogers, a close friend of Colonel Lindbergh, who said, "Remember there are other kidnapped ones out there just as dear to their folks as this baby of his." It would be well if some newspapers and legislatures could recognize that fact.

Now that this tragedy has stirred our thought and our emotions, it may be possible that all of us who live in what are known as Christian lands will remember that there are in other parts of the globe those who are suffering a bereavement that is even more heart-breaking than that of the Hopewell parents, for it is a bereavement that cannot be relieved by hope. What makes the sorrow keener is the knowledge that those who are responsible for the outrage are known but not punished. Rather are they honored in court and nation.

As we write, we seem to hear the thunder of guns as they vomit their shells upon Shanghai. As these fall, homes are wrecked, and children often torn and mangled are wrested from their mothers, and so forever lost. Think you these people do not feel? Have they not hearts that beat with mother-love? And the murderers? They are retiring on their honors, and the great nations of the world are looking on and saying gently, "Please, no more!"

Kidnapping of a lovely child. It is deplorable; it is horrible. But why do papers give hundreds of columns to a single case, and remain so singularly quiet when foreign mothers by the thousand have their children not only stolen, but dismembered and butchered? Of course there is a reason. As good civilized law-abiding people, we, who live in Anglo-Saxon lands, can not countenance the crime of invasion of the home, but as people who have national ends to serve, and who are controlled by leaders who have financial or commercial ambitions to realize, we are sometimes singularly unmindful of the misfortunes of others.

We have every hope that before long the Lindbergh baby will be returned to his happy home. We wish we could entertain the same hope that the orphaned children of China would be cared for. There is nothing but condemnation to be expressed for those who are engaged in kidnapping. There is need for language equally strong to describe the actions of those who foment or encourage war.

Shanghai

A GREAT river rolling 1500 miles to the sea. It has carried down the rich alluvial soil of inland China and Tibet until there is a delta as large as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—a delta divided into numerous islands, the outermost bordering the great Yellow Sea. This river is the Yangtze-Kiang, and the seaport none other than Shanghai, the theatre of the present war. Shanghai was not always a large city, but in some inner portions of the delta there were even back in 1300 wonderful centres of culture, for then, as compared with China, Europe was barbarian. Shanghai was at that time but a little fishing village and so remained until about a century ago when British warships came up the river and demanded trade with Chinese merchants. With reluctance certain settlements were set aside, and the Chinese must have laughed up their mutton sleeves when they sold the mud flats on the water front to the British traders. A mud-flat covered with reeds, that was all.

Here, however, the foreigners built a port that is now third or fourth in the world. The buildings are on steel piles driven into the marshy soil, and are as imposing as any in American or European capitals. The river is as thickly covered with craft as the Thames or the Hudson.

Then what a hinterland! Two hundred and fifty million hardworking people send their products eastward and demand trade in return. What an opportunity for the merchants and mandarins who work on a double commission! With such a location and such prospects it is no wonder that Shanghai looks forward to the day when it will outship New York and London.

Nor is it surprising that Japan, overcrowded, cramped in resources, burdened with debt and menaced by unemployment should look first to Manchuria and then to Shanghai. Here were prizes tempting enough to appeal to both the needy and the greedy. When a country is prepared to fight, and must fight to prevent civil unrest, it can easily find an excuse for its actions. That there were reasons for dissatisfaction because of threatened loss of Japanese trade and capital, is no doubt true, but it is evident that the primary ambition was the conversion of Manchuria into a vassal state of Japan. As the Christian Science Monitor says, "Japan may talk about a spontaneous separation till she is black in the face, but she will not persuade the world of its existence."

In the meantime for diversion the attack is made on Shanghai. Though a truce is now in force nobody knows what the outcome will be. The great river will continue to send down its riches to the sea, and the great Eastern land will continue to develop until it is a nation. Then will come the day of reckoning. China may be Shanghai, but not for long. Two hundred and fifty million hardworking people aroused, instructed, made aware of their nationhood—then once again Cathay. And in the meantime what of Russia, and of the League?

The Cost of War

A GERMAN mathematician has made calculations showing that during the Great War no less than 11,000,000 men were killed; 19,000,000 were mutilated; and the total cost of the war reached the colossal total of \$500,000,000,000. With this amount it would have been possible to present every family in the United States, Canada, Australia, Britain, France, Belgium, Germany and Russia with a \$2,500 house in a five-acre-plot with \$1,250 worth of furniture; and in addition a hospital, university and schools, including the salaries of teachers, nurses, doctors and professors, could have been provided for every group of 20,000 families. Surely war is madness! What are we the better for it all? Surely it is time the race adopted some better way of settling its disputes than this barbarous and costly method for which even now we are paying most heavy toll, and will continue to do so for many years.

Conservative or Progressive?

ONE of the most striking extremes in the social order is that which divides people into conservatives and progressives. The distinction applies to nearly everything in life.

In speech, the conservative holds to the old vocabulary, the old figures of expression, but the progressive is ever eager to hear and employ "the latest thing" in phraseology, the newest word that is found inside or outside the dictionary. The same difference is often manifested in dress, but here other conditions have to be taken into account. Above all, is the difference shown in manner of thinking and acting. Some never hope nor wish to be more than copies of their ancestors; others are continually dissatisfied, as if the future holds in store all that is worthy and admirable.

Possibly in religion the most marked distinction is to be found. There are those who hold with remarkable tenacity to the views set forth by people who lived centuries ago, as if men of today were unworthy of receiving a revelation. Their beliefs or doctrines are not their own, but survivals of the teaching received in youth from people who in turn inherited a tradition. On the other hand there are people who have broken with the past and who have discarded not only the doctrines and practices of youth, but the righteousness and devotion which should characterize the normal religious life. There seems to be no doubt but that truth avoids extremes. The past has something worthy of reverence; the future is also rich in promise. The conservative never advances beyond primitive conceptions, the progressive may follow a willow-the-wisp.

There are two or three fields in which it might be well for people of today to recall what the past had to offer, for clearly the advance has not been worthy of the race. First there is music and the dance. It is easy to make a comparison of the music of today with that of yesterday, for the old was worthy of preservation. That much cannot be said of the dance-hall productions of today. They are all alike in their blatant ugliness. They are not music at all but a cheap attempt to pass off novelty as true worth. The man who invented the saxophone should have been banished with his instrument to mid-ocean. Old-timers are equally pronounced in their condemnation of the modern dances—fox-trot, turkey-trot, one-step, two-step, tango, black bottom, and all the rest. Compared with the minuet, the waltz, the old-time polka, or schottische, they make a sorry showing.

It was a realization of the decline in art that led Mr. Ford at Detroit to attempt the restoration of the old tunes and old dances, and it is this same spirit in the Motherland which led to a revival of folk-dancing as a substitute for the more meaningless exercises. It is worth recording that all through Western Canada these folk-dances are being taught to children in the schools. For many years the Normal Schools have made the teaching of such folk-games a part of their programme. It is not beyond the range of probability that before long there will be a reversal to the older and more socializing square dances which our grandparents enjoyed. If it will only mean the substitution of a paper and comb for a saxophone, and a mouth organ for a clarinet, something will have been gained.

It is not good to be conservative in everything, neither is it good to be so progressive that the beauty and goodness of the ages are forgotten.

A Fair Question

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Now that a Railway Commission is investigating might it be out of place to ask a question—'If, as the Minister says, the great railways of Canada have cost about three billions of dollars and if their upkeep is now greater than can be borne by the people, what justification is there for additional outlay to build a competing route—the St. Lawrence Waterway—that will in its operation mean loss of revenue for the railways and therefore increased burdens for Canada?'"

Is the Present Social Order Doomed?

By
RALPH CONNOR

PART II

Civilization and Work

CIVILIZATION is that organized form of existence in which the state guarantees the individual security in his essential rights and the individual in turn pledges the totality of his power to enable the state to make good that guarantee.

Essential rights are those that belong to an individual as a man, just because he is a man and these rights are life, freedom, growth. Deprive a man of any one of these rights and you make him something less than a man. A state which does not secure a man in these rights, fails in its duty and should cease to be. And ere long will.

The rights of an individual are conditioned by the rights of other individuals; hence the necessity for agreement and definition in regard to essential rights. For instance, a citizen has a right to air, space, and light that he may live. No other citizen nor group of citizens can be allowed to deprive him of these things. Again, a citizen has a right to freedom in his walking about, but he cannot walk over his neighbor's flower garden. The definition and co-ordination of rights is effected by certain conventions agreed upon, called laws. The method by which these conventions are arrived at determines the form of government under which men live.

The earliest form of government is the patriarchal. The primary social unit is the family in which rights are defined and enforced by the father or patriarch. The patriarchal form of government arises out of the nature of the family and has the double advantage of simplicity and effectiveness.

Autocratic government.—With the evolution of the family into the tribe the patriarch gives way to the chief and in the confederation of tribes to the head chief. The most powerful, or most cunning of the chiefs in a group becomes the supreme chief, the autocrat, the man who "rules on his own." Autocracy is undoubtedly the most simple and most effective form of government yet devised for men, provided the autocrat is the right man, that is, provided he possesses the qualities that will enable him to secure the people under him in their essential rights, life, freedom and growth. The practical difficulty of finding a man possessed of these qualities, and further, a man in whom these qualities can survive the exercising of autocratic power, has led humanity to abandon autocracy as an impossible dream and experiment with other various forms of government.

Democratic government.—Finally mankind seems to have arrived at government not by a single individual nor by any group or class of individuals but by the whole people, the *demos*, hence democracy. In democracy the whole body of the people are supposed to govern themselves, that is, to determine and define their rights, and to see that they are secured in these rights. The determination of rights as I have said is achieved by certain conventions or laws agreed upon by the people through representatives chosen for this purpose. The giving effect to these conventions or laws is

assigned to a selected group of representatives who become the government.

Certain facts in regard to government and laws it is important for all citizens to remember who desire to live in the full enjoyment of their rights.

1. The power of government lies in the people, not in any selected group.

2. A law registers the will of the people expressed by the majority vote.

3. A law once enacted no matter by how small a majority claims the total power of every citizen for its enforcement. The citizen who obeys or helps to

Civilized man discovers that he must work with others, and in this manner the individualistic work of man becomes the industry of the state.

Industry may be defined as the co-operative application of energy to raw material for the service of the community.

The four factors in industry are capital, management, labor and the community, and these we discover to be only four forms of the same thing, energy.

Capital is energy in storage. Management is energy in directing, labor is energy in application,

and community is energy in recovery. The first three of these factors have to do with the process of production, the last has to do with the recovery of energy and its return to the circle of industry.

The two governing ideas in industry are co-operation, relating to method or motive; and service relating to objective.

Co-operation is the *sine qua non* of industry, without which industry breaks down utterly, as at this present time.

It is one of the functions of government to exercise care that nothing in industry itself, nor in the state generally, shall be allowed, which tends to interfere with perfect co-operation between the factors in industry. That is to say, no regulation, nor practice in industry and no privilege, nor influence nor supposed advantage attaching to any class in the community, which interferes with co-operation shall be tolerated by government.

The causes of the present depression with its ominous denial of work to men have been variously defined. But three main causes have arrested the attention of thinking men, namely: (1) War with its wastage of material wealth and of men; (2) Luxury living with its mad expenditures in non-productive possessions; and (3) Stock ballooning with its wild speculation in non-productive securities or in sound securities at inflated valuations. These causes have combined to drain from the great mass of the people, that is, the community, who constitute the market for industry, their purchasing power.

Overproduction is not the cause of unemployment. The people have not an overplus of "the things" produced by industry, nor have they lost their desire for these "things." They have simply lost their purchasing power.

These three causes of depression, however, if run down to their roots, are discovered to be really violent and virulent exhibitions of a complete failure in co-operation in things industrial, in things national and in things international. I am immediately concerned with things industrial, and there is abundant evidence that the present collapse of industry is due to failure in co-operation on the part of some of the factors in industry.

These collapses are no new experience. They have been occurring and recurring ever since the beginning of the industrial age, a hundred and fifty years ago and always with the same disastrous results to all classes of the people, but more especially the working classes, the main body of the citizens of our state.

[Continued on page 78]

THE OPEN ROAD

BY H. REGINALD HARDY



When we were vagabonds, you and I,
Who took to the road at the call of Spring,
Oh, all was beauty beneath the sky,
And our hearts were ever inclined to sing.
We camped each night in the dusk and dew
At the side of the road beneath the trees;
The stars and the winds were the friends we knew
And we slumbered as soundly as you please.
And if we awoke to sun or rain
Our hearts were ever as light as song,
And we'd take the road with a gypsy strain
And wander the merry months along.
We did not bargain for yellow gold,
There was wealth enough in the twilight hills,
Wondrous treasure that would not mould
Nor bring to our hearts unseemly ills.
But the years are certain, the years are swift,
And it's soon we shall ease from our backs the load;
And what would we ask as a parting gift?
Just one more day on the open road!

enforce only the laws he approves is legally a criminal and a traitor to his country. He is no loyal citizen; he is a "selective anarchist." Bootleggers and their customers, for instance, are equally criminals and traitors to their country.

4. The penalty for law breaking is the loss temporary or permanent of some of the rights of a citizen. The criminal may be deprived, by government, of his money, that is, a part of his life, his freedom, his growth.

But note:

(a) The purpose of penalty is not mainly punishment or retribution.

(b) Penalty is intended to be deterrent. It does not make a man suffer because he is a thief. It helps to keep an honest man from becoming a thief.

(c) Penalty is mainly curative. It seeks to restore the criminal to his place as a citizen.

(d) Penalty is effective not by reason of its severity but because it is certain, swift and is properly administered.

After this little excursion I return now to the main line of civilization and work.

Civilization seeks the highest good of the individual in relation to others.

Work is the primary condition of life and growth in the individual and in the state.

Primitive man begins to work as an individualist. He is ego-centric in his motives and methods. The ego-centric man is at his lowest, the comrade and fellow of the beast.

6

Savoury HEINZ Soups of real home-made goodness

(PREPARED READY TO SERVE)

The soup course can be so simple if you have stocked your pantry with the six delicious Heinz varieties. All different. All with the inimitable Heinz flavour. All perfected—ready to serve, needing no addition of milk, cream or water.

Five are *cream* soups—Tomato, Green Pea, Celery, Corn and Asparagus—made with fresh cream. The sixth is a delicious blend of Canadian-grown vegetables.

In the spotless Heinz kitchens at Leamington soup is made in home-made style—in limited quantities at a time. Chefs hover over rows of small shining kettles, adding pure spices and fragrant seasonings at just the right moment. Each kettle simmers slowly and the soup finally comes to you in the tin just as the chef blended it—ready to heat and serve.

Try Heinz soup at your next meal. There are convenient sizes on your grocer's shelves at attractive prices.

HEINZ SIX SOUPS

CREAM OF TOMATO
CREAM OF ASPARAGUS
CREAM OF GREEN PEA
CREAM OF CELERY
CREAM OF CORN
VEGETABLE

ONE OF THE

57

MADE AT LEAMINGTON,
ONTARIO, FOR NEARLY A
QUARTER OF A CENTURY



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HEINZ

HOME-MADE STYLE

SOUPS

Every day, from morn till night, Life's a Beauty Contest for you



Every time a pair of eyes rests upon you—you are in a Beauty Contest. For the eyes you meet appraise you, and if your skin has the lovely, clean look that comes from the use of Calay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—you'll win in this day-by-day Beauty Contest.



Even under evening lights, powder and rouge can't take the place of clean, natural, lovely skin. In fact, the fresh, lovely look that you achieve with Calay makes your beauty aids more effective—and keeps you charming and full of allure to all whom you meet.

Buy a dozen cakes of Calay—the world's finest beauty soap. The hundreds of eyes that glance your way can't fail to pay tribute to the fresh, natural loveliness of your skin! Calay will keep your skin so exquisitely lovely that you will *win* all your day-by-day Beauty Contests!



Fresh, glowing cleanliness—it is the first step toward natural loveliness! But never let any soap but a delicate beauty soap touch your skin.



Here it is—Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It is the finest beauty soap you can buy... luxurious, gentle, safe for your precious skin!

The soap you use has a direct bearing on the beauty of your skin. Calay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—is a pure creamy-white soap, free from coloring matter—free from the "chalkiness" which dries out the skin. Calay is so gentle, so *safe*, that 73 skin doctors praise it! One brief minute with Calay's

luxurious lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin is radiantly clean, smooth as satin. Today—get a dozen cakes of Calay, take care of your skin with it—and see how eyes light up with admiration when they glance your way. You will find yourself winning one Beauty Contest after another.

© 1932, P. & G. Co.

Made in Canada
CALAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



"They let me do this,"
she murmured. "Listen.
I will play to you."

THE ROAD TO LIBERTY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Illustrations by

Ralph C. Smith

THE house was set in a cleft of the pine-covered hills, fashioned of mouldering white stone painted pink, struggling against its inborn ugliness and succeeding only because of the beauty of its setting—the orchard, pink and white with masses of cherry-blossom, in the background, the brown earth with its neatly-trained vines. Felice's window faced east, and as usual, when the sun came from behind the hill and lay across the faded carpet of her room, she rose with a yawn, sat up in bed for a moment or two, slipped softly out, and stood before the window.

Felice bathed and dressed, daintily and carefully, herself like some exquisite pink and white flower slowly opening her petals. She left her room—as bare almost it was as a nun's cell—spotlessly neat, with the breeze sweeping in through the wide-flung window, a breeze which brought a perfume of mimosa to mingle with the fainter odour of lavender which hung about the linen and the plain white muslin curtains of the little chamber.

She took her morning coffee, served by an apple-cheeked, sour-faced domestic, in a corner of the wooden balcony which had been built out from the one habitable living-room. The petals from a climbing rose-tree fell upon the coarse but spotless cloth, bees hummed around the drooping jasmine, the soft sunshine every moment grew warmer. Felice finished her breakfast, yawned, and dreamed for a time with her eyes lifted to the hills. Then she rose, shook out her neat white skirt, fetched a pink parasol, wandered for a little time in the garden and orchard, and then, turning her face southwards, went out to meet the adventure of her life.

She walked down the straight, cypress-bordered path—a mere cart-track across the brown-soiled vineyard—down a narrow lane until she reached the one spot which she never neared without some quickening of the blood. For Felice was nineteen years old, and beautiful, though no one but the glass had ever told her so. And this was the road to liberty, the main road to Toulon and Marseilles on one side, to Cannes and Monte Carlo on the other. She had told herself repeatedly that if ever freedom came to her it would come along this road. And because her worn-out invalid father had been a little more peevish and trying than ever on the night before,

and because of other things, freedom seemed to her just now so specially desirable.

Her adventure came to her in a cloud of dust—a long, grey motor-car, with luggage strapped on behind, and two men. Unrecognizable though they were, she caught the flash of their curious eyes as they passed. Then she stepped back with a little gesture of dismay. A cloud of dust enveloped her. She bent her pink sunshade to protect herself; she was disposed to be a little irritable. Then her heart suddenly commenced to beat fast. She had heard the grinding of brakes, quick footsteps were approaching along the road. Was this, perhaps, the adventure at last?

"Mademoiselle!"

She moved the parasol from before her face. She had self-control, and there was nothing in her gravely-inquiring eyes—beautiful, soft brown eyes they were—to indicate the turmoil within. Her first instinct was one of reassurance. It was a boy who addressed her, a boy of little more than her own age, bare-headed, not altogether at his ease. He spoke in halting French.

"Would mademoiselle be so good as to inform a traveller whether this is indeed the road to Cannes?" Felice answered him with perfect gravity—in excellent English.

"There is but one road, monsieur, as you see, and it leads, without doubt, to Cannes," she told him.

The boy remained embarrassed, but he was very resolute.

"We thought it might be the right road," he admitted; "but, to tell you the truth, you looked so awfully jolly and all that sort of thing, you know, I couldn't help stopping. Don't be angry, please," he begged.

She lowered her parasol momentarily—he stooped anxiously to see if indeed it were to hide a smile. She said nothing.

"You speak English awfully well," he continued, "but you are French, aren't you?"

"I am French," she assented. "I have just returned from what you call a boarding-school in Brussels. We always spoke English there."

"And now?"

She motioned with her parasol.

"I live in the valley there," she told him. "It is—a little dull. That is why, I suppose, I permit myself to talk with you. My father is an invalid, who rises only for two hours a day, and there is no one else. But your automobile returns. You know the way to Cannes, and you must go."

The car had slipped slowly back in the reverse until it had stopped almost by their side. An older man was leaning back amongst the cushions, a man whose hair was turning grey at the temples and whose eyes were tired. He looked out upon the two with a faintly sardonic smile. The girl returned his gaze with frank curiosity, and his expression gradually changed. For all his cynicism, Maurice Londe had a soul for beauty. The girl, with her neatly-braided hair, her exquisitely undeveloped figure, her clear complexion, her large, soft eyes, her general air of sweet and spotless childhood, was immensely and irresistibly attractive.

"This is my friend—Londe," the boy said, with a wave of the hand. "My name's Arthur Maddison. I say, couldn't we persuade you to come just a little way with us? You don't seem to have much to do with yourself, and we'll bring you safely back."

Felice looked longingly along the road. She pointed to where it disappeared in the distance around a vineyard-covered hillside. To her that disappearance was allegorical.

"Farther than that," she sighed, "I have never been."

"Come with us to Cannes for lunch," the boy begged. "We'll bring you back. Do! It's only an hour's run."

She looked wistfully at the cushioned seats. The boy was already taking off his motor-coat.

"But—I have no hat," she protested.

"We'll buy you one," he laughed.

"I have no money!"

"It shall be our joint present," he persisted, holding out the coat. "Come. We'll take great care of you, and we'll have a splendid time. You shall hang the hat in your wardrobe to remind you of this little excursion."

She sat between them and the car started. To her it was like an enchanted journey. When they began to climb she held her breath with the wonder of it—the road winding its way to dizzy heights above; the vineyards like patchwork in the valley below; the mountains in the background, gigantic, snow-capped; Cannes, white and glistening with its mimosa embosomed villas, in the far distance.

"Oh, but it is wonderful to travel like this!" she murmured. "What beautiful places you must see! . . . If you please!"

She withdrew her fingers quickly from beneath the rug. She seemed scarcely to notice the boy's clumsy attempts at flirtation. The light of worship was in her eyes as she looked towards the mountains. The boy felt the presence of something which he did not understand, and he began to sulk. Maurice Londe frowned slightly, and for the first time made some efforts at polite conversation. And so they reached Cannes.

They bought the hat, for which she let the boy pay, although the fact obviously discomposed her. She carefully chose the least expensive, although one of the prettiest in the shop. At the Casino the boy, whose further efforts at primitive flirtation had been gravely, almost wonderingly, repulsed, began to tire a little of his adventure. He spent much of his time paying visits to neighboring tables, and made the acquaintance of a dazzling young person in yellow, from Paris, who kept him a good deal by her side. It was Maurice Londe, after all, who had to entertain their little guest.

Afterwards, when they had walked outside for some time upon the little quay and the boy failed to rejoin them, Londe made some sort of apologies for his companion, to which she listened with a little shrug of the shoulders.

"So long as it does not weary you, monsieur," she said, softly, "I am content. I think that Mr. Arthur Madison is rather a spoilt boy, is it not so?"

"Perhaps," his older friend admitted.

"Tell me some more, please, about the countries you have visited," she begged. "But one moment. Let us watch the people land from this little steamer."

"Trippers," Londe murmured, with a glance towards them. "An excursion from somewhere, I should think."

She clutched at his arm. A short, fat man, with bristling black hair and moustache, descended suddenly upon them. He addressed Felice with an avalanche of questions. Londe fell a few paces behind. When she rejoined him she was very pale, and there was something in her frightened eyes which touched him strangely.

"It is Monsieur Arleman," she faltered. "He is a *rentier*—a friend of my father's. It is he whom my father wishes me to marry."

Londe, a tired man of the world, thirty-eight years old, was suddenly conscious of a feeling of unexpected anger.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Why, the little beast must be sixty at least."

She clung to his arm. He could feel the trembling of her fingers through his coat-sleeve.

"It is of him that I am afraid," she half whispered, half sobbed. "Oh, I am so afraid! Sometimes the thought—drives me mad. I cry to myself, I wring my hands. I felt like that this morning. That is what drove me down to the road. That is why I came when your friend asked me. That is why I would do anything in the world never to go back—never!"

Londe drew a little breath. Her words seemed to ring in the sunlit air.

"But the thing is preposterous!" he exclaimed, indignantly.

"We are very, very poor," she continued, under her breath, "and Monsieur Arleman is rich. He has an hotel and much land. He has promised my father an annuity, and my father says that one must live."

Once more they drew close to the front of the Casino. In the distance they saw the boy with the young lady in yellow, on their way towards the shops. He was bending over her, and his air of devotion was unmistakable.

"He has forgotten all about me," Felice sighed. "I hope—there won't be any trouble, will there, about my getting back? Not that I mind much, after all."

She looked at Londe a little timidly. It seemed to him that he had grown younger, had passed somehow into a different world, with different standpoints, a different code. The things which had half automatically presented themselves to his brain were strangled before they were fully conceived.

"There shall be no trouble at all," he assured her. "I shall take you back myself now. Perhaps it is better."



She clutched at his arm. A short, fat man, with bristling black hair and moustache, descended suddenly upon them.

They got into the waiting car and Londe gave the man his orders. Soon they were rushing back once more towards the hills, on the other side of which was her home.

"You are very silent," she murmured once.

He turned towards her.

"I was thinking about you," he replied; "you and your little pink and white house amongst the hills, and your father, and Monsieur Arleman. It is a queer little chapter of life, you know."

"To you," she sighed, "it must seem so very, very trivial. And yet, when I wake in the mornings and the thought comes to me of Monsieur Arleman, then life seems suddenly big and awful. I feel as though I must go all round, stretching out my hands, seeking some place in which to hide. I feel, she added, as her fingers sought his half fearfully and her voice dropped almost to a whisper, "that there isn't any way of escape in the whole world which I would not take."

Londe made no response. The appeal of her lowered voice, her wonderful eyes, seemed in vain. He was an adventurer, a hardened man of the world, whose life, when men spoke of it, they called evil; but his weak spot was discovered. He sat and thought steadily for the girl's sake, and at the end of it all he saw nothing.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "this Monsieur Arleman is not so bad when one knows him. If one is kind and generous—"

She looked at him reproachfully.

"Monsieur," she replied, "he is *bourgeois*, he drinks, he is old. His presence disgusts me."

Once more Londe was silent. The sheer futility of words oppressed him. They were climbing the hills now. The patchwork land was unwinding itself below. Only a few more turns, and they would be within sight of her home. Then, because he was a man who throughout his life had had his own way, and because there were limits to his endurance, he changed, for a moment, his tone.

"Little girl," he said, "if I were free I think that I should take you away, just as you are, in this car, on and on to some place at the end of the road. Would you rather have me for a husband than Monsieur Arleman?"

She said nothing, but she had begun to tremble. He felt the instinctive swaying of her body towards him. He laid his hand upon hers.

"It was wrong of me to ask you the question," he continued, "because, you see, I am not free. I have not seen my wife for years. I am not a reputable person. If you met with those who understood, they would pity that boy for his companion, and they would be right. They would tremble for you, and they would be right. So, Mlle. Felice, I cannot help you."

"You have helped me, and you will help me always," she whispered, her eyes filled with tears. "You will help me with what you have said—with the memory of today."

Then again there was silence. They were at the top of the hill now, and below them the sun-bathed landscape stretched like a carpet of many colors to the foot of those other hills. Her fingers tightened a little upon his.

"When you asked me that question—when you said that you would have married me yourself," she continued, hesitatingly, "does that mean that you could care just a little?"

Londe was only human. He leaned over, and she stole very quietly into his arms. She lay there for a moment quite passive. Then he kissed her lips once.

"I always prayed," she whispered, as he set her down at the corner of the lane, "that love might come like this."

LONDE and his youthful companion went on to Monte Carlo, where for a week or so they had the usual reckless time. Then suddenly the former pulled up. He strode into the boy's sitting-room one morning to find him red-eyed and weary, looking distastefully at his breakfast.

"Look, young fellow," he said, "I have had enough. So have you. Do you understand? I am going to take you back to England."

The boy stared at him.

"Are you mad?" he asked. "What's the use of going to England in March, just when we are getting into the swing of things here, too?"

"The good of it for you is that you'll get back to your work," Londe answered, curtly.

"How do you suppose you're going to pass your exams, if you waste your time like this? What do you suppose you're going to do with your life if you commence at twenty years old to live the life of a profligate?"

Arthur Maddison set down the cup of coffee which he had been trying to drink and gazed at the speaker blankly.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he exclaimed. "What's come to you, Londe? Why, it was you who first of all suggested coming out here!"

"And I was a fool to do it," Londe retorted, coldly. "They were right, all of them, when they advised you not to come with me—right when they called me an adventurer. I don't get much out of it. I have lived free and done you for a few hundreds. I've had enough of it. It's a disgusting life, anyway. Back we go to England today."

"You're mad!" the boy declared. "I am not going. I've got a dinner-party tonight."

"We go today," Londe repeated, firmly, "and don't you forget it."

"Do you think you're going to bully me?" the boy began.

"I don't know what you call bullying," Londe replied, "but I shall wring your neck if you don't come. Your man has begun to pack already. I've got seats on the *Luxe* for three o'clock, and I've wired your mother."

The boy collapsed.

LONDE left him at his mother's house in Grosvenor Square two days later, and drove the next day into the City. He called upon a firm of old-fashioned lawyers, and was at once received by the principal of the firm. The greeting, however, between the two men was mutually cold. The lawyer looked questioningly at his visitor's grey tweed suit and Homburg hat.

"We wrote you four days ago, Mr. Londe," he said, "to acquaint you with the news we had just received from America."

"My wife?"

"She has been dangerously ill," the lawyer replied. "The habits of her life, I regret to say, are unchanged. It is necessary that she remains under restraint."

"Is there any money left at all besides the four hundred pounds a year that goes to her?" Londe asked.

The lawyer sighed.

"It is always money," he said, grimly. "There is the Priory still."

"I won't sell it," Londe declared.

"Then there is nothing else worth mentioning."

"If you were to sell everything else that belongs to me," Londe inquired, "how should I stand?"

"You might have a thousand pounds."

"Then I'll take it," Londe declared. "I am going to emigrate."

For a moment the grim lines in the lawyer's face relaxed.

"As an old friend of your father, Mr. Londe," he said, "it would give me great pleasure if I thought you were tired of the life you are reputed to live."

"I am heartily sick of it," Londe assured him.

"Then I will do my best to straighten out your affairs," the lawyer promised. "It will take a month. Shall you remain in town?"

"I expect so," Londe answered. "You know my address. I will call here a month today."

Londe spent three restless weeks. The sight of the city was hateful to him. The clubs, where he was received coldly, the shadier resorts which he had been wont to patronize, were like nightmares to him. He turned his back suddenly upon them all, left London at two-twenty, and late in the afternoon of the following day arrived at Hyeres. He took a room at the hotel and wandered restlessly into the Casino. There was a variety entertainment going on in the theatre, which he watched for half an hour with ever-increasing weariness. Then a juggler came on and began the tricks of his profession. Londe leaned forward. The girl who stood at the table, assisting him, had turned her face to the house. He watched her with a little start. Something in the shy grace of her movements, the queer, half-frightened smile, seemed to have let loose memories which were tugging at his heart-strings. He got up with a little exclamation and left the place. To divert himself he strolled down to the gambling saloon and threw his francs recklessly away at boules. Presently the audience streamed out for the interval. He made his way back again to the promenade and came to a sudden standstill.



"Listen," she explained. "What was I to do? Half of the money was gone. There was no hope for me."

Before him on a chair the girl was seated, looking a little wistfully at the people who passed. There were traces of make-up still about her face; her clothes were very simple. Then she saw Londe and gave a low cry. He came to a standstill before her, dumb-founded.

"It is you!" she murmured.

A hot flush stole over her face. As though instinctively, she glanced down at her skirt.

"You saw me just now?" she murmured.

He took a seat by her side. He was a little dazed.

"My child," he exclaimed, "what does it mean? It wasn't really you?"

She nodded. She was over her first fit of shyness now.

"The night I got home," she explained, "Monsieur Arleman came to the house. He had had too much to drink. He tried to kiss me. I—I think that I went mad. I ran out into the fields and I hid. That night I walked miles and miles and miles. I came to Hyeres in the morning. There was an old servant here. I found her house. She was very poor, but she took me in. She lets lodgings to the people who come here to perform. This man was staying there,

and the girl who travels with him was ill. On Monday I—I took her place. I earn a little. I have no money. I cannot be dependent upon Aline."

She looked at him with trembling lips. He patted her hand.

"My dear child," he said, "it—you did right, of course; but it is not a fit life for you."

She was suddenly graver and older.

"Will you tell me how in this world I am to live, then?" she asked.

He led her away to a table and ordered some coffee. The performance was over. She was sitting there only to listen to the music. He talked to her seriously for a time. There were no other relatives, not a friend in the world.

"Monsieur Arleman," she explained, "has been ill ever since that night, but he has sworn that he will find me. My father doesn't care. He has his coffee, his brandy, his *dejeuner*; he dines and reads—nothing else. He never cared. But, oh, I am terrified of Monsieur Arleman! Why do you look so gravely, Monsieur Londe?" she whispered, leaning across the table towards him. "Say that you are glad to see me, please!"

"I cannot quite tell you how glad," he said.

He was on the point of telling her that he had come back to Hyeres only to catch a glimpse of her, but he held his peace.

"I only regret," he added, "that you should have had to take up work like this. There are other things."

"There is one thing only I can do," she cried. "Jean!"

She called to the violinist. He came across, bowing and smiling. She took the violin from his hand and commenced to play.

Her eyes were half closed.

"They let me do this," she murmured. "Listen. I will play to you."

When she had finished many of the people had gathered around. Londe slipped a five franc piece into the hand of the violinist.

"I see now, little girl," he said, "the way out. I am going back with you to your lodgings. I am going to talk to Aline. Afterwards we shall see."

SHE left him on the platform at the Gare du Nord three weeks later. She was placed with a highly respectable French family. She was a pupil at the Conservatoire, with her fees paid for two years and the remainder of Londe's thousand pounds in the bank. She took his hand and the tears came into her eyes.

"If only you had not to go!" she whispered, clinging to him. "You have been so good, so dear, and you won't even let me love you; you won't let me tell you that there isn't anything else in the world like even my thoughts of you."

He kissed her lightly on both cheeks.

"Little girl," he said, "it is well that you should love your guardian. Remember that I am old, and married, and a very impossible person. The little I have done for you is absolutely nothing compared with the many things I have done wrong or have left undone. Mind, I shall return some day soon to hear you play."

The train bore him back to London. He sat in his rooms that night and reviewed his position. His little income, such as it was, was gone now for good. He had twenty-four pounds left in the world. He went to see his lawyer the next morning.

"And when," the old gentleman asked, kindly, "do you start for Australia?"

Londe, when he had signed all the papers which were laid before him, held out his hand to the lawyer.

"Mr. Ronald," he said, "shake hands with me for the last time. When you have heard my news I am afraid you will have finished with me. I am not going to emigrate at all."

The lawyer's face fell.

"The fact is," Londe continued, "I have spent that thousand pounds you sent me to Paris."

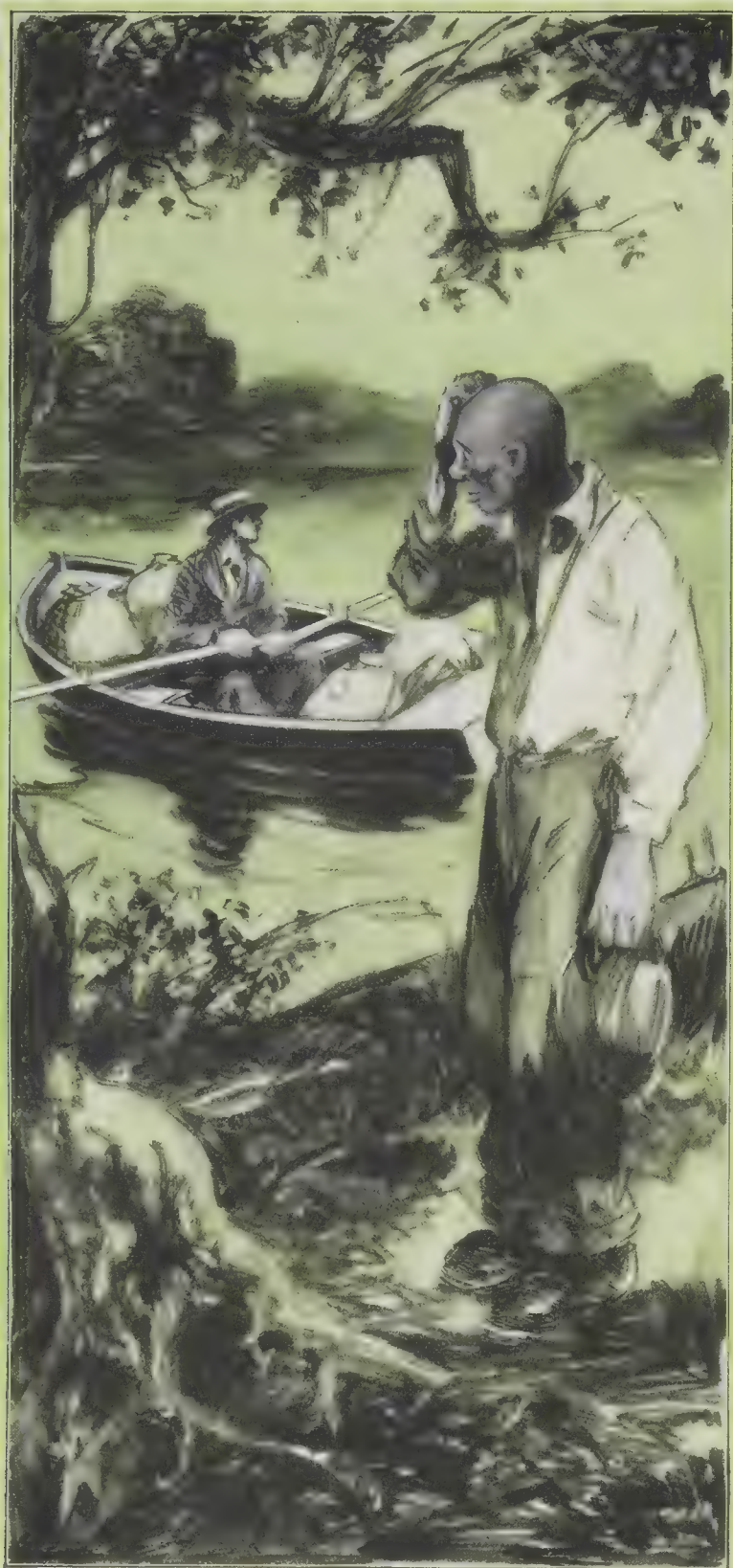
"Spent it?" the lawyer gasped.

"I have either gambled with it or invested it," Londe sighed. "I can't tell which. That is on the knees of the gods. I have twenty pounds left, and I am off to the States—steerage—on Saturday. I am going to see my wife and find work out there, if I can."

"Gambled with it or invested it?" the lawyer repeated, puzzled.

Londe nodded. "Very like," he said, "I shall never know which myself."

[Continued on page 78]



"Dar now!" Sam muttered to himself. "Dat's jest what a nigger oughter git when he fools 'long wid po' white trash."

A ROUGHLY-DRESSED white man slunk through the sassafras thicket, followed by a mournful-looking flop-eared hound. He walked straight up the ridge, watching a negro who sat on a log just inside the rail fence.

Sunlover Sam recognized that slouchy hat, yet made no effort to run. Buck Hines beckoned to him from the edge of the woods and called, "Come here, Sunlover."

At the call the negro rose and stretched himself languidly, then tumbled over the fence and went to meet the constable. The tawny hound sniffed at Sam's heels.

"Mister Buck, don't let yo' dog bite me."

"Terror ain't goin' to bite—not till I tell 'im; he's just takin' yo' smell. He knows the scent of every nigger in this county."

"Say he do?"

"Sure. Next year at twelve o'clock if I was to show him a warrant for Sunlover Sam, he'd tree you in Kingdom Come."

"Uh! He sho is a wise-lookin' dog."

"Sure. Have you got that four dollars and six bits?"

"No suh, Mister Buck; aint picked my cotton yit."

Buck thrashed his boot-leg with a rawhide whip. "All right, the Judge is goin' to put you in jail if you don't pay them costs."

With stupid curiosity the negro eyed a document that Buck Hines produced. "Mister Buck, what is dey got me 'scused of on dat paper?"

"Disorderly conduct."

"Mister Buck, I warn't never 'rested an' warn't never at no cote," protested the negro.

THE LUCK OF SUNLOVER

"Tried in your absence." Buck dangled the handcuffs; Sunlover turned ashy. "I'll pay ev'ry cent of it dis comin' Saddy night," he declared.

"You've been promisin' that for three weeks. But I'm goin' to let you off *one more time*. Meet me under the shed of the old gin, Saturday night. This is your last chance."

Sam climbed thoughtfully over the fence then turned and gazed contemptuously after the retreating constable, and sang in a low, melodious voice:

*"My name is Sam;
I don't give a dam;
'D ruther be a nigger
Dan a po' white man."*

Sam knew that there was something crooked about this proceeding; he knew that the boss would protect him, and raise Cain with that constable. But Sam could not afford to tell the boss and fall out with Buck Hines. A fool nigger tried that once; and the constable kept arresting him until he proved something on him, in spite of the boss. "I'm boun' to git dat money from somewhar. Reckon I'll start de boss a-laffin', an' tackle him fer five."

Sunlover sat down on the log again. His empty cotton sack lay on the ground beside him. "Huh," he grumbled, "dat cotton won't make a hundred poun' o' lint to de acre. White folks'll git all o' dat. Naught's a naught an' figger's a figger; all fer de white man, none fer de nigger."

This time he heard no rustling in the sassafras thicket, and did not know anyone was near until a voice whispered close to his ear: "Wanta do leet bizness?"

The man smiled, resting both elbows on the top rail. Sam remembered when this swarthy foreigner first came peddling amongst the negroes, with a comical red cap on his head, and a dangling tassel. Syrian, Turk, or what-not, the white folks called him "Joe Turkey." Amongst themselves the superstitious negroes called him "Snake-Eye," and were afraid to look into those black, shining eyes that glittered so queerly.

"Leet biz-ness, this night—mebbe—" The seductive foreigner smiled, showing his yellow teeth, and rattled some silver in his pocket. Sam listened to the music of that money and stared at the unpicked cotton in his field. He thought of Buck Hines, thought of Terror, who could trail him to Kingdom Come, then shook his head.

"I come—this night," Snake-Eye whispered. "I come—this night." Then Snake-Eye disappeared in the thicket.

Sunlover shivered. "Huh! dat sho is one persuadin' man."

But the shiver was gone in an instant. The day was warming up, the fence corner getting mighty comfortable. Three dresses moved between the cotton rows in the bottom—three blue-checked gingham dresses, one big and two little, all made off the same piece; three kinky heads kept bobbing at their work, one big head and two little ones that seemed made of the same piece. Sam dangled his foot, watching his wife and children as they picked. Suddenly he sprang up and shouted, "Molly, you an' Sue drive dat hog outen yo' ma's goober patch." The children chased the hog, cornered him in the cabin yard and got him out. "Huh! dat hog keeps eatin' dem goobers continual. Twixt hogs an' white folks, 'twon't be nothin' lef' fer niggers dis year."

Liza gave him a sidelong glance. "Sam, aint you gwine to pick no cotton today?"

"Shet yo' mouf, Liza; when a man gits his bizness in a jam, ain't he got to set down an' study 'bout it?"

Sam sat down and studied until late in the afternoon, when the sorrel pony came fox-trotting along the ridge. The planter glanced across Sam's cotton patch; he saw Liza and the children, but no Sam. "I'll bet that nigger hasn't picked twenty pounds today," he said to himself.

The boss reined up beside the fence, a straight-built competent young fellow, weather-beaten and tanned. He caught Sunlover hanging over the top rail, limp with laughter.

"Hello, Sam, what are you laughing at?"

"Nothin' 'tall, Mister Will, jes kinder smilin' at dat fool hog."

"What has he been doing?"

"'Tain't what dat hog is been a-doin' hisself—hits what he got did to him."

Sam gulped and choked, and sputtered it out. "You see dis here log? It's holler plum from one end to de yudder—an' crookety. Dat's how come I aint never tuck notice of it bein' holler. Dat pig is been sneakin' through an rootin' in Liza's goober patch. Dis mornin' I jest happened to ketch 'im. Den I sez to mysef sezzi, 'I'm gwine to play a prank on dat hog.' So I pulls de ends of rails an turns dis end o' de log over; bein' it's so crookety dat throwed bofe ends outside de fence. I nacherly couldn't he'p rollin' on de groun' to laff; dat hog sho was gwine to be bumfoozled. He kep projecking mongst dem sassafrasses jes like he aint got his mind sot on goobers. De minit he thought nobody warn't payin' no 'tention, he tuk a shoot into dat holler. When he come out de yudder end—dat's when de fun tuk place. He dodged out like he want to git away from dar right brief so I wouldn't know whar he come in at. Fust thing he know, dar was de fence befront him, an' he say to hissef, 'Tain't no fence belong here. How come?' Dat kinder 'duce 'im to stop an' ponder. He squint dis way, an' he squint dat way, an' blink dem eyes solemn like. Pears to me he specify to hissef, 'Is I been through dat log, or is I *ain't* been through dat log?'"

"He couldn't rightly git de hang of how 'twuz. Den he march back to whar he started at. He stop an' grin jes much as to say: 'Here I is at de front end o' dis log an' got a fool notion I done been through.' Dat hog sorter smile, it tickle 'im so turrible; an' he scramble through dat log once mo'. Mister Will, dat sho was one 'sprised hog when he busted out an' fotch up against dat fence. He couldn't believe he own eyes. It tuk him back so scan'lous dat he kep on sayin' nothin' to nobody;

but he done a mighty heap o' studyin'. Den he got pestered wid de way things was goin', an' lowed he wuz gwine to git through or bust. So he runs to de front end o' dat log agin an' dive in. Ev'y time he come out, an' ain't got nowhere, he run aroun' an' go through dat log agin—roun' and roun'—same as a flyin' jinny. Dat's how come I's hangin' on de fence. When he come out de very last time he look up an' ketch me laffin' in he face. He give one big snort an' went tearin' off through de bushes. Lissen to dat racket; he's ackin' like a plum crazy hog."

The white man threw back his head and laughed in chorus with the negro. Sunlover eyed him keenly, and seized the psychological moment: "Mister Will, I needs five dollars mighty bad."

"What's the matter? Anybody sick?"

"No suh, I jes needs it."

The young planter dismounted and sat on the top rail of the fence. He appeared to be deliberating; Sam anxiously watched the indecision flicker across his face. His eyes fell upon the cotton sack, and Sam got nervous. The planter's lips tightened. He dropped off the fence and kicked the sack—empty as it had been that morning. "Sam, I'm not going to tell you again that you must get your cotton out of this field."

"I 'lowed to have a bale picked out by day attar tomorrer."

"Get to work," was all the boss said, and then watched Sam start picking.

IT HAD been a bad cotton season in that section of the hills. Everybody was discouraged. That is what the boss was thinking about as he rode away. Joe Turkey also knew all about this situation. He stole back at dusk and found Sam hanging on the fence, securely as if each elbow were fastened with a clothes pin.

"Better do leet biz-ness," Joe insinuated with a glitter of his hypnotic eye. "I buy some cotton; boat come—go down river same time."

Sam almost turned his back; else he could not have said it: "Look here, Mister Man, you sho is skull-draggin' 'round a mighty dangersome place. Better not let dese white folks ketch you buyin' seed cotton from deir niggers."

The Oriental shrugged his shoulders. "White man no hear; black man no tell." With a jerk of his thumb he indicated Sam's field: "You—get nutting; him—everyt'ing he get."

"Dat's the troof. Cose I ain't aimin' to sell no seed cotton—but what is you payin' dese udder niggers?"

"Tree, fo', fi' sack—ten dollar, mebbe—cash." Snake-Eye emphasized the "cash" so strongly that Sunlover looked away.

Next morning the sun flared across that field without premonition of the shock that awaited him. Sam, Liza, and the children were picking with both hands. "Liza, you all got to scratch gravel mighty fast ef you wants to keep up wid me," Sam kept saying.

For two days Sam worked with flying fingers, and it was late on Saturday evening before he let his family quit. Immediately after dark Sunlover strolled whistling towards the store. He rounded a bend in the path, then circled through the woods and came back to his own cotton house. Working noiselessly on hands and knees without a light, he filled sack after sack with loose cotton and ranged them beside the door. "Dar's six, an' dey'll fetch ten dollars. Boss ain't gwine miss 'em neither—not attar I does two mo' days good pickin'." He climbed cautiously out of the high door, ran around the edge of his field and struck the river path.

It was a narrow and winding little river. Sam could see distinctly along its starlit middle, but strained his eyes to peer into the shadows on the edge. Something like a long black tongue licked out from the willows; a formless phantom moved towards him. Sam saw a pair of eyes, glowing like a panther's in the dark, a skiff grated against the bank and Snake-Eye stepped ashore.

It was early in the night; Snake-Eye had insisted that it be early, as he had a long way to travel, and must watch his chance to slip past Morgan's Ferry. That cotton must be hid before daylight.

Sam led the way. Neither man spoke, the Oriental following the negro and clambering behind him into the cotton house. Snake-Eye immediately lifted out two sacks, tied their corners together, swung them across his shoulder and started. Sam stumbled at his heels with two others. "Whew!" the negro grunted when he dropped his load at the river bank.

Snake-Eye whispered, "Go git more; I fix him in boat."

Sam shook his head; that ten dollars' worth of cotton might slip away while he was gone. "You got to come wid me."

"Ver' good." They hid their booty, concealed Snake-Eye's boat and made swift return with another sack apiece. Snake-Eye threw his sack into the boat. Sam caught him by the arm. "Wait a minit, Joe; I wants my money befo' you puts dat cotton in de boat."

"Quick—we load him—somebody come—mebbe."

"Nobody ain't comin' no quicker ef I got dat ten dollars in my pocket."

By HARRIS DICKSON

Author of
"Old Reliable," The Black Wolf's
Breed," Etc.

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

"Ver' good." Snake-Eye gave the negro a folded and crumpled bill.

"Joe, how much is dis?"

"Ten dollar—cash—mebbe." Snake-Eye swiftly stowed the sacks in his skiff.

Sam smoothed out that bill very carefully and rubbed his fingers over both sides of it; but he could not make out the figures. He scratched a match; Snake-Eye whirled and jostled his arm; the match went out. "No maka da light."

"I'm blegged to see how much dis is." Another match sent its shadows flickering across the black, intent face. "Joe, you done made a big mistake; dis ain't but five dollars."

"So," Snake-Eye assented. "Fi' dollar plenty."

"Joe,"—Sunlover spoke with the dogged certainty of a slow mind—"Joe, you tole me right plain you gimme ten dollars fer five sacks; I done fotch six—one fer good measure."

Snake-Eye answered rapidly, and gesticulated, "I pay fi' dollar—fi' dollar; cotton much cheap."

"I ain't gwine to sell dis cotton fer no five dollars."

"Ver' good." Snake-Eye tumbled the cotton out of his skiff, stepped in and began adjusting his oars. "Go' night."

Sunlover stared at him stolidly, then looked back along the dark path through those lonesome woods. Snake-Eye leaned forward and braced his oar against a log, preparing to shove off. "Goo' night."

"Hole up, Joe. Put 'im on; 'taint right, but you kin have 'em fer five."

Snake-Eye had known it all the time. He never knew a negro to refuse half price at the last moment, rather than tote his cotton back and risk getting caught. He did not even smile as he handed Sam the bill.

"Joe, dis bill is got one corner tore off, an' a big red blot on it. Maybe 'taint no good?"

"It ver' good money." That being all he was going to get, Sam wadded it into his purse while Snake-Eye kept wadding sacks into the skiff. Without even a "good night" the foreigner cast himself adrift.

"Dar now!" Sam muttered to himself. "Dat's jes what a nigger oughter git when he fools 'long wid po' white trash. I'm gwine to set up nights studyin' some kin' o' low-down trick against Snake-Eye."

SUNLOVER hustled out of those dark woods; he could not help picking up his feet a little faster every time an owl hooted behind him. Making a wide detour, he approached his cabin from the far side. Liza stood in the glare which streamed through his door and Sam knew that something had happened.

[Continued on page 32]



"Well, you see, Mister Will, somebody stole dat cotton an' was gwine down de ribber in a skiff."



IT WAS only a while ago that certain extreme factions in the socialistic party used to cavil about the rich married woman, and were given to calling her "a parasite" and other synonymous names. They told us how she was wont to sit on a cushion and sew up a seam instead of getting out in the world and doing her share of its work. Everyone, they said, should work daily for a certain number of hours so that poorer and less fortunate folks would not be obliged to work for overly long periods. These socialists did not like the idea of the poet concerning the "house by the side of the road." Indeed, one of them wrote a song in opposition:

*"I think when I read of the poet's desire
That a house by the road would be good,
But service is found in its tenderest form
As we walk with the crowd on the road."*

Where the wealthy woman was concerned, the socialists had quite a deal of reason for cavil too.

All of us remember hearing some poor silly mother boast at afternoon tea how "Maudie has married so awfully well; she doesn't have to wet her finger."

This type of eternal ladyship and this type of socialist were known so long back as the days of Isaiah, whom we find accusing the daughter of the Chaldeans with saying to herself, "I shall be a lady forever." He also challenges the daughter with the offense of being "tender and delicate."

But of later times, these animadversions of the socialists only applied to very wealthy folk. About eighty-five per centum of married women were actual workers and continued steadily in industry until that remarkably momentous day when the males of the household found they could make profit by taking the industries from the home and into the factory . . . Yes, that was the day upon which the machine age had its birth.

These industries, being in the hands of laboring men instead of laboring women, a sudden change came over the spirit of the socialists so that we find them changing their opinions with their opportunities and circumstances—find them claiming these erstwhile industries of the home as their own industries, with all the profits arising therefrom; find them with an appalling inconsistency and a bravado to match bidding the victimized women to cease their objections and to look after the children at home, just as if the women hadn't always minded the children while doing this very work.

But as a result of this socialist doctrine something strange happened among the women. Even the parasites who had considered the socialist doctrine to be "so frightfully shattering—so altogether grotesque, you know," suddenly became imbued with its importance and declared it to be not only clear and reasonable but almost peremptory in force.

Everywhere — or almost everywhere — one still meets the parasitic woman, but they are not nearly so numerous as they used to be. A change has come over the spirit of the parasite's dream. She is coming to get another slant on things. She contends that her job, whatever it is, should be paid for.

a lavish manner; that she shall drive his limousine (sitting behind the chauffeur, of course) and that she shall display his diamonds and costly furs, then she is entitled to recompense. She has learned that she is advertising his business just as much as an advertising firm—even more so—with the difference that she is unpaid labor. She has no share in her husband's estate if it be not real estate. If it be "fluid"—that is to say in money, or in stocks and bonds—she has no claim for payment, not even as a business partner.

Indeed, she has no rights in the real estate either unless she survives her husband. Even then, her interest is only for life.

Married women are beginning to realize that their position, however enviable it may seem, is in reality only a temporary one—that it has no solid basis in a financial way.

If she and her husband quarrel, her position is not a safe one. If he becomes an invalid, or loses his wealth; if he becomes lazy, a drunkard, or what is vulgarly known as "a sugar daddy," her position is perilous.

These are a few of the reasons "the parasite" has come to agree with the erstwhile opinions of the socialist—that whatever her husband's position, she should endeavor to stand upon her own feet financially and to make her own place in the world.

And after all, uneven nails and ink-stained fingers may not go so badly with the plump hand and jeweled rings of "the parasite."

Yes, even the parasite is beginning to put less padding on the outside of her head and more on the inside. Brave women and strong men are showing her the better way, so there is little doubt that a time will come when the only parasite will be what is known as the "kept" woman. No clean-minded, sensible wife will longer tolerate the epithet of "kept." Her labor, whether it be in the office, the kitchen, in the rearing of children, or in the management of the home, will have its monetary value.

THE law makers of Canada are rapidly coming to recognize this situation and to provide that a wife's interest in the family business shall be recognized and arranged for in an equitable way.

And in discussing this matter from its purely moral viewpoint, we must not for a moment lose sight of the one great truth of life—that idleness is the mother of vice and crime. That Satan does find work for idle hands, is quite as true today as ever before. Put all the world to work and crime is appreciably stayed. Goodness is largely a by-product of work. The idle woman is usually the bad woman—

Matrimony

She has come to think that if a man marries her with the expectation that she shall entertain his friends in

the "kept" woman. Besides, to a normal person, an idle life is Hades. We stupidly say in our Criminal Code that a person is to be punished by "hard labor."

In my experience in prison work, I find that the sufferings of the prisoners come from lack of labor. "Trial prisoners"—that is to say men or women who for months are confined to cells awaiting trial—cry out for work almost in an agony. Most of these prisoners want to work in the laundry, the greenhouse or on the land but, alas, they are suffering from an imperative remand that takes no cognizance of either agony or labor.

It is the indubitable right of every human being to exercise to the full his or her God-given faculties, and any accidental or social position of the individual should have no bearing whatsoever upon the matter. Age and illness are the only exceptional circumstances.

Because a woman has money in the bank, or a husband who "keeps" her, is she to spend her life uselessly? Not so! Not so!

Who are you, Sir or Madam, that tells me because I have taken to myself a husband that I must stunt my soul and soften my body?

What have your narrow and infinitely selfish aims to do with my life plans? This is purely a matter between my husband and myself.

You are a trespasser on private property.

Why put your finger into my pie?

Keep me from working, would you?

Why, Man Alive, it was for this I came into the world. This is my inalienable right. Who are you that bids me sell my soul and body for a maintenance? I don't like your price tag.

No, move aside please. I am going to hit where you stand . . . Every person whether rich or poor—every person—who receives service and renders none in return is robbing the state. His or her country is just that much the poorer. There should be no unemployed in Canada, nor in any other country, and there would be none if our countries were more wisely governed. The employment of married women has nothing to do with the general state of unemployment, which has its origin in matters national, international, industrial, economic, seasonal—in matters of inflation and deflation, of production and underproduction, of militaristic extravagance and of a thousand kinds of theft. They are only the uneducated and thoughtless who place the onus upon married women.

A WHILE ago, I said that a woman was always in industry until father took the tools from the home to the factory.

Before this, the woman was the baker, brewer, spinster,





and the Matter of Money

By
EMILY F. MURPHY

weaver, knitter, milliner, dressmaker, tailor and even the barber. She was the maker of cloth and carpets, of cheese and butter, jam and pickles, stockings and lace, of yarn, candles, soap, toilet articles, liniments, cough medicines and scores of other things that go to make up the everyday necessities of the household. While these necessities were vastly appreciated, they were ever illy paid, if paid at all. They were merely considered as the "duties" of the married woman. Now, under masculine control, these have become avocations, professions, occupations.

The old saying "To your spindles jades; to your spindles" has no longer any meaning for us in that we have no spindles, and most of us are not even sure as to the uses of a spindle. What they now say to us is "Back to your homes, you women, back to your homes. These are man's jobs. Keep your hands off, please."

Did I say the home crafts of women had become "occupations" of men? This must have been what the old census forms meant when they classified married women as having "no occupation." Even the rearing of children was not considered as an occupation. Oh well, if the unoccupied mother lives long enough, someone may wear a red carnation in her honor on Mother's Day—if she dies too soon, white is the mode.

Still, taking our life in our hands, we make bold to declare that these occupations, professions or whatever else you may call them, do not "belong" to either sex exclusively. The whole question resolves, and should resolve itself, into a matter of capacity.

NOW, it has always been thought that hens could never swim, but, down on a farm near Philadelphia, some chickens that watched a pet duck swimming on a pond thought they would like to try it too. Soon, three or four of them struck out and tried the water. Nothing happened to them, so now the entire flock of four hundred are taking their daily dip . . . Yes, yes, this talk of "woman's sphere" might be more accurately interpreted as "woman's fear." Indeed, it is our opinion that a woman can be anything she wants to be with, perhaps, the unimportant exception of the father of a family.

But even here one hesitates to be overly assertive, it being reported this year in despatches from Avellino in Italy that they have a rooster there which lays eggs of normal proportions nearly every day. The correctness of the report has been confirmed by veterinarians.

The really interesting thing about the incident lies in the

fact that none of the Italian hens are objecting, or claiming that he obtrudes upon their exclusive sphere.

That the immemorial occupations of men and women are about to undergo a complete reversal was made manifest by a recent census taken by the United States Department of Labor concerning the occupational progress of women as traced from the census of 1920.

The figures show that twelve thousand men have turned into cooks, and twelve thousand women transformed into automobile factory operatives.

The male authors, editors and reporters have decreased by 382 with an increase of 2,497 females. Women real-estate dealers have increased by 214.6 per cent as compared with an increase of 13.8 in the number of men. On the contrary, the number of charmen have increased by 64.7, compared with a decrease of 7 per cent in the number of charwomen.

Women in the United States are now employed in 537 of the 572 occupations listed by the census. Among these are 1,495 female coal-mine operatives. American women are distinctly pioneering in transportation, there being an increase in the general field of 99.8 per cent. This field includes chauffeurs, draymen, laborers, garage keepers, teamsters, flagmen, switchmen, station and ticket agents, telegraph messengers, steam and railway laborers, telegraph and telephone operators.

In this connection, Miss Mary Anderson, chief of the Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labor, remarks that women are certainly evolving into the positions with larger salaries, better working conditions and higher standard in the community. "Women" she says, "have won their place as potent factors in the industrial world, and they have to be reckoned with in any economic survey of the nation." . . . Yes, this is what happened when the home duties of women became male occupations, professions and avocations. The women had, perforce, to follow their erstwhile "duties" into the industrial and professional worlds.

Once being out in the world it came about—quite naturally too—that women discovered by observation, and by actual practice, that they had also a capacity for those other occupations which had hitherto been exclusively masculine . . . It may be, after all, he was quite correct, that editor who remarked recently that the main difference between the sexes lay in the fact that men had pockets and women hadn't.

Be this as it may, it is quite clear that if man took an arbitrary possession of the so-called "woman's work," she has handsomely countered by taking possession of his. This having occurred—and very fortunately too—the sexes are foolish to quarrel about it, or even to become excited. It is much

wiser that we agree—indeed, we are forced to agree in that the whole matter of the world's work has resolved itself into one of capacity instead of one of sex.

And when you come to examine it, this matter of capacity in relation to work was thought

out as long ago as three thousand years when an Israelite of note, one Solomon, in speaking to his generation, bade them to do with all their might whatsoever their hands found to do. The Marching Orders are the same for both the sexes—for all humanity.

MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE, the British writer—and no lame-souled writer at that—made call recently for the women of the British Commonwealth, as well as to the women of America, Germany and Scandinavia to hold the pass for the women of the yet unawakened countries of Asia, Africa and the backward parts of Europe, that these may win and hold the emancipation that choice of vocation and the means of livelihood alone can bring. She declares there is a new call to the women's movement which must now be born again in that women's economic liberty is being menaced today by a more active opposition than ever before. Unless this organization—this holding of the pass—takes place, women, she declares, are entering a period of reaction and retrogression for the whole human family.

There is not any doubt that this opposition has been lined up, and that it is a formidable one, but we are not too greatly alarmed about it.

If all the women workers of today returned to their homes and insisted on their aged, ill or tired-out relatives (male relatives, of course) supporting them, what a world collapse there would be. Indeed, a modern playwright constructed his play around this very theme, leading us all to the one inevitable conclusion—that is the terrific objection of the males themselves.

Yes, undoubtedly, the world would stand still, or pretty nearly so. Imagine, if you have enough width of vision, the consternation of the governments and civic relief boards that were called upon to look after the unemployed females of the world, especially when these females had no incomes whereon to be taxed.

No! No! There is not any Joshua we know of that can bid the sun stand still on Ajalon like that. Even then, Joshua only thought the sun stood still. We all feel this way when a crisis hits us. Besides this movement has long since passed the trial procedure. Surely it has.

And presuming the married women were by some potent and prodigious fiat immediately dismissed from the 537 different occupations in which they are now engaged—presuming so—would anyone think that because of this, the woman's sun had set forever?

[Continued on page 54]



AMALIA KUZNETZOWS was brought from Russia when she was very young and put to work in the beet fields of northern Colorado by her stepfather and her stepfather's mother. She was no more to them than a cat or a dog, except that she could work and earn money.

One day when he was drunk her stepfather knocked her down. She fell among the waving dark-green beet-tops, and he went home and left her there.

A Russian boy about her own age, who had talked with her sometimes and who liked her in a shy sort of way—a lonely boy, who lived all by himself—came along in a wagon and picked her up and started to take her back to her stepfather, but she wouldn't go, and so he took her home with him instead to his shack in the shadow of an old cottonwood tree beside an irrigation ditch, nine miles off across the plains.

The next morning he drove to her stepfather's place and told him where she was, and that she was going to stay there, and warned him to keep away from them.

Their life together began as naturally and simply as if they had been mating meadow larks. Neither of them had ever had anything, and now, having each other, they had everything.

Vassia whitewashed the shack outside and in, made it as white and clean as a little shrine, and Amalia hung up the worn crucifix she had had from her mother at the foot of their bed and said her prayers before it every night and morning. Vassia let her work in the fields only a part of the time, usually in the mornings before it grew hot. In the afternoons she sat in the shade of the cottonwood tree and made bright curtains for their tiny windows out of an old striped petticoat she had brought with her from Russia, and gay doilies and little valances for shelves from what was left of two worn-out cotton blouses. As she put in her careful stitches blackbirds held carnival in the cottonwood branches above her bent head, that was as sleek and black as they were, meadow larks tipped the posts of the barbed-wire fences and sang their jubilant songs. And she sang too, softly and shyly at first, because never before in all her starved and lonely life had she tried to sing even the briefest little snatch of a song.

In the evenings she and Vassia sat outside and he played his balalaika and they sang the songs their fathers and mothers had sung when their day's work was over. Occasionally on Saturday afternoons he borrowed a wagon from his employer and they drove to the town fourteen miles away and walked the streets and looked at the people and in at the store windows and bought ice cream cones and felt that it was all as good as a fair.

They were happier than they had thought people ever got to be.

Until one day after they had been together three months, when a minister and his wife came from the town to take Amalia away. She was alone when they came.

"You are living in sin," the minister said. "It is against the law."

He said it gently, but the phrase frightened her terribly—"against the law." Her little brown face went gray. And her eyes grew large.

"You must come with us," the minister's wife said kindly. "We will give you a good home. And will pay you wages. The work will be easy, and I will teach you how to live as Americans do."

Amalia knew the importance of being American. "We will help you to become a self-respecting, God-fearing woman," the minister said.



In the evenings she and Vassia sat outside and he played his balalaika and they sang the songs their fathers and mothers had sung when their day's work was over.

Strange Country

By ALMA ELLERBE

Illustrated by Bert Cranner

His clerical clothes increased her fear.

They hadn't meant to break the law, she stammered. (She spoke very little English.) They would be married right away.

He frowned. "No," he said, "you don't understand, my child. A marriage begun in iniquity would not last. You must be convicted of sin and purged by prayer and repentance."

"It is doubtful," said his wife, "if a man who could lead a young girl astray—a bad man like that—would ever make a good and faithful husband."

"But he is not bad!" Amalia said. "He is good! We—we love! I do not leave him! I never, never leave him!"

Vassia came home across the fields.

He tried to explain. He said that they had heard it took a great deal of money to marry in America and they had almost none at all. They were married

now, as far as they themselves were concerned. And they had thought that in this big, strange country, where they didn't know anybody, no one would care what they did. No one had ever cared before. But they wanted to do what was right. He would borrow the money and they would be married at once—the next day.

But his English was worse than Amalia's. He spoke with great rapidity and great earnestness. His intense desire to make them understand increased his incoherence. They scarcely understood at all.

When he saw that, he said it all over again, growing more and more excited. Sweat stood out on his face. His voice grew very loud, and hoarse with feeling. He waved his hands.

The minister commanded him to be quiet. Said his say all over again. His voice rose. The angry voices contended against each other.

The minister's wife took hold of Amalia to lead her away. She drew back sharply, and Vassia threw his arm protectively about her shoulders.

"Get out!" he shouted. "Go! Tend your own business! You hear? Get out!"

The minister and his wife were afraid and went.

THE next morning an old Russian who had been in that part of the country a long time came to warn them that unless they separated of their own accord the neighboring farmers, stirred by accounts of the minister's visit, might force them to. He advised Amalia to go away for awhile.

Vassia showed how frightened he was. He blustered. He said he wouldn't give her up. He went off to buy a gun.

As soon as he was gone Amalia did her clothes into a bundle, put on the only dress and hat that she would not be ashamed to go away in and wrote him as clear a note as she could. But she had never been to school and it was difficult. She told him she was going for both their sakes. To the minister's house. To work and save her money. And he must save his too; and as soon as they had saved enough and the minister and his wife thought it was all right, they would be married and go somewhere else, and start all over again. It might not take very long if they worked hard and saved. And then they would never be separated again.

She took her bundle and went out, closing the door on the bright curtains and the gay valances and doilies and the row of Vassia's clothes hanging against the wall where hers had hung beside them, and went to the cross-roads and took the stage.

THE minister and his wife were kind to her. They paid her more than she had expected. The minister's wife taught her English and how to live as Americans do. She convicted her of sin, and deepened her fear of God and the law. She saw to it that Amalia explained about these things in the letters she wrote every week to Vassia. She helped with the letters; dictated them, in fact; put in texts and exhortations. And Amalia always said exactly how much money she had in bank. She knew how that would comfort Vassia.

When she spoke of being married the minister's wife put her off. She wanted Amalia to be happy, and she hoped that something would happen to break the engagement.

But Amalia was loyal, steadfast, unshakable. Besides, she found she was going to have a child. She told the minister's wife, and the woman, touched now and fond of her, said they would be married in the parsonage. [Continued on page 38.]

The Aristocratic Milkman

By BERNARD J. FARMER

Illustrated by Hall Smith

MILK should be an uplifting, an ennobling influence in the lives of the people, not the prosaic selling of so much white stuff. So thought Charles Delane when he was informed through the agency of a lawyer that he had inherited the dairy business of a relative in Great Moulsham, England.

And being a young man of energy as well as artistic ability, he at once proceeded to put his thoughts into practice. No mere appointing of a manager for him. He left a seascape on his easel unfinished, as something the world could very well do without for a time, and straightway crossed to Southampton and came down to Great Moulsham, in Kent, to investigate the milk business for himself.

The first thing that struck him was that his late relative, though in many respects a man of talent, had been sadly lacking in what artists call "soul." He ignored completely the romance of milk. Every day a truck loaded with milk cans went up to London, and every day a young girl trudged round Great Moulsham and the immediate district with a hand cart.

And that was all. No rosy-cheeked country wenches in blue gingham assisted the cows to do their duty, and no merry carolling accompanied the milk cart on its rounds. The milking was done by a father and son, Big Jim and Little Jim; and if there was anyone more melancholy than Big Jim it was Little Jim—which was natural, perhaps, as Little Jim was twice the size of Big Jim.

As for Cristobel Ann May, the young girl who took the milk cart round, she seemed shamefully unaware of her opportunities.

"What do you say when you take the milk round?" asked Charles, as he interviewed her one morning before six while she was loading up.

Cristobel Ann May wiped a bottle on her sleeve and placed it carefully in the cart.

"Say to who?" she said at length.

"Oh anyone—Mrs. Jones, say."

"There ain't no Mrs. Jones."

"Well, Mrs. Smith," said Charles patiently.

"There ain't no Mrs. Smith."

"Well, whoever the deuce is there?"

Cristobel wiped another bottle. "There's young Mrs. Ridley up at the farm; Mrs. Parrish at the Angel; Mrs. Challis at—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Charles, "anyone of those. What do you say to them when you take the milk?"

Cristobel smiled indulgently. She was a willing child and had no objection to giving instruction.

"What else should I say to Mrs. Parrish but 'here's the milk—and there'll be a penny you owe for the bottle your Peter broke when he was chasing the cat'?"

Charles lifted his hands in horror. Thank goodness he had taken this milk business over in time before it was completely ruined.

"All wrong," he said, "you should bring out the romance of milk—the beautiful, soul-uplifting romance." He gestured with his hand and nearly knocked a bottle over.

Cristobel placed the bottle out of danger. "Yes?" she said.

Charles took her gently by the arm. "You should sing, child. At each house you come to, give a light-hearted cry full of the joy of life and so on."

Cristobel looked interested. "To prevent the milk going sour?"

"No, no, to herald in the dawn to the good cottager and his wife, asleep in their beds."

"The cockerels do that," said Cristobel placidly.

Charles sagged. No other word will describe his collapse of spirit.

"Do you know, Cristobel Ann May," he said, "if I didn't know you to be a child of unimpeachable character, I should say you were trying to annoy me. I'll tell you what," he added with sudden inspiration, "you go back to the dairy for a day or two and I'll take on the milk round."

"You ain't fit," said the child with conviction.

Charles drew himself up haughtily. "Back to the dairy, wench, and give me that book."

Cristobel grinned widely and handed over the account book. "You will make a mess," she said, and with many backward glances went off to the dairy to ponder on the new and delightful experience that had come to brighten her dull life.

MEANWHILE Charles gave his mind to the commercial side of milk, and he found it occupied all his attention. To begin with, each of the four wheels on the hand cart seemed to have a different idea of the right direction, and the bottles signalized each swerve with a merry rattle.

"Dash!" said Charles, after a second bottle had been broken and the ennobling fluid wasted. But he refused to allow minor troubles to interfere with his happiness, and at the first cottage he came to, set up a stentorian cry:

"Milk-ho — milk-ho — milk-ho — ho-ho!"

"Ho-ho-ho!" mocked the surrounding dales. The cottage maintained a deathly silence.

Charles waited a hopeful minute, then let forth another bellow. This time he treated them to all the variations that Milk-ho was capable of, and after a particularly penetrating effort during which Charles reached top G, the window banged open and a lady with her hair in curling pins looked out.

"What's all this noise, young man?" she cried angrily.

"The milk," said Charles.

"Well, why can't you come to the door in a quiet and law-abiding way instead of frightening folks in their beds?"

"She's got no soul for music," said Charles to himself, and hastily supplying the pint of milk and jug of cream required, wiped the dust of Sunrise Cottage from his feet.

But the glory of the morning had gone, and after vainly trying to recall his first enthusiasm at Down Farm, he abandoned his "Milk-ho," and at Thistledown Cottage substituted a plain plagiarizing of Shakespeare: "Milk, blessed milk, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care—" and a thunderous obligato on the door.

It opened and a vision appeared which drove all thoughts of milk from his mind. Never in all his twenty-six years had he seen such a beautiful girl. Her eyes alone, a light tawny brown, would have captured his admiration, and as for her hair—!

"Yes?" said the vision.

Charles collected himself.

[Continued on page 36]



"I'll wait," said Charles, "but in case I have to wait long—"

"BLACK WATER"

By W. REDVERS DENT

Illustrations by A. C. Valentine

CAPTAIN JED DOUGHTY, skipper of the tug "Byrna" stood at the wheel of his particular craft and growled in submerged English. The only reason he lowered his tone was because of the proximity of his daughter Nora who stood beside him, clad in oilskins, her blonde hair tucked carelessly into a sou'-wester and her almost translucent skin glowing warmly as the cold October wind whipped the blood to the surface.

She was enjoying the storm. She always did enjoy the thrill and excitement of battling a stiff nor'easter in a small boat, and now with the added stimulation of a ship to be rescued, in the offing, it became almost enthralling and her grey eyes fairly danced with excitement.

A wheat ship out of Port Arthur bound for Cleveland had got into difficulties and had been forced to signal for help, the result being that every tug in Thunder Bay answered like a shot out of a gun. For the boat in trouble carried over one hundred thousand bushels of Number One Northern Wheat and that, even at the current price, meant salvage and lots of it.

If her father was leading it meant an income for life. Hence no wonder the excitement.

She glanced over at the craggy face of her father. He had become almost like the rocks, she thought.

Grim and grey, and fretted with deep caverns that even she hadn't dared.

The whole ship shook once more violently as the stern rose into the air and the propeller raced madly.

Practically all the tugs were clear of the harbor about the same time, and as they did so rowboats and small launches made desperate efforts to get clear of their wash.

The captain swore aloud as he saw one dinghy in particular dance gaily across his bow, barely missing it. He cursed again as he saw the driver of it wave his hand gaily.

A tug immediately behind the "Byrna" now forged ahead. Another curse was stopped in mid-delivery when he suddenly noticed the sailboat directly in the path of the tug to his starboard.

Both boats blew their whistles sharply and the owner of the dinghy, seeing his peril, tacked desperately back on his course and came directly in the path of the "Byrna." Two more frantic toots of the whistle and Captain Doughty pulled the

cord connected with the engine-room for Jock McKenzie, his engineer, to reverse.

At that moment the little tug's stern rose in mid-air and once more the screw threshed itself helplessly.

Jock at the same moment obeyed the order for reversal. Still carried by the waves, the tug tore down on the helpless boat. The girl ran toward the chain which served as a rail, seizing a pikepole at the same moment. With a crash the tug ran directly on top of the boat and the engines added to the uproar by racing madly.

For a moment Doughty was bewildered. Then in one sickening instant he realized that the sudden reversal of the drive shaft had smashed it and that the tug had ridden right over the sailboat.

Jock shut off the engines and a silence that was almost oppressive reigned.

The girl's voice sounded loudly in the silence. "I've got him, dad," she cried.

"Got who?"

"The man in the sail boat."

"Oh!"

The tug, bereft of its propeller, lurched sickeningly into the trough of a wave.

"Let him go then," growled Doughty. "His kind should be left in there."

"Help me dad, I can't hold on much longer."



With a crash the tug ran directly on top of the sailboat and the engines added to the uproar by racing madly.

Reluctantly the Captain went over and between them they pulled a bedraggled figure onto the deck.

For a moment it lay there like some huge fish, gasping for breath.

"By Jove, that water's cold," was the first statement to come from him.

The girl touched the man with her foot and he turned over to face her. She noticed that his hair was black and curly and his eyes were laughing, apparently at some joke while his thin, almost ascetic face glistened with drops of water.

The boat gave another lurch and the Captain ran hastily back to the wheel.

Jock came aft of the engine-room which lay only two or three feet below deck level.

"Maun, ye bairst our driveshaft wi' your foolishness."

The man raised himself and his eyes took in the girl. He stood up quickly then and bowed sheepishly. "If I were a dog I could shake myself and be dry," he said, "and right now I want to be dry and decently clad, for you know I am fairly handsome and if I do say it a snappy dresser."

"Ye broke the driveshaft an' we saved your worthless hide," said Jock again.

The girl dimpled irresistibly. "My father will have something to say," she said, "and it won't be about clothes."

"Ye broke the driveshaft," said Jock again, "and lost us the insurance. Ye Gommeril."

The stranger looked at the girl enquiringly. "Can you explain that?"

"Yes, there is a wheat ship to be salvaged beyond Isle Royal and we were heading for it."

"Oh!"

"There isn't a blasted one of them tugs that will stop to help us," groaned the Captain.

It was only too true, for although their condition must be apparent to every boat in the harbor not a single boat had stopped on their way, to give assistance.

Captain Doughty motioned to Jock to take the wheel and came back to the stranger.

"Now see what ye have done. Smashed my boat and made me lose a fortune, all on account of your foolishness. I tell ye ye knock-kneed broken-down spawn of a jackass ye have no business in a boat. Ye should have been left to drown, an' if I had my way ye would still be there."

The stranger grinned broadly over at the girl. "I am the picture of a welcome guest," he said flippantly. Then as he saw something in the girl's grey eyes he turned suddenly serious. "Did you really want to salvage that ship? Was there a good chance?"

The girl nodded slowly. "Daddy's boat is the fastest and strongest in the Bay, and it would certainly have been his if this hadn't happened."

The stranger thought for a moment and then smiled. The next moment he had leaped for the engine-room and before the Captain was aware of what was going to happen had given three short and one long blasts on the whistle.

When the last echo of the whistle was reverberating against the grain elevators the Captain leaped forward and seized the stranger by the shoulder and swung him around.

His fist swung up and was almost smashing into this insolent stranger's face when the girl stepped between them. The Captain hesitated.

The girl's eyes searched the stranger's as if seeking for something and he met them at first smilingly, then soberly.

None of them saw a huge white yacht swing out from the Canadian National dock and head towards them.

"WHAT do you mean by blowin' the whistle like that?" asked the Captain belligerently.

The stranger did not take his eyes from the girl, and as they swayed on that crazily rolling deck he seemed absolutely unconscious of the Captain.

"What do you mean, I say," raved the Captain, and this time stepped forward and swung the stranger around.

"By Jove I'm sorry, Captain, really I am. Is this—is this young lady your daughter?"

"And what if she is? I asked you about the whistle."

The stranger made a visible effort and removed his fascinated gaze from the girl and cast his eyes towards the shore.

He noticed the yacht and without a word pointed toward it.

The other two looked astonished. There was no doubt that a yacht was heading for them, and even at that distance the crew could be seen arranging lines for a tow.

Doughty turned. "Is that yacht what you whistled for?"

The stranger nodded. "Yes, you see I know the

owner and I was sure he'd come out for us if I whistled."

"Are—are you the owner?" asked the Captain slowly.

The stranger started, looked over at the girl, back at the boat and finally at the Captain. He seemed to hesitate before answering.

"No, I'm not the owner," he laughed queerly. "No, certainly not. What, me, own a boat like that? Honest, man, do I look as if I owned a boat like that?"

All eyes turned again towards the rapidly approaching ship. She was a beauty, there was no doubt about it. It was the first yacht the Captain had seen with a cruiser stern. She was painted a glittering white and she

rode the water like a swan, not cutting through the waves but seeming to ride up and over them.

"She is a good boat," said Doughty admiringly, "a very good boat."

The stranger nodded and seemed perfectly ready to make all explanations. "Smith is my name," he admitted, hesitatingly, "and I am a friend of the owner. He and I have been cruising together. O course the fact that you smashed your drive shaft is really my fault and I only hope I can make amends. Not only that but I owe Miss—er—"

The girl smiled and said nothing. The Captain, made aware of his misfortune again, scowled. "Aye, and by glory you just lost us a fortune," he growled, "sailing around the bay like that is a peril to navigation. There ought to be a law."

The stranger was contrite. "If there is anything I can do?"

The Captain's eyes were following the tugs which were almost hull down on the black expanse of water. "The chance of a lifetime," he said, "and I missed, and all on account of—"

"Never mind, daddy, better luck next time," said the girl softly, and taking her father's arm she led him gently toward the wheel.

The stranger who called himself Smith turned and his eyes followed them, while queer lights shone in their depths.

"Ahoy there, get ready for a line."

The voice came from the yacht and the Captain and Jock went feverishly to work in preparation for the line that a moment later was thrown expertly on to the deck. In a trice they had pulled in a heavier rope and secured it to the forward capstan. In an incredibly short space of time the white yacht was towing the tug to its berth near the customs' wharf.

Jock now came forward and solemnly announced the damage to the Captain. The driveshaft was broken in the tunnel and the "Byrna" was taking water. It would be necessary to drydock her to get her repaired. He seemed to have an idea too that a whirling piece of steel might have driven a hole just above the water-line.

The Captain listened in gloomy silence to the report and when it was finished turned abruptly and stared seaward.



"Look here, dear," he said hastily when they were out of earshot of the others, "I want to ask you a question." Nora tried to appear as if she had not noticed the "dear."

Mr. Smith was trying to ingratiate himself with the girl but was not succeeding very well, for all her attention was focussed on the drooping form of her father.

Suddenly she turned and took the stranger's hand. "Look here, Mr. Smith, you have got dad into this trouble, and now you must get him out."

"Trouble? What do you mean?"

"I mean that dad has had some very heavy reverses lately. Like everybody else who handles wheat he thought he knew all about it and—and—"

"He bought on margin, is that it?"

"Yes, it isn't wheat so much but he misjudged the hour and the time to do it and now when the season is just beginning for him, he has this happen. If he had got that salvage job it would have made everything good going."

"And what can I do?"

"I don't know, I only wish I did."

Mr. Smith felt a queer thrill within. It was the first time in his life that he had ever had a girl take his hand just like that and ask him for help. Usually they claimed to be quite capable of looking after their own affairs.

He had a sudden desire to take her in his arms and kiss the tendrils of hair which clung so fascinatingly to her face.

"If only he had got that salvage job," said the girl almost to herself.

Mr. Smith was still debating about the kissing and what would happen if he did, when she made that remark. It was merely to be polite that he asked what they did on a salvage job.

"Oh, dad goes out, and if he is first and finds the ship has lost its propeller and is unable to keep moving he claims it as

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DARK SEAS

A Romance of the Great War; Teeming with Drama

Baron
Von Holm



By GARNETT WESTON

Illustrations by John H. Paul

LIEUTENANT DAVID HAMEL, R.N., encountered Spartel Jack for the first time early in the spring of '16. The encounter ended in Hamel's complete discomfiture, and for two years the latter, conscious of a strong desire to balance the account, waged a duel of wits and sea-cunning against his under-seas adversary.

Ludwig Von Holm, familiarly known as Spartel Jack, was only thirty-five, but legends grew about him as though he were a veritable old man of the sea. Before the war he was captain of a coastal steamer plying between Gibraltar and West African ports, far south, and he and his beautiful Bavarian wife were popular with the English residents of the Rock. On the day war was declared between England and Germany he disappeared over the side of his ship, and struck out for the West African coast two miles away, and it was thought by many that he had met his death at the hands of the wild hill-tribesmen. His wife believed he was still alive.

In December Lieutenant David Hamel came to Gibraltar to take command of Torpedo Boat 90, and immediately fell in love with Mrs. Von Holm, and every time he was in port found his way to her garden under cover of darkness.

Early in '16, as his torpedo boat was cruising along the west coast of Africa, a German submarine came to the surface within a few hundred yards of Hamel's ship and submerged again before any effective action could be taken. The same day, and from the same locality a wireless message reached Gibraltar signed "Spartel Jack," asking the British Admiral to inform Mrs. Von Holm that her husband was alive and well. For months the submarine with Spartel Jack in command sank ships up and down the coast, and the British torpedo boats seemed powerless to stop it. Eventually Hamel, who had been reprimanded for his failure to "get" Spartel Jack on their first encounter, was given an unofficial hint that the Admiralty considered it advisable for him to keep away from the residence of Mrs. Von Holm.

PART II

IT WAS twenty years since Hamel, a fresh-faced Snotty, had gone to sea. As he stood there in the dark, waiting for the cable to settle, he remembered an incident of those careless days when his first ship had crept into the bottle-necked harbour of Baltimore on the Irish coast, a southwest gale at her heels. There had been such balm to his soul in the land smells. He thrilled to them now, the odours of sun-baked shrubs and grasses. His body suddenly went slack with an overpowering conviction of security. The seaman's watchword, "Eternal vigilance is the price of safety" might almost be forgotten. Almost, but not quite. Not until five hundred miles of hill and plain lie between him and the deep does the sailor lose his inquietude.

When he was satisfied the ship would ride, he went below. The vessel rolled slowly in an off-shore swell. In the galley, the cook was busy with coffee and piles of tunny-fish which browned appetizingly in a pot of boiling oil. There was a salad of pimentos and olive oil. Both tunny-fish and salad had been gained in barter with a native market boat, using

navy tobacco as kind. In a corner stood a newly broached cask of red wine.

Hamel grinned happily at Breadalbane as he dropped to the wardroom deck. They had a feeling akin to that of kids on a picnic. They knew that, for a few hours, the dangerous game was going on without them.

The sense of holiday made them talkative. Ordinarily, two officers cooped in narrow quarters had little to say. Ashore, they went their separate

paths. Only in this way was it possible for them to live amicably month after month in quarters not much larger than a brace of piano boxes.

Hamel stuffed his pipe while Breadalbane drew off two glasses of wine.

"Wish we'd get the regular navy tobacco back," he grumbled cheerily. On the table lay a quarter-pound packet of Honey Dew he had ripped open. Three thousand pounds of navy tobacco had gone mouldy in the depot ship. Three months they had drawn Honey Dew while the stores' officer waited replenishment from England.

"This stuff is about the same grade, but it isn't as rich in rum," Hamel lit his pipe with shreds of tobacco hanging around the bowl. It was the navy's way of showing tobacco wealth. Usually, they had half a dozen pounds stored under the mattress. It gave them a feeling of affluence to stuff tobacco at the pipe and spill it carelessly.

"There'll be a fresh lot out soon," said Breadalbane, handing him a glass which dripped wine on the deck.

"If it isn't sent to the bottom," agreed Hamel.

"They haven't been getting so many lately. Do you remember last winter when coal was selling in Gib for twelve pounds a ton and sixty in Oran? My eye, eh?"

There was a clatter of boots on the iron deck overhead. A deck-hand's face appeared in the hatch.

"Beg pardon, sir, that Admiralty tug we passed is coming in. She's anchoring two cables south of us."

"Make a signal, Bond, with my compliments and invite her commander aboard for dinner."

"Very good, sir."

The man disappeared. A few minutes later his head reappeared in the hatch.

"Beg pardon, sir. Tugboat's commander sends thanks and regrets he cannot come. His second is ill."

"All right, Bond, thanks."

"Very good, sir."

Hamel pressed the tit which rang an electric bell in the galley.

"Too bad," he puffed. "We might have had a social evening. How's the tunny-fish, steward?"

"All ready, sir."

"Serve it. And take these cigars to the fo'c's'le for the hands."

"Thank you, sir."

They dined lazily, chatting. When they were finished, the steward brought in a decanter of port. Bond's head appeared in the hatch.

"There's an American destroyer coming in, sir. She's anchoring south of the tug."

"Cheers! What is it?"

"The Dale, sir."

"Make a signal. My compliments to anyone who can come aboard." Bond disappeared. "We'll have an evening after all, Breadalbane, my son. How's the cellar?"

The number one swung open a locker door, revealing bottles.

"Ready to repel boarders," he grinned.

Half an hour later there was a clatter and banging alongside.

"Now for the merry social life," said Hamel, throwing aside a copy of Anatole France's "The Red Lily." He was keeping a record, with chalk marks on the bulkhead, of the assignations enjoyed by the heroine.

A lean, sun-burned face with twinkling blue eyes looked down the hatch.

"What ho, below there! May I come down?"

"Rather."

The face disappeared and seaboots took its place, scrambling down the ladder.



Margaret Von Holm, as was usual at that time of the morning, was busy in the garden with her plants.

"I'm from the tug," he said. "My sub was feeling better, so I changed my mind about coming over."

"Splendid fellow," said Hamel cheerily. "Glad you did. Breadalbane and I would probably have been cutting each other's throats before long. My name's Hamel."

"I've seen you at Gib but there's so many of us, you know."

He was a lean, hard fellow and likeable. He threw his sou-wester on a bolted deck chair and stripped off his slicker, revealing a dirty white sweater and regulation navy trousers stuffed into seaboots.

"The sand and locusts are worse, if anything," he said. He picked one of the huge yellow grasshoppers loose from his sweater and tossed it up through the hatch. "There's a bit of weather outside."

"Stiffish," agreed Hamel. "Have a peg?"

"Whiskey and soda," said the tug-boat officer, sliding into a seat. "What're these? Poker chips?"

"Breadalbane has been amusing himself playing one hand against the other. Want to play?"

"Oh, certainly, but I'm not much good. I was never in America."

"Then you're ruined, right now. I was there for a fortnight once on a cruise. That's when I learned the game. I paid a whole month's advance to learn it. Shall we say a shilling limit?"

"Right. I've got a handful of assorted coins."

They sorted out their money, English, French, Spanish and Moorish. Hamel placed a glass beside his guest. The game went on with varying luck. They talked about the *Levanter*, the kursaal in Tangier, and bullfights in Algeiras and La Linea.

"I've noticed after every bullfight the beef we get from the Cormorant is tough as Hades," said Breadalbane.

"Sure. We get the *toros* killed in honorable combat," explained Hamel. "Give me three of the best or I'm broke."

"Honorable rats," murmured Breadalbane. "The *toro* hasn't a chance."

"Better to die that way, cavorting about, than go down a line and be hit on the head with a dart from an air pistol," said Hamel. "By the way, what did you say your name is?"

"I didn't say," replied his guest pleasantly. "But I will. It's a very odd name. It's Smith."

"With an 'E'?" asked Hamel, laughing.

"No. Without the 'E'," grinned Smith, taking out a cracked briar. "Got any tobacco? We're all out aboard."

Hamel brought a brace of Honey Dew packets from a locker.

"Here," he said. "We've got plenty."

"Thanks. Largesse from the gods," said Smith.

"Where'd you get this? There's nothing like the regular navy issue."

Hamel watched him as he broke open the paper.

"Haven't you ever smoked Honey Dew?" he asked lazily, reaching for his glass.

"No," said Smith. "Do you like it better than the navy issue?"

"Not quite. Smoke a pipe much?"

"All the time," said Smith. "Who's dealing?"

"I am," Breadalbane scooped up the cards.

"You're lucky tonight. I'm giving the party, I fancy," said Hamel. "I'm sorry I learned the game."

"Better be giving the party than pitching your heart to pieces out yonder," said Breadalbane. They listened for a moment to the voice of the storm. "I wonder what German subs do on a night like this?"

"They've got their hangouts," said Hamel, "same as we have. I'll draw one card."

"Hope you catch." Breadalbane flicked the card across the table. "Dealer takes two. Wonder where Spartel Jack is tonight."

"Oh, he's snug enough. He knows these waters like a book," Hamel murmured.

"I suppose so," Breadalbane agreed. "I walked past his house the other day and saw his wife in the garden. Must be tough on her!" He glanced suddenly at Hamel with quick contrition. "Oh, I say, sir, I'm sorry."

Hamel was absorbed in his cards.

"You needn't be," he said lazily. "As you said, Mrs. Von Holm has been alone for years and waiting is weary work. It's natural you should feel that way about her and perfectly natural too, that you should say so. Eh, Breadalbane?"

"Yes, of course, sir."

Breadalbane looked at him with a puzzled light in his eye. He could not understand Hamel's persistence in discussing a subject which must be painful and which he had thoughtlessly brought up.

"Three years is a long time, you know, Breadalbane. She's probably found consolation by now."

His sub stared at him in astonishment. Smith sat motionless. Hamel lounged in his seat, smoke curling from his pipe.

"Don't you like those cards, Smith?" he asked suddenly. Breadalbane glanced down and saw the five cards in Smith's hand crumpled in a rigid grip. Hamel leaned forward.

"Smith," he said softly, "there's something I'd like to ask you. How'd you get the nickname 'Spartel Jack'?"

For the space of ten seconds no one moved. Outside the wind drove sand along the decks and the splash of water against the ship's side was heard through the hatch.

Smith's eyes returned Hamel's gaze unwaveringly. His voice, when he spoke was just as soft.

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The left hand, with fist clenched, was placed behind the back. Cutlasses are not pretty weapons, nor are they subtle. The German, his close-cut, fair hair standing straight up, fought with teeth bare in frenetic fury.

Quebec Goes Back to 1600 to Break Depression

BY LEONARD L. KNOTT



Teachers and Pupils—The Quebec handicraft school is largely building for the future, and for that reason the majority of pupils are nuns, who will later teach the children.

A RETURN to pioneer days when every home heard the hum of the spinning wheel and the rattle of the hand loom, when sturdy peasants cleared the land and sowed their crops while the women stayed in the home spinning and weaving, is Quebec's proposal to end the depression. While other governments are planning aid for the unemployed, undertaking new public works and assisting charities in caring for the poor; while labor leaders are appealing for the dole and other social legislation, the old French province of Quebec is developing a policy not only to send her sons back to the land but to send her daughters back to the spinning wheels and hand looms of the seventeenth century.

When this part of the Dominion was New France, when there was land to be cleared and homes to be built, when there were no smoking factories, no trains and no automobiles, then there was no such thing as unemployment. The simple, hard-working Norman peasants who had come to the new land to live were happy in their small homes, food was plentiful and the land was populated by a contented, care-free people. Then came the British conquest, followed by the building of cities and an age of big business and rapid development. Young habitants left their quiet, peaceful homes and came to the large centres; times were booming and wages were high; only in the remote parts of the province did the people still live as their fathers had lived, and the old pioneer spirit and pioneer arts began to die out. Peasants who remained on their farms sold their crops and their stock at high prices and came into the cities to buy their clothes and their furnishings. Throughout the countryside new farmhouses, brightly painted barns and even shiny corrugated iron garages housing latest model automobiles, all paid tribute to the new religion—Prosperity.

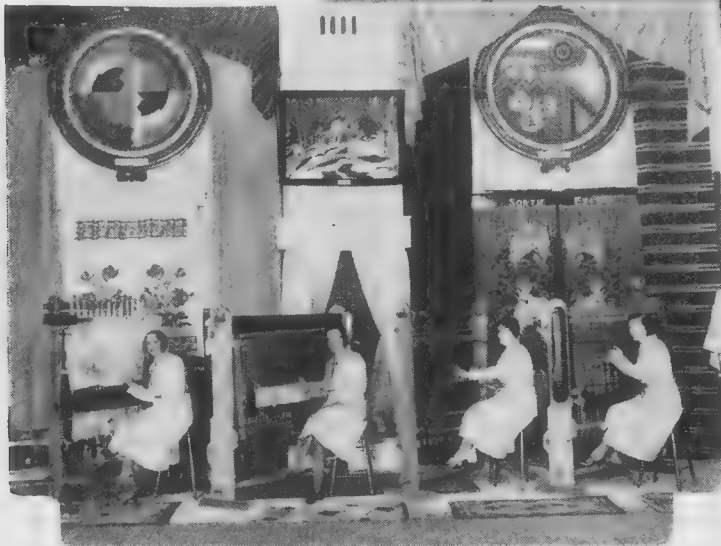
But now things are changed; factories and mills are closing down; wages are being reduced; farmers can get little or nothing for their crops and the cities are crowded with unemployed. Fortunately the French Canadians are a conservative race. Agitators can make little headway

among a people who for centuries have carried their troubles to the village curé and have strong faith in the integrity of their leaders. There is no danger of communism in rural Quebec, but there is a real danger of hardship and even starvation unless some cure for the present depression is found.

Love of tradition and respect for things of the past are probably more responsible than anything else for a move which may now mean the economic salvation of the province and which may even be accepted to a smaller extent by other parts of the Dominion. For long before the crash came, long before the factories began to let out their floods of workers, the Quebec Government had gone into the homes of the habitant people and brought to life again the old arts of handicraft. Women were to be taught again to spin and to weave, to create the old-fashioned hooked mats and patchwork quilts that their grandmothers had made out of pure necessity, not that they might be able to live but that the charm and simplicity of French Canada might never die. Begun as a purely artistic movement its economic significance, however, was quickly realized and with the apparent collapse of industry the Government redoubled its efforts and developed a back-to-pioneer-days policy as a definite solution to a problem which had baffled the leading economic minds of the world. Although in operation for a comparatively short time its effectiveness may be judged by the recent statement that over 10,000 men and women are now operating their own hand looms throughout the province. So great has the movement become, in fact, a factory has been opened at L'Islet to manufacture looms for the peasant people. Here again hand labor is used entirely, and it is expected that between four and five hundred men will be given employment in creating spinning wheels and looms.



A typical scene in a habitant home in the eastern section of Quebec Province.



Instructors are shown working at tapestry and hand-knotted carpets. The hooked rug hanging on the wall depicts a winter scene and was copied from one of the paintings made in the school studio.

IN AUGUST, 1929, at the instigation of a brilliant French Canadian, and then Minister of Agriculture, an investigation was made with a view to assisting the farmers through a revival of handicrafts. The immediate result was the forming of a homecraft division in the Department of Agriculture and the opening of a school of handicrafts in Quebec, with Mr. Beriau as director.

Mr. Beriau's handicrafts is a fascinating one, doubly so because it links up with what promises to be a great industry an appeal to the artistic sense of the French Canadians and a suggestion that the English-speaking people of the Dominion should cooperate in the work, encourage their own handicrafts and thus develop a truly Canadian art.

"Central Europe lives on handicrafts," Mr. Beriau said, as an introduction to his description of what is being attempted in Quebec province. "The peasants in those countries have a distinctive art of their own; they create articles of the finest workmanship at a low cost, and many of these are exported to Canada and the United States. Tourists buy them and carry them home because they are unique, distinctive. We propose to develop in Quebec a distinctly French Canadian peasant art, make it as profitable to our people as possible and at the same time keep alive our traditions in this country."

"Handicrafts, in the first place, provide an interesting occupation for the rural population during the winter months. A home is happier where the family is busy and where things are created for the home by father, mother, son and daughter."

"In the second place, the development of handicrafts gives our farming people an opportunity to use native raw materials to the best advantage. For example, homespun wools do not find a ready market at the mills and farmers have to sell it very cheaply, yet it is sold back to the farmers in the shape of suits and dresses at very high prices. For dresses and for carpets and tapestries there is no better wool anywhere than that raised on Canadian farms, and in the most exclusive shops in New York dresses made from Quebec homespun are sold at exorbitant prices."

"Again, the vegetable dyes used by the habitant people give a beautiful, soft coloring to the material, and these are all secured from the gardens and fields. Flax farmers in this province have been buying cotton and selling their own flax. We want them to use their own materials and supply their own needs, and have been teaching them how to blend their flax, prepare it and create their own linen materials."

TO ENCOURAGE the creation of artistic works of a purely Canadian nature a studio is maintained at the school where Quebec-trained artists paint rural scenes that are later copied by pupils on the looms who have not yet developed an artistic sense of their own. To make use of an industrial term, the studio itself is turning out a profitable "by-product," for among the artists engaged are a number of graduates of the Quebec Art School, and their paintings, executed primarily for the use of the pupils, are

[Continued on page 73]

Two Royal Princesses of Greece

"Pond's keeps one's skin lovely"

SAYS H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA

"I always use Pond's"

SAYS H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH



Lovely royal exiles, H. R. H. PRINCESS MARINA (left) and H. R. H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH (right) are charming young favorites of exclusive Paris society . . . their beautifully cared for skin is as smooth and fine-textured as their perfectly matched Cartier pearls.

Your skin can be as exquisite as that of any princess, if you just follow Pond's simple Method of daily care.

It is "truly the best and easiest method of caring for one's complexion," says Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth of Greece . . . Her sister, H. R. H. Princess Marina, adds, "the Two Creams, the Cleansing Tissues and the Skin Freshener keep one's skin lovely, even in the most trying climate."

These four famous preparations are formulated to give your skin exactly the four things it needs to make and keep it lovely . . . Cleansing . . . Lubricating . . . Stimulating . . . Protecting.

All over the world beautiful and aristocratic women have come to know at first hand the magic efficacy of Pond's easy way to keep the skin exquisitely smooth and clear:

1—Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Wait a few moments to let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent. Get the new 25¢ box—half again as many Tissues!

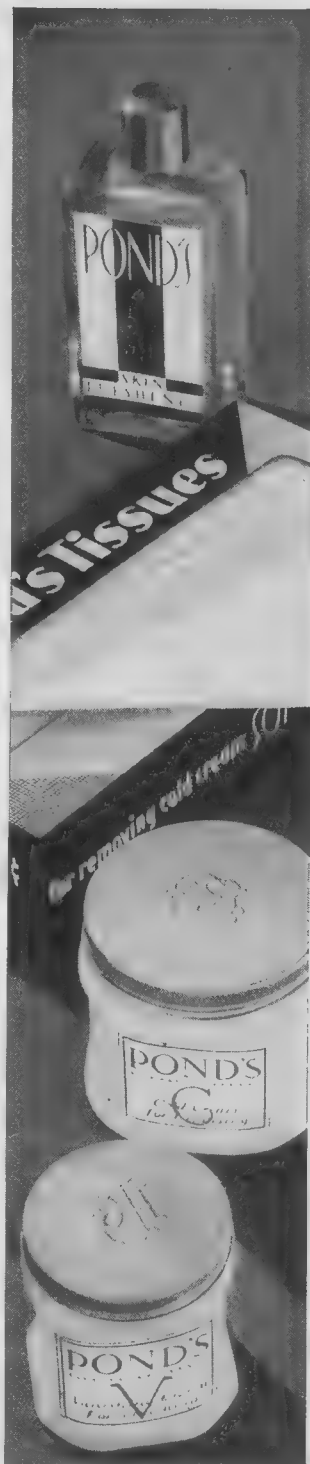
2—Pat briskly with the stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores and keep contours fresh and young.

3—Always before you powder, smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises little blemishes and gives a lovely velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . and to keep your hands soft and white.

4—At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.

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The Home of the Habitant

FROM THE HEART OF OLD CANADA

By V. W. HORWOOD

"D E PLACE I get born, me, is up on de reever Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc." So writes Drummond in "The Habitant."

The sturdiness of an old and simple style has been borrowed for this house design—The Home of the Habitant.

The term "Habitant" is generally applied to the country people of Quebec. It still denotes the classes farthest removed from outside influences, and most cut off by difference in language, a people hearing the voice of Mere-Patrie calling through every tale and song.

If then we wish to understand something of their home life—and we must do so to consider their homes—we must consider their having lived under a great theocracy, as still speaking a pure form of French with derived adaptations to Canadian needs, and as still cherishing a folklore essentially French both in letter and spirit and Canadian only through much selection.

The first settlers of Canada were a simple folk. This far-away land did not attract the courtly or wealthy Frenchman, and the people were mostly of a peasant extraction—bringing their traditional ways of living, their legends, their folksongs and their simple medieval methods of building into the new land. Their voyageurs, the couriers du bois, brought their songs into the far west—and a story is told of the quick response made by the 65th Battalion in the '85 rebellion when General Strange, hearing a soldier complain of the weary march, said,

"Oh mes braves,
'Malbroucke s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra'."

And in an instant the men took up the refrain and the march continued without a murmur.

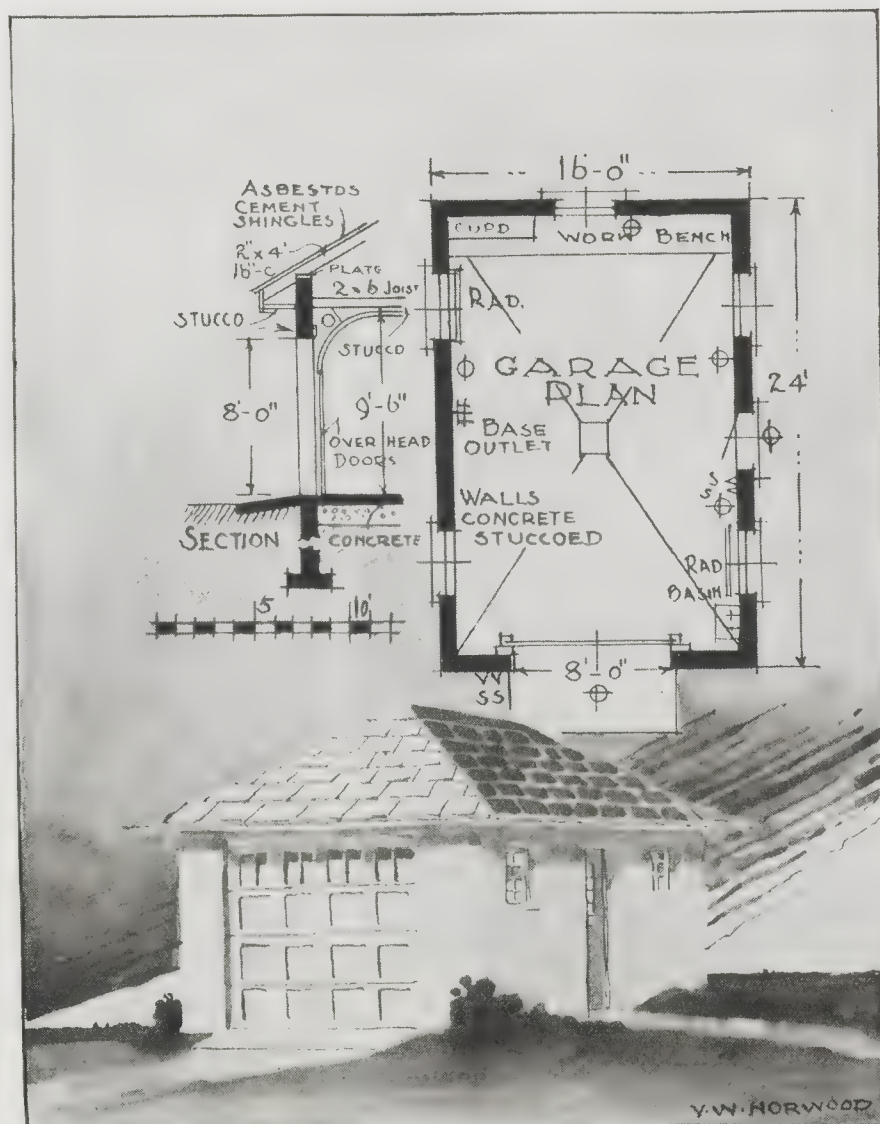
Stone walls were the tradition of the Norman peasant, and he followed it in his new surroundings.

The style has at last been recognized on account of its striking home-like qualities. It is one of the few vernacular styles of this continent—a style that has slowly developed to the requirements of the country. It is somewhat lacking in ornamentation but has the charm that envelopes all honest building. The hallmark of simplicity that marks the habitant's home building was the motive underlying the designing of this home—but stone walls are very expensive to build. Happy is the man who may build unrestricted by the limitation of financial allotment. However, if we give study we will find that each historic style will yield inspiration if the builder seeks to impart something of his own to a design for execution in a new material. Not that stucco is a new material although at the present time it may be somewhat faddy, applications of stucco being applied to designs that absolutely repel it. This house would look well in stucco, or in concrete blocks if managed properly. Our great difficulty is in that builders will try to imitate something that cannot be imitated. Stucco is a plastic material, and in this instance can be developed by a wide sweep of the trowel into planes of exquisite gradations up to its final golden tonal finish.

The wide bell cast eave is one of the characteristics of many of the old homes, and although at first purely utilitarian to keep the driving elements from the walls, it has also an artistic value of its own owing to the deep shadows cast below on the wall. This shadow detail must, in architectural parlance, be played up to as it is the only relief the home has outside of its proportions.

THE plans show a fine spaciousness which is perfectly suited to this style of home. We have surveyed the home from the outside. Our next problem is to arrange the interior. Naturally we do not wish to go back to the

[Continued on page 67]



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Over the Waxed Parlor Floor!

keeps floors better looking with less work

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sweeping. It adorns the room with new beauty.

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linoleum. Bring out the beauty of the natural woods in your furniture. Use this new wax on floors and furniture.

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The Only Wax Made by the Koric Process
Old English Wax
PASTE and LIQUID



THE DEATH RAY!

*Will Teutonic Science Break
the Bonds of Versailles?*

By LADY HAY DRUMMOND-HAY

THE Army was under way. An attack had been ordered on a particularly important strategic sector where the enemy was blocking the advance. Battalions in long, undulating lines, open formation, were moving forward. Bayonets glittered on the rifles in the hands of alert infantrymen. From their necks suspended grotesque, long-snouted, goggle gas-masks, ready to be snapped over face and head at the first warning of gas. Supporting the outspread skirmish lines, in some places ahead of the advancing infantry, in others, directly behind them, several score of black, ugly tanks, lumbering along toad-like and sinister, quick firers and machine guns bristling from the turrets. The crunch of the heavy boots of the men marching, the creaking of their equipment, the rattle of the caterpillar wheels dragging the rumbling, groaning tanks. A breeze from ahead carried the dust to the rear.

The enemy seems to be falling back. The advance-guard is in contact with his rear-guard. Desultory, spasmodic firing. Overhead, motor-roar of many squadrons of aircraft. Now and then, the staccato rattle of machine-guns high in the air. The enemy planes, too, seem to be doing little more than hold at bay the approaching fighting and scout craft.

The Commander-in-Chief is puzzled by his reports from the front that the enemy is not encountered in force. No concentrations to offer targets for his artillery. He orders a few batteries from the rear to concentrate on the wooded heights ahead. There is no reply. At the foot of the incline leading to the stretch of woods, the advancing infantry comes upon dense barbed-wire entanglements. Apparently they have been abandoned. The work of cutting through begins. Strange that no shots fall from those wooded heights! Stranger that the open space is not swept by machine-gun fire!

It has already been commented, though not remarkable, that all the villages on the advancing front were depopulated to the very last soul and animal.

An uneasy feeling of suspense and expectancy vibrates in the air. The enemy did not act this way yesterday. The tanks roll over the entanglements as if they were twisted threads. Groups of infantrymen bunch together, and follow through the lanes opened by the tanks.

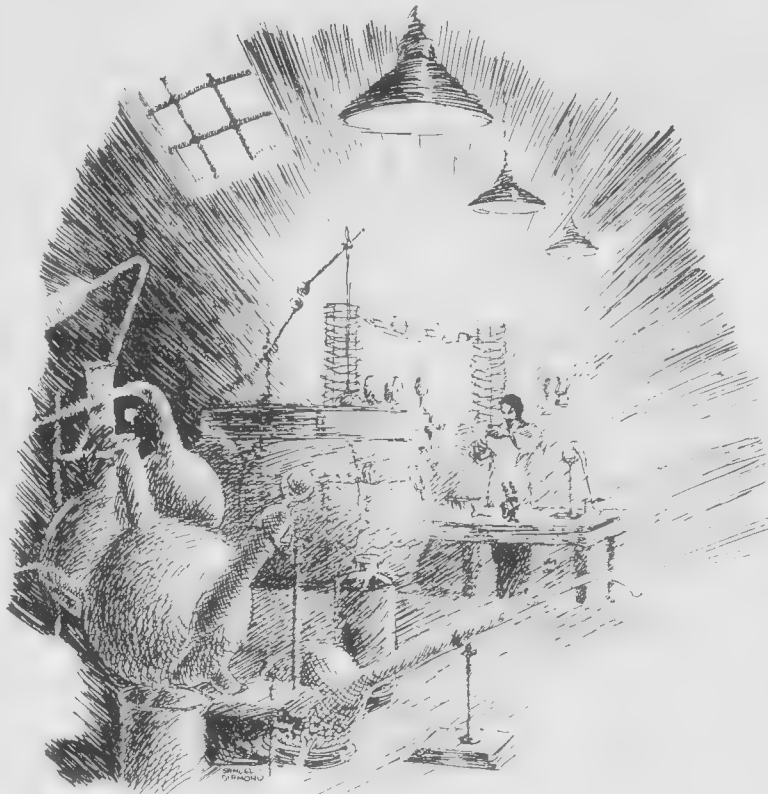
Suddenly, what is that! There! Up in the sky! One, three, six, ten—now twenty, thirty—more, 'planes stagger drunkenly in the air, executing fantastic aerobatics like an eerie Dance of Death, before the final spin or dive which sends them hurtling to destruction. Others simply fall to pieces. The wings break off in mid-air. Crashes with terrific impact, here and there loud explosions, as columns of fire shoot heavenward. It was afterwards recalled that the enemy aircraft, which had been numerous, suddenly turned tail as if acknowledging a signal, making back on full throttle.

The lines of advancing infantry, which had become somewhat knotted by bunching up to penetrate the lanes through the wire entanglements flattened by the tanks, look up. Queer business. What is bringing those 'planes down in wholesale numbers? There is no artillery fire from ahead, scarcely any enemy aircraft in sight now.

"D—funny, what can that be?" more than one soldier says apprehensively. Battalion and company commanders notice that their men are becoming nervous. Terse, gruff orders to get through the entanglements, and spread out again.

Then it came.

A spasmodic start, a jerky movement ran along the lines. Hundreds of men, whole companies and battalions, fall as if struck by lightning. Still there was no sound from ahead.



Hundreds of soldiers had one foot lifted to put forward in walking, when it struck them. Unbalanced, they fell on their faces as if seeking cover. Many, too, had been holding their rifles in readiness, cocked, and in falling, their weapons discharged. It was as if an invisible scythe had suddenly been swung along that advancing line. Where the soldiers were still bunched to pass through the lanes in the wire entanglements, they fell in clumps.

The ugly, toad-like tanks ran amok, squelching the fallen. They plunged and lumbered on erratically, as if the hand at the wheel were suddenly paralyzed or dead. Dead hands. Dead in that fraction of a second when the thing hit, and there was not time to close the throttle or apply the brakes. Other tanks suddenly stopped. Oaths and curses echoed from their insides. But silent, too, were most of the tanks which had suddenly come to a standstill. Driver fallen over the wheel, gun-crews crumpled up. Yet not a shot had been fired. None of the scientific detectors had registered gas.

A thousand yards back of those undulating lines, but a few seconds ago, pulsating with life, now stark in death, men singly and in groups dropped dead as if struck by invisible bullets. Some believing it to be gas, slapped on their gas-masks. Whatever it is, it makes no distinction between the common soldier and the officer.

The advance on the entire sector is stopped, as if every human link in it has been stricken with paralysis. Something like panic communicates itself to the rear. What is this invisible barrier in the air, and on the ground? Extraordinary, too, is the fact that well to the rear of the first lines, every motor-craft in a part of the sector has suddenly stopped. All the swearing of the officers and drivers avails nothing.

Doctors and stretcher-bearers are sent forward. They discover there is need of mass-graves, not medical service. For all are dead.

Ghastly devastation, unconjured even in the monstrous distortions of mankind's most warped

imagination, lay in the path of the Terror. Battalions and divisions, equipped in the pride of this scientific age, strewn the ground in hideous death, annihilated with song, whistle, or jest upon their lips, now stiffened into demoniac grins of excruciating agony. A hundred thousand sightless eyes torn wide open, fixed the sky in sickening appeal, or made inutile contact with the healing dew on soft grass. Lithe, muscular frames, alive with vigor but a few seconds before, in repulsive prostration suggested an evacuated graveyard on the Last Day of Judgment. They might have been mummified five thousand years before, or blasted by lightning. Every corpse a gruesome mockery of man.

The doctors and stretcher-bearers advance tentatively at first, expecting every second to be their last. Picking their way amongst the prostrate, and almost frozen with horror at the sights before them, they stoop now and again to turn over a body, seeking a flicker of life in this appalling harvest of death. Even the first hasty and superficial examinations serve to deepen the mystery to a nightmare. The cause of death was not immediately observable. It was obvious that it was not gas, and that the thing was not the same in all the casualties. For, while some showed little or no outward marks, other bodies were limp lumps of apparently boneless flesh, whose bones had been shattered to tiniest atoms, almost pulverizing the human skeleton. Hasty post-mortem examinations made later revealed that, in many of the dead, the whole nervous system had been completely destroyed.

The day, however, had not by any means exhausted its surprises or its horrors. From the interior of some of the tanks, living men emerged to find out why their machines had suddenly stopped without warning, and without apparent cause. Their first gesture was one of amazement upon seeing companion-tanks in the same plight. It was a little time before they took in the frightfulness of the surrounding scene, the uncountable dead, aircraft smouldering, wrecks of fuselages without wings, and wings without fuselages, a few lorries and tanks meandering unguided, trundling their freight of dead.

The investigators found themselves confronted by several mysteries. The dead were not all killed by the same agency, although death had been instantaneous and simultaneous. One section had suffered the destruction of their nervous system, as the doctors had discovered. Another section had their bone frame-work destroyed. Then there remained the living! Few, it is true, but how had they escaped the blight?

Why should living men step out of the tanks whose machinery had been paralyzed by some influence, and dead men still ride behind still-functioning mechanism? Not one of the aircraft pilots remained alive to tell a tale. Their fate had been the forerunner of the whole disaster. Some of the aeroplanes just fell to pieces in the air, hurling the pilot through space—alive or dead? Alive, was the general conclusion, in view of the living men helpless to control or resuscitate the "dead" mechanism of their tanks. It was obvious, then, that the remaining aircraft which looked to be out of human control before crashing, were in fact out of control, because the pilot in this instance, not the mechanism, had been destroyed. Just as the tanks had continued to roll along, motor functioning, but crews dead. Why had the detectors not registered gas, if gas it was? How could the three distinct agents of destruction be more or less confined to defined areas? These, and very many more questions, harassed the Commander-in-Chief and his staff.

[Continued on page 64]





*"She was a
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
before her teeth
... went bad."*

EVEN in our absence, even after we have left the room, our friends brood mournfully over the glories that have passed. "She was—she *was*—a beautiful woman . . ."

The mouth is the most eloquent of human features, the seat of character. Any defect of mouth or teeth is sharply conspicuous. Actors who wish to look ugly or repulsive on the stage almost always blacken out one or more teeth. And when *Nature* really plays this trick upon either man or woman, *Nature* can be cruel indeed.

Do you know what causes lost teeth?

Lost teeth are a source of mental anguish. Even after they are skillfully replaced, the experience leaves a scar on the memory. How you dreaded the verdict, "Two in the front must come out." How you avoided acquaintances!

How you lost time from business! How the whole thing clouded your life for weeks!

Of course some adult teeth are lost through accident, but *more than one-half the total losses of adult teeth are due to the condition known as pyorrhea*. This disease is a great source of trouble for the dentist. Its treatment is long-drawn-out and usually painful. When it is a question of pyorrhea the modern dentist votes for *prevention* every time. And this means giving your dentist a chance to prevent by visiting him at least twice a year.

Cleanliness is only superficial

Your dentist will tell you that pyorrhea works *under the surface*. Its approach is silent. It may take years—five years, ten years—before it breaks out. That is why mere cleanliness, even

thorough cleanliness, is not enough. One of the best-known names in all pyorrhea history is that of Dr. R. J. Forhan, who spent 26 years in the study and treatment of pyorrhea. Thousands of practicing dentists, throughout the nation and abroad, are today using his special pyorrhea treatment, provided only for the use of the dental profession. For home use by the family, Dr. Forhan also perfected the toothpaste which bears his name. The active Forhan principle gives you an extra value, an added safeguard beyond a mere cleansing operation. Use it night and morning, on both teeth *and* gums, according to directions.

Do not wait for bleeding gums

Don't give pyorrhea a foothold. Remember that 4 out of 5 over the age of forty are claimed as its victims. So we repeat again: see your dentist and use Forhan's in between visits. Remember also, that Forhan's, judged simply *as a toothpaste* is the finest money can buy—agreeable, long-lasting. Begin the use of Forhan's today. It's the double-duty toothpaste for teeth *and* gums. Look for the big, brown tube. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

Can Canada Win the Davis Cup?

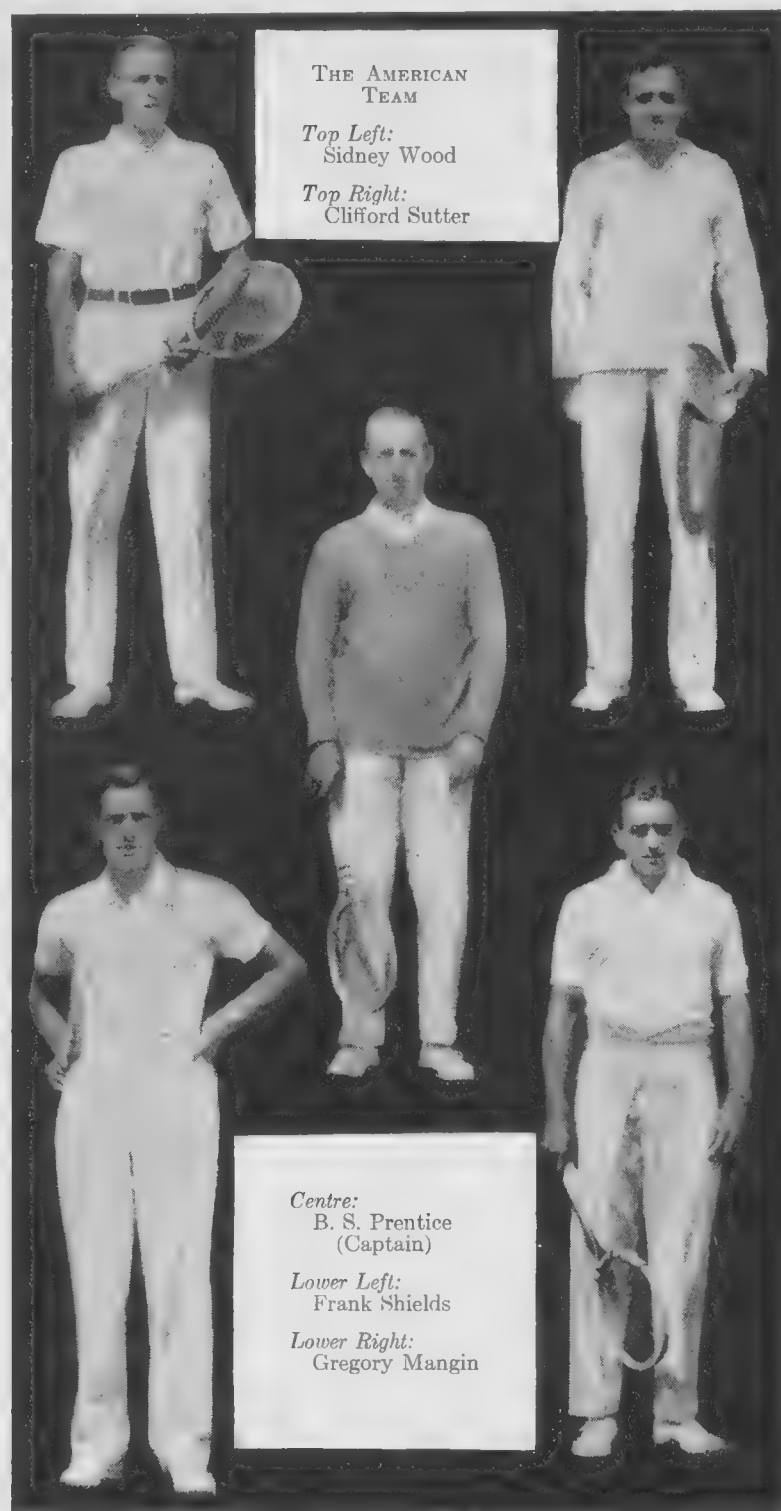
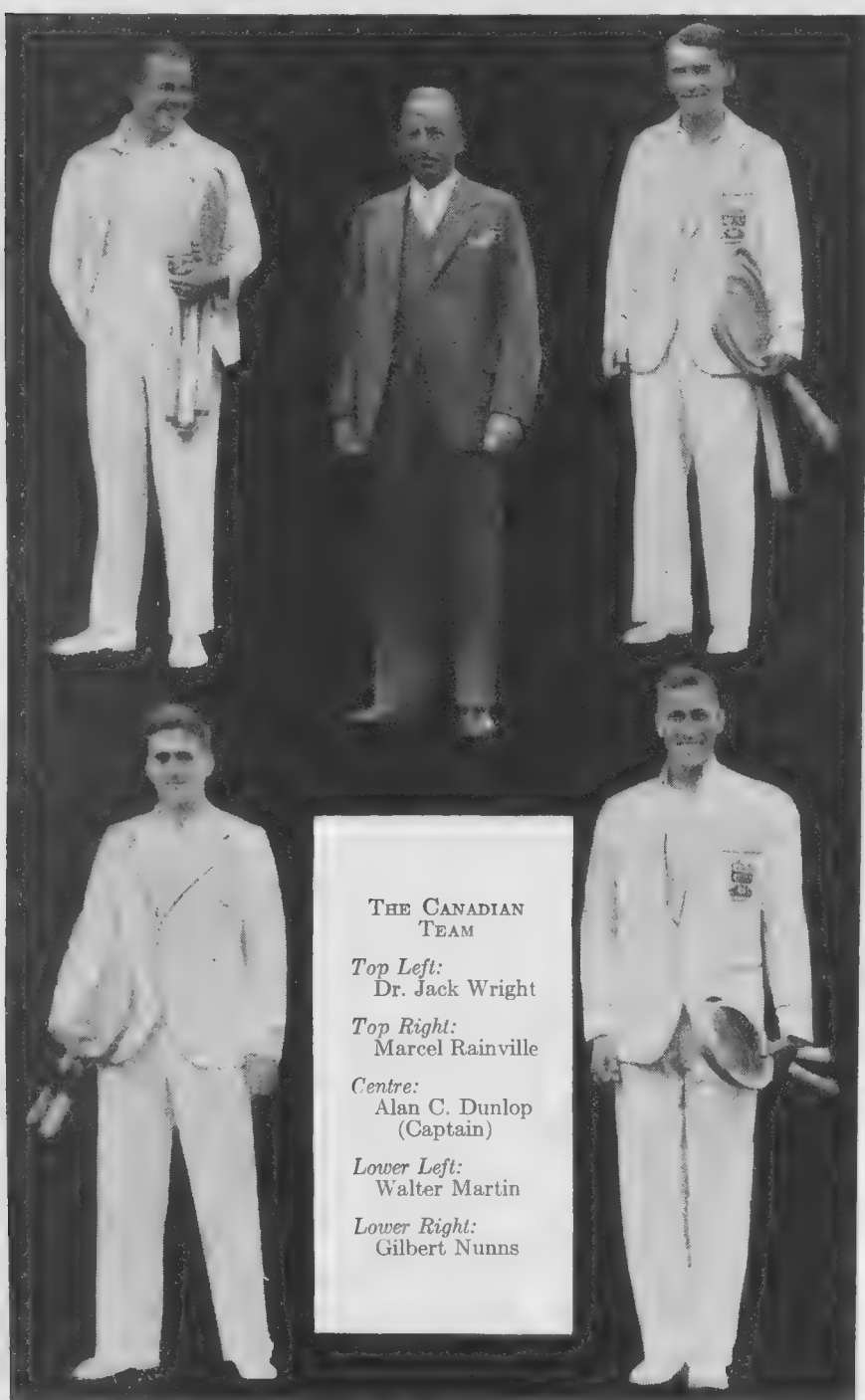
UPON a glowing late Spring afternoon in May last, was written a new and important chapter in the hitherto somewhat monotonous history of Canada's adventures in International tennis. That day, on the courts of the Mount Royal Tennis Club in the west end of Montreal, Marcel Rainville, small slender native son of Old Quebec, defeated Sidney B. Wood, Jr., of New York, tall, blonde and powerful, representing the United States in the 1931 Davis Cup competition. Never before had Canada won a match from the United States in Davis Cup play.

Quite an occasion; that was, and considerable of a spectacle, too. Overhead a brilliant sun; under-foot the brick-red entoutcas surface of the court, level as a billiard table, hard and true as virgin rock. The temporary stands—Canada, so far, has no permanent tennis stadium—were crowded to capacity. Nearby roofs offered vantage points to dozens of deadheads, and the canvas

By FREDERICK EDWARDS

activities, had even ditched political discussions for the privilege of watching their own Marcel Rainville cross rackets with this flaxen-haired, ruddy-cheeked intruder from across the border.

Tennis, one of the finest of all games to play is not so hot as an entertainment for the spectators, because, in ninety out of every hundred tennis matches between ranking players, the result is a foregone conclusion before the first service shot has crossed the net. The paying guests do not like that. In almost every other competitive sport, the tail-end team or the outside entry has a chance to win; a slim chance, perhaps, but still, a chance. Tennis is different. Its values are exactly weighed, precisely



blinds hung over the open-wire fence which ordinarily marks the boundary between the Club's property and the public street, were dragged up from the bottom by venturesome small boys, who, defying authority, lay flat on their little tummies to steal a worm's eye view of the proceedings.

Internationally-famous experts sat at the press tables, making voluminous notes and uttering wise, assured opinions as the match progressed. From beneath the stands came the muffled chatter of telegraph instruments advising the continent, through the medium of half a dozen news agencies, of what was toward; and, scattered along the rough plank benches were several hundred French-Canadian enthusiasts, many of whom had never seen an international tennis match in their lives, but who, this time, had forgotten work, social

calculated. Except in rare cases of illness or injury, the better man always wins, and everybody knows who is the better man before the match begins. Fewer surprises are sprung in tennis than in any other sport offered to the public today.

It follows, therefore, that your tennis audience almost always is made up of experts, together with a sprinkling of the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the experts, who have been dragged, shrieking, away from their bridge tables and their cinemas for the broadening of their educations and the good of their souls. The experts know how the match will eventually end, and who will win it. For them the proceedings are entirely devoid of suspense; but they don't care. They didn't come out after [Continued on page 50]

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Extra Large Brakes—braking surface	143 sq. in.	155 sq. in.
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Coupe, 2 passenger	\$795	\$ 975
Coach, 5 passenger	810	
Coupe, with rumble seat, 4 passenger	845	1025
Sedan, four door, 5 passenger	865	1045
Convertible Roadster, 4 passenger	920	1105
Convertible Sedan, 5 passenger	950	1130

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One look at it and you recognize that here is styling unsurpassed in any car of this year at any price—and roominess beyond compare.

It has exceptional length—and arresting, unusual designing. You've never seen the like of its aerodynamic sweep, from slim, silvery

radiator clear back to sloping windshield and bald, domed top.

The Rockne comes to you with the very finest Free Wheeling in all forward speeds—a Full Synchronized Shift—4-Point Cushioned Power that thoroughly pillows the powerful, inherently smooth six-cylinder engine in live rubber—simple, convenient Switch-Key Starting that's proof against stalling.

You owe it to yourself to see and drive the new Rockne Six before buying a low-priced car.

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ROCKNE SIX

The Price of the Past Participle

By MARGARET CAMERON

PRENTISS FORD was a rising young lawyer, and his wife saw no reason why he should not get some of the legal business of John S. Babcock, the financial magnate. On the morning of his wife's birthday Ford bought a couple of tickets to the opera for seven dollars each and sent a wire to his suburban home, "Have gotten tickets for 'Lohengrin.' Bring dress suit." His wife misinterpreted this as 'got ten tickets' and invited a party, including the Babcocks. She arrived in the city late in the afternoon, bringing her husband's dress suit, and told him that the Babcocks were putting on a birthday dinner for her before the evening performance.

PART II

FORD in the meantime had been doing some rapid thinking. He looked at his watch and found it was twenty minutes after six. Every man in the building had gone at that hour. He put his hand in his pocket, knowing that he should find there a dollar and some cents in silver, which, with ten dollars in another pocket, constituted his sole supply of cash in hand. Eight additional opera seats would cost fifty-six dollars. He contemplated taking Stella into his confidence, but he instantly saw with what consternation and chagrin she would learn of the mistake, and that the knowledge would only cause her distress at a time when he wanted her to be especially happy, without in the least altering the conditions. At present she was radiantly content, and to disturb her equilibrium would be to add to the discomforts and dangers of the situation, while if she could be kept in ignorance of the true state of affairs her genuine unconsciousness would help to carry off any hitch that might occur later.

He quickly decided that he dared take no more risks than the circumstances compelled, and that he would send Stella to the dinner, excusing himself on the quite justifiable plea of pressing business. In this way he would secure two hours in which to find means wherewith to meet his obligations.

"Prentiss, dear, you must hurry!" again urged his wife.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart," he said, with very sincere reluctance in his tone. "I can't go to the dinner with you. No, it's quite impossible." He answered the protest in her face. "I have something on hand which must be done."

"Tonight?"

"Tonight—within two hours," he added.

"But when Mr. Babcock—This is such an opportunity!" she begged.

"I know, but it can't be helped." He spoke with decision. "It's quite impossible for me to go. I had planned to spend the time before you arrived at work, and I simply cannot neglect this matter."

"Oh, well—perhaps it's just as well, after all." She bravely struggled with her disappointment. "Perhaps it will give him a better impression if you are too busy to accept even his invitation—and too conscientious to neglect your client's interests," she concluded, with a flush of pride. Ford winced inwardly. He preferred not to deceive his wife, even for her good, but his decision was made, and there was nothing left but to carry it through.

He called a cab and sent Stella to the dinner, laden with his messages of regret; and as the lights of her taxi disappeared he turned with determination to his quest. He made a quick canvass of the building, on the chance of finding some lingering man whom he knew, and the still remoter chance that the man, if found, would have the necessary sum at hand. But every office was dark, and he reached his own

Ford's heart sank. "How about the balcony?" he inquired.

"Nothing at all there. Every seat sold. You wouldn't want a box?"

"There are ten in my party," said Ford.

"I can give you two adjoining boxes—five seats in each. The only ones left."

"How much?"

"Forty-five dollars each."



The Old Cottonwood Tree

By A. L. Freebairn

*It's only a lonely old cottonwood tree,
But to me it is dearer by far
Than the monarchs that grow in the valleys beyond,
Where the wealth of the great forests are;
It's broken and bent by the force of the storm,
And its branches are rugged and bare,
But there's a dignity yet, in that wreck of a tree,
And I love it beyond all compare.*

*There's the blaze of an axe on its old weathered trunk,
A mark that for ages will last,
To show that some pioneer camped 'neath its shade
In the dangerous days of the past.
But now it's the goal for the children at play,
Where they romp in their innocent glee,
Or a tryst in the gloaming for love's first embrace—
What a wonderful cottonwood tree.*

*When our children are scattered like birds that have flown
And perhaps building nests of their own,
With remembrance born in the depths of the heart,
They will think of the old days at home,
And fondly they'll cherish the thoughts of the past,
For forgotten they never can be,
Where as children they played, through the long summer days,
By the great big old cottonwood tree.*

door with that faint hope extinguished. He looked at his watch; it was twenty-five minutes before seven. The party would arrive at the opera-house about eight, and he must be there sufficiently ahead of them to have the tickets in his possession. Suddenly it occurred to him that it might not be possible at this late hour to get ten seats together. He went to the 'phone and called up the opera-house.

"Can you give me ten seats in a block?" he asked.

"No, sir," came the prompt answer. "No chance of arranging it in any way?" he asked.

"No, sir. There are only six seats left on the lower floor. We can give you three together. The others are scattering."

"All right," said Ford, quietly. "Will you reserve them for me until I can get down there?"

"Well—how long will that be?"

"Oh, half an hour or more," replied Prentiss, with affected carelessness. "I'll have to dress; and I'm some distance out," he mendaciously added.

"What name, please?"

"Prentiss Ford."

"Address?"

"My offices are in the Attorneys' Building. I live at San Mateo."

"You think you can be here in half an hour, Mr. Ford?"

"I think so. Perhaps you'd better allow me an extra ten minutes."

"All right, sir."

"There won't be any slip about this?" asked Ford, as if he were cross-

examining a witness. "I shall arrive there with my party, and I don't wish to disappoint them," he added.

"No, sir; that'll be all right."

"Oh, by the way," said Prentiss, as an afterthought, "if you should have calls for seats in the parquet, I have a couple that I shall not need now."

"Yes, sir; that'll be all right," repeated the voice.

FORD hung up the receiver with one hand and took out his watch with the other. It was twenty minutes of seven. He would secure the seats first and dress afterward. Being a man of much reserve, his friendships, while warm, were few, and it happened that three of his close friends, Bert Galvin, George Tallant, and Ogden Pomeroy, were in the party that his wife had invited to the opera, which effectually erased them from the list of possibilities. Moreover, they had probably all gone home on an early train, in order to dress and return in the evening, as he would have done but for his urgent business. He smiled sardonically as he glanced at the untouched work lying on his desk. He took the money from his pockets and found that he had eleven dollars and sixty-five cents. The opera tickets that he had bought off Sabin in the morning would bring his cash capital up to twenty-five dollars. This left sixty-five that he must obtain in some way before he could secure the seats for his party.

Then it occurred to him that a supper must follow the opera. He couldn't decently give an entertainment of this elaborate nature without offering his guests something to eat. That would require at least twenty—possibly thirty—dollars more; ninety-five in all that he had still to get. A nice little sum for a young attorney to spend in entertaining, he thought; the price of the obsolescent past participle!

Suddenly he remembered Mr. Babcock's words: "I have found it an excellent plan to judge of a man's value to me by the way in which he takes his pleasures. If he's extravagant, I won't have him."

There goes my last and only chance," he grimly said to himself. This will settle his opinion of me!"

He tried to telephone to two men whom he knew sufficiently well to ask for a loan, and found one of them out of town and the other not yet arrived at home.

At that moment he remembered a lawyer who lived in town, a middle-aged bachelor named Robbins, who might possibly have the money within reach. He was relieved to learn that Mr. Robbins was at home, and a moment later he was saying:

"Robbins, can you put your hand on seventy-five or eighty dollars? I'm in no end of a hole, and I've got to get out somehow within half an hour."

"My dear fellow, I'm awfully sorry," Robbins' pleasant voice answered, "but I've just loaned my last dollar to my nephew. I've exactly enough carfare to get down-town in the morning. Is it imperative?"

"Absolutely," replied Ford. "Well, thanks, just the same. I'll make some other arrangement."

"Haven't you anything you can pawn?" asked Robbins, laughing.

[Continued on page 52]

*"Nugget is used
on the
daintiest shoes"*



NUGGET
SHOE POLISH

Porch and Garden Furniture

By EMMA DEAN



Photograph, Courtesy of The T. Eaton Company

An attractive, yet sturdy group of garden pieces, which will give long service.



Photograph, Courtesy of George H. Hees Company.

A sun porch of the indoor type. The rug and other living-room accessories make this type of room popular in early spring.

WITH the approach of summer the housewife's fancy turns to thoughts of outdoor furniture. Sunshine beckons, the garden calls enchantingly, the porch offers an ideal setting for tea or card party. How shall we furnish garden and veranda?

There was a time when wicker chairs were thought the proper furniture for outdoor use. We pulled them out of the living-room, where they had served all winter, sat in them in the garden until time to go to bed, then pulled them back to their former places beside the book-case and the radiator. What a lot of bother it was, too, and how we dreaded having to drag them in!

There is furniture definitely designed and constructed for outdoor use, today, and at moderate prices. It is not expensive, and is light and attractive. It is waterproof and sunproof; it folds up and can be stored in small places during the winter. Colors run through all the tints of the rainbow, dark or light to please any taste.

Garden furniture should, first of all, be comfortable. It should induce relaxation and repose. Summer days are carefree days and gardens were never meant to be workshops.

The most popular types of garden furniture belong to two families: the metal tribe and the bamboo clan. The latter include rattan, stick willow, wicker and other variants of similar nature.

Metal furniture is usually modernistic in design. Modern metal furniture has nothing in common with the old-fashioned heavy carved iron settees with which gardens and summer houses were adorned in the gay Nineties. More uncomfortable furniture than those settees was hard to find. Modern settees, or love seats as they are called, are exceedingly comfortable. They

are not so popular, however, as the chairs which are light and flexible, with their light, but sturdy, legs. (These delicate chairs are much stronger than they look, supporting two hundred pounds with ease.)

Metal furniture is sometimes painted in brilliant colors: orange, scarlet, sapphire, emerald green. They are usually sold in sets of four with an accompanying table which may, or may not, support a large umbrella. The top of the table is wood, painted the same color as the chairs.

Bent metal tubing is another type, as practical, comfortable and decorative as furniture to be found anywhere. This, like the other types of summer furniture, is absolutely impervious to weather conditions. The metal has chromium in the composition which makes it untarnishable. It never rusts, nor shows nicks. Indeed, metal furniture of this kind looks just the same after five years' hard usage as it did the day it was bought.

Chair covers are made of waterproof fabric in many colors, though black has been the popular covering for the last few years. These chairs can be left outside for a whole season, exposed to the glare of the sun and the drenching rains which come so often in summer, without looking any the worse for the experience.

Table tops for metal furniture are made of a composition which is said to be "fool

proof." They won't burn if lighted cigarettes or matches are left on them, they refuse to be stained no matter what is dropped or spilled, they won't warp and they won't chip.

Most of these metal tube pieces fold and are light enough to be carried from place to place with ease. They make excellent bridge equipment and can be used in the living-room for card games in winter.

"Bent wood" is popular in the so called "terrace furniture." This furniture was developed in Europe at famous resorts and watering places. That it is supremely comfortable goes without saying.

Modern "bent wood" furniture is square instead of round as we used to know "bent wood" chairs that were used in ice cream parlors. The slender, somewhat curved supports for the tables and small desks simulate the lines of metal furniture. The chairs have low seats which have a distinct backward tip that is conducive to a feeling of great well being and luxurious laziness. The backs of the love seats incline at a very restful angle and are upholstered high enough to provide proper support for the shoulders without tiring the back. There are deep luxurious seats and high arms.

One novelty which is typical of this furniture is the pair of chairs with detachable arms. When one arm of each chair is removed, the two are pushed together to form a love seat. They may be arranged with a small table or stand between them and thus become a formal group.

Most of the chairs are of the lounging type, but some of them are formal, too. Though they have straight backs and are obviously not for lazy relaxation, they suggest comfort combined with utility. Such straight-backed chairs are useful for sitting before the little table to write letters and to attend to such details.

Rustic furniture is another type. Definitely rural in appearance, such furniture is more appropriate for country places than for the garden and veranda of town houses. Most of this furniture is made locally, though the large stores carry certain pieces. The natural wood and bark of tree branches are interesting in themselves. The chairs are not particularly comfortable, however. We always pad them liberally with cushions.

Summer wouldn't be summer without a big swing. Have you seen the swings that open out into bed size?

The back may be pulled down easily thus making a regular out doors bed. Such swings have canopies over the top to protect from the sun. Some swings are put on rollers and can be pushed from end to end of the garden at will.



Photograph, Courtesy of The T. Eaton Company.

The metal furniture above is particularly comfortable and almost everlasting.

FABRICS for upholstering summer furniture are always interesting. First there is patent leather which is generally used with metal pieces. It may be used for pillows, as it is waterproof, or for wicker chairs. Some people who have upholstered swings like to make detachable covers of patent leather to leave over [Continued on pag 53]



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GASOLINE

THE LUCK OF SUNLOVER

Continued from page 11

"Name o' Gawd, Sam, whar you been? Boss come 'long an' looked in yo cotton house—'peared like he want to see you mighty bad."

Sam got wobbly in the knees.

"Looked in my cotton house?"

"He mighty pleased at dat."

"Pleased?"

"Yas; he say we done good work pickin'."

Sunlover kept up a mighty lot of thinking. "What time was dat when de boss come 'long?"

"D'reckly atter you lef'. Us hollered fer you; den de boss tole me to fetch de lantern—he wants to see how much cotton us had."

"Den what he say?"

"He want to know how come all dat cotton stuffed in dem sacks. I ain't heerd you say nothin' 'bout sacks, but I tole him you didn't have no waggin, an' 'lowed to hang dem sacks crosswise o' de mule an' git 'em to de gin."

Sam recovered from his scare; the boss must have looked in at that cotton house before Sam and Snake-Eye carried those sacks away. "Well Liza, I'll jes step down to the sto' an' see de boss."

Sam wanted to see the boss, and then again he did not want to see the boss. He dragged one foot behind the other and argued at every step. Before reaching the gin Sam shied off sideways and ducked out of the public road when he saw Buck Hines waiting for him. He had forgot—but the constable hadn't.

The boss had a private office in the rear of the store; Sam peeped through the window. Mr. Will was talking to a couple of tenants, and Sunlover knew from the way he smiled that no canker of suspicion festered in his mind. Without hesitation the negro tapped on the door. "Come in, Sam. You other boys please step outside and shut the door."

"Sam, I looked at your cotton awhile ago." The negro's pulse beat quick. "You probably have a little over a bale; six sacks full, and about as much again on the floor."

Sam squinted up at the ceiling as if making an accurate calculation. "I reckon dat's jes' a leetle bit less dan a bale an' a quarter."

"All right; here's that money you needed; don't let the other tenants know about it. I must treat everybody alike, and they say you are my favorite." Five silver dollars clinked into Sam's palm. He let out one of his justly celebrated laughs. "Thankee, boss; I warn't 'spectin' dis. When I git's lucky, sawdus' is jes as good as brains."

The boss laughed with him. "Don't you bother about brains or sawdust either; try a little sweat." Sam straightened his face so the other negroes wouldn't see him grin, and was already drifting out.

"Oh, Sam, I forgot; we are going to start to gin on your cotton the first thing Monday morning." Sam's legs gave way; he reeled against the door. "Sim Wiggins will come by your house at daylight and haul it in his wagon."

Sunlover choked and stammered and talked fast. "Yas suh; but, Mister Will, I didn't 'low to gin no cotton ontill next Wednesday when I got three bales. I hates fer my cotton to git mixed wid udder nigger's cotton—dey all de time claimin' you git some o' deirn."

"That's all right; we'll keep yours separate."

Sam stood first on one foot, then on the other. "Boss, sence I come to study real good, d'ain't nigh a bale up dar—d'ain't good half a bale."

"What are you talking about? I lifted two of those sacks, and saw what you had on the floor."

"D'ain't nigh half a bale," Sam persisted.

"I'll make you a bet. Early in the morning we will look at that cotton together. If you don't admit that it's more than a bale I give you a fine cigar."

WHEN Sam's mind came back to him he was standing in the back door, trying to think. "I'm gwine to need sho nuff brains. Sawdus' aint no 'count in sech a humbug as dis."

Sam stumbled down the steps, turned the corner of the store, and his first impulse was to grin: "Ole Buck Hines is gwine to wait a mighty long time fer dis money." The grin froze solid when he thought of Terror—Terror, who had taken his "smell" and could tree him in Kingdom Come. The negro began to run, behind the stable, through the mule lot and cut across the field—running with his neck bent. At the fence beside the public road Sam halted as suddenly as he started, his face towards that far line of gloomy trees where the river doubled in its course and circled round to Morgan's Ferry.

"Snake-Eye ain't nigh had time to pass dat ferry; ef I could jes head 'im off an' buy my cotton back—give him dis extry five dollars to boot—"

Catch Snake-Eye! That suggested an idea, an idea that was never hatched in a head full of sawdust. Sam tumbled over the rail fence and turned back along the public road, still running. "Oh Mister Buck! Mister Buck!" he shouted, "please suh, hole dat dog—somebody done stole my cotton."

"Who was it?"

"Dunno, suh; he gwine down de ribber right now in a skiff. Hurry up, Mister Buck, we kin head 'im off at Morgan's Ferry."

"Have we got time?"

"Plenty time, it's twelve mile by de ribber. He's pullin' a heavy skiffload o' cotton, an' skeered to take de middle whar he kin pull fast. He jes obleeged to hug dem bushes an' hide as he goes along."

"That's so," assented Buck.

Sam had unhitched the constable's horse; and boosted him into the saddle. "Ride swif', Mister Buck. I'll take de nigh cut."

Buck loped off with Terror behind him, and Sunlover vanished into the woods path.

The constable had hardly got off his horse at Morgan's Ferry before Sam flitted out of the woods like a bat. "He ain't gone by, is he?"

The constable shook his head.

A lamp in the shanty-boat window shot a wavering shaft across the river. Old man Nelse, the barefoot ferryman, was bailing out his best skiff. "Here, Jake," Buck ordered a half-grown negro boy, "paddle across in your dugout; tell Mr. Bill McKay to watch the banks. That fellow might get away."

Sam wasn't so enthusiastic about this arrangement. He wanted to scare Snake-Eye into dropping the cotton, but had no curiosity whatever to hear Snake-Eye's remarks if captured. He saw Jake go up the farther bank, saw two white men follow him back nearly to the river and stop in the shadows. Presently he saw two horses being brought out.

"Hub," Sam grumbled, "white folks can't never do nothin' widout dey overdo it."

When old man Nelse hobbled into the shanty-boat for a better pair of

[Continued on page 34]

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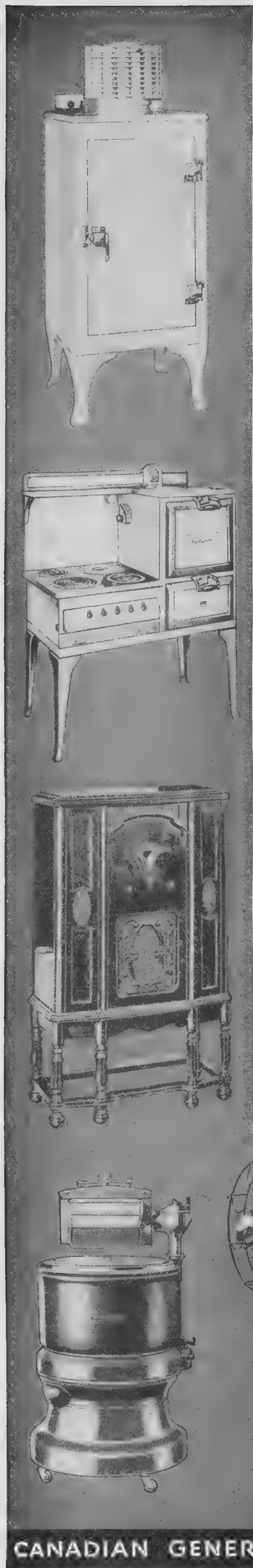
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Del Monte Asparagus Salad



THE LUCK OF SUNLOVER

Continued from page 32

oars, Buck Hines suggested, "Sam, ain't now a mighty good time to gimme that four seventy-five?"

"Sho is, Mister Buck; I been huntin' fer you all day." Sam opened his purse and took out the same tightly wadded bill which Snake-Eye had given him an hour before. "Gimme two bits, Mister Buck, an' dat makes us square."

By the light of a lantern Buck examined the bill. "Where did you git it: out of a gin, or a butcher shop? Corner tore off and—is this a blood spot?"

"No-suh, I reckon dat's red ink."

"It's good, all right; here's your change. Now I'm going to help *you* some, and catch that cotton thief. The law is for everybody, you know."

"Yas suh, de law is fer ev'ybody." Sam had just got his dose.

WHILE they were watching old Nelse make the skiff ready, Buck Hines remarked, "Sam, I reckon your boss would be glad to come across with twenty bones if I break up this cotton stealing?"

"He sho would. I hear Mr. Will say he give a hundred dollars to ketch dem fellers. I wants my cotton, dat's all I'm atter."

The constable rose. "Come on," he said; "you and Nelse take the oars—pull slow up the river. Muffle 'em first. Jake, run tell Mr. Henry Walters to come here quick, with a shotgun."

In a few moments Jake returned with a young white man who carried a shotgun. Buck Hines stationed Terror in the prow of the skiff, and Nelse took up the stroke oar. Buck sat in the stern with a long bright pistol lying across his lap. "Shove her off, Sam, and get in."

It came Sam's turn to speak up. "Mister Buck, I wuz jes studyin' 'bout dis. Jake kin pull a heap mo' better dan what I kin. 'Sposin' I sneaks along de bank an' cut dat feller off ef he try to land on dis side."

"Good—get in, Jake."

The skiff pushed its slow way up stream. Sam followed the bank. Presently he cut across a bend, lost the skiff altogether and stopped in a clump of trees to listen. A shot came from the far side; men began to yell. Out of the shadows Sam saw Snake-Eye pulling like mad. A quarter of a mile below, Buck Hines shouted. His boat appeared in open water with Buck standing erect in the stern. The slumbering river waked with shots and yells, and the creak of muffled oars. Those two men on the opposite bank kept firing deliberately. Snake-Eye pulled straight away from them, holding the sacks of cotton as a breastwork.

"Lawd Gawd! He's gwine to lan' right here," said Sam, and threw himself flat on the ground almost at the instant when Snake-Eye's skiff buried her nose in the soft mud. Snake-Eye sprang out and came bounding up the bank. Sam hugged the dirt mighty close as that infuriated man rushed past, muttering and cursing. The fugitive headed towards old man Sandy Adams' house with the evident purpose of turning his pursuers' flank and gaining the river. There he could steal another skiff and seek his safety in the town below.

Sam waited until Snake-Eye got a good long start, then ran down to the skiff, jumped in and began to shout, "Don't shoot no mo! It's me! Sam! I got de cotton!"

Buck's skiff came hissing through the water; the constable bounded

ashore, crying, "Which way did he go?"

"Went dat away—" pointing towards a little church in the opposite direction from that taken by Snake-Eye.

"What sort o' lookin' man was he?"

"Lordee, Mister Buck, dat man pass here swif' as er speerit."

"White or black?"

"Dunno, suh."

"Terror will strike his trail directly; you pull down to the ferry—quick; send my horse, and Mr. Walters."

Sam burnt no daylight. Before Mr. Walters galloped off with the constable's horse, Sam had already roused a negro friend and begun hooking mules to a wagon.

It was nearly half past ten when Sam strolled into the store. "Mister Will, I done hauled six sacks o' dat cotton to de gin."

The boss looked up from his desk. "What are you in such a hurry about?"

"Well, you see, Mister Will, somebody stole dat cotton an' was gwine down de ribber in a skiff. I headed 'im off at Morgan's Ferry an' tuk it away from 'im. Den, bein's as I wuz right on de straight road, I jes dropped it at de gin."

"What?" The planter sprang up. Sam told it all over again—with embellishments.

"And the fellow got away, did he?"

"I couldn't take keer o' him an' de cotton bofe; an' I sho worn't gwine to let you be disappinted 'bout startin' up de gin wid dat cotton fust thing Monday mornin'."

The boss laughed. "Could you tell who the fellow was?"

"No suh, I can't say egzackly dat I knowed his favor."

"White or black?"

"Tell you de troof, Mister Will, it war so dark under dem trees a white man look jes same as er nigger."

"Did anybody help you?"

"Mister Buck Hines, he come 'long an' done some."

Negroes crowded in to listen. The boss gave Sam a good cigar; Sam settled himself upon a cracker-box, and embroidered his adventures. Suddenly he stopped, hummed and hawed in the midst of a peroration. Mr. Henry Walters had flung himself from a horse and came in shouting, "Oh, Will, they've caught your cotton thief. It's that peddler, Joe Turkey. Joe told Buck Hines—but we better go back in the office and talk." Mr. Walters gave Sam a mighty queer look as he led Mr. Will into the private office. Sam watched the door, and just as he expected, the boss stuck out his head and said, "Come here, Sam."

Mr. Will slammed the door and spoke mighty short: "Joe Turkey says you sold him that cotton—" Sam staggered against the desk; Mr. Walters nudged the boss and whispered something in his ear—which kept the boss from mentioning the torn and stained five dollar bill that Joe Turkey insisted he had given to Sunlover for the cotton. "Sam," the boss continued, "I don't believe a word of it—these rascals always say that. You stay around the store until Mr. Hines gets here with Joe Turkey."

"Maybe Buck won't come tonight," suggested Walters. "I think he went to town with the prisoner."

"Sit down, Sam, we'll wait a little while and see."

Sunlover spent a fidgety half-hour listening to every mule that plodded along the road, sick with the fear that Buck Hines might come. Presently the boss rose. "Well, Henry,

[Continued on page 37]

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TIRES — GOLF BALLS — RUBBER FLOORING — HOSE — BELTING
TENNIS AND BADMINTON SUPPLIES



**CAPTAIN
SIR MALCOLM
CAMPBELL**
Holder of the world's auto speed record for the mile flying start, with a speed of 253.96 m.p.h. always depends on DUNLOP Tires.



**SIR
H. O. D. SEGRAVE**
Who set the world's record at 231 m.p.h. used DUNLOP Tires in all his racing successes.



KAYE DON
Who set the world's record for the mile from standing start, circular track, at 100 m.p.h. on DUNLOP Tires.



**"WIZARD"
NORMAN SMITH**
Australian contender for the world's speed crown, who recently established a new ten-mile record on DUNLOP Tires.



This Summer... when your ship swings into Honolulu Harbor

SUDDENLY you are in the harbor. Speed boats, outrigger canoes and launches circle around; a half-pint sea-sled spurts over the waves like a drunken flying fish. Excitement lines the rail. Tug-boats bring laughing, jostling crowds, arms filled with leis. A native band plays the Song of the Islands. Brown heads dot the water, coaxing for coins. Patches of rainbow drift out of space to signal welcome.

Balmy air, freighted with blossoms. Blue ocean, emerald bay, green hills back of Honolulu... Behind you Diamond Head juts out to sea, shutting away the pressure of everyday realities. There's fabled Punchbowl hill, and high Tantalus mountain. You have expected all this, but it is a surprise. Ha-

waii, the breeze-cooled tropics—a cadence in your blood.

Come to Hawaii now! Spring and summer are lavish with color. There's much to see and do—a land of flowers, fern jungles, tropical fruits, sugar and pineapple plantations. Cliffs, volcanic craters, flying fish, ancient villages, shops. In July the thermometer may get as high as 85°, but the cooling breeze says let's play golf... Swim, fish, ride, hike, cruise by boat or plane among the islands. And rest—where you can't even remember what you came to forget.

Less Than \$300

You can comfortably make the round-trip from the Pacific Coast, *all expenses included*, for less than \$300, and you can pleasantly crowd Hawaii into a three-weeks holiday. A letter or a wireless phone call direct to our Honolulu headquarters will bring interesting proof.



HAWAII

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(HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.)

229-W BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

The Hawaii Tourist Bureau will, on request, mail you **FREE**, authoritative information about the Islands. For special booklet, illustrated in full color, with picture maps, send 20 cents to defray cost of handling.

THE ARISTOCRATIC MILKMAN

Continued from page 15

"The—the milk," he stammered. "Was that you reciting poetry outside?"

Charles nodded dumbly and gave the bottle in his hand a deprecatory swing; which was unfortunate, for the bottle was unsuited to such a purpose. It cracked against the door and was no more.

The vision stared at the white stream flowing over her doorstep.

"Look what you've done," she said coldly.

Charles was abject. He fell down on his hands and knees and transferred the milk to his handkerchief, and from his handkerchief to his hands and face.

The vision's lips twitched slightly. "I'm afraid you've had your trouble for nothing. I don't want any milk today—I only take it every other day."

There was a gentle click and Charles, still on his hands and knees, was left contemplating the door. She didn't want any milk today!

After what seemed years he got to his feet and walked slowly back to the road. But the romance had gone from the milk, and in its place was a vision with light tawny brown eyes and hair that curled deliciously round each ear.

Charles stood stock still in the road and stared at a cow over the hedge.

"Did she smile at me or did she not?" he demanded.

"Mo-o-o," said the cow morosely.

"Blank you," said Charles politely, and trudged on with the milk cart.

"**W**HO is she?" was the first question he asked when he got back to the dairy.

Cristobel Ann May ceased scrubbing the floor. "Who is what?"

Charles explained; he explained excitedly and at great length, and by the time he had finished, Big Jim and Little Jim had gathered round to listen.

"You must mean Miss Joan Nash, ma-a-aster," said Big Jim.

Joan Nash! Charles stared at Big Jim's melancholy countenance as if he were the vision. Joan Nash!

"She lives with her aunt. Gentle-folks they be, but rare poor 'uns. Zome zay missy don't get eno' to eat. But they be proud and won't take nothin', even from squire."

Poor—enough to eat—proud—Charles turned to Big Jim and to that worthy's astonishment shook him fervently by the hand; then he dropped the empty bottles pell mell out of the cart.

"Look alive, Cristobel Ann May. Can't you do anything except grin at me? Fill up that cart again, child, and put in some butter and eggs."

"What for?" said Cristobel.

Charles shot an empty bottle across the barn, then took her gently by the shoulder.

"What is the watchword of today? Excelsior. Do as you're told, Cristobel Ann May, or you'll never be a credit to your poor old aunt. Get some eggs."

Cristobel backed slowly, grinning. She was beginning to like her new and eccentric employer.

"What would I be getting the eggs for?" she said at the door.

"To put in the cart," said Charles.

Cristobel grinned again.

She was still grinning when some twenty minutes later Charles set out on the road again with the milk cart laden. His demeanour was excessively lighthearted and jaunty; which was a sure sign that he was feeling nervous inside.

As a concession to appearances, he passed Thistledown Cottage at a steady four miles an hour, then at the bend in the road turned and came back again.

Leaving the cart in the road, he selected a pint bottle of milk, one of cream, a quarter pound of butter, and some eggs, and made his way up the path to Thistledown Cottage. Then drawing himself up he sounded a thundering rat-tat on the door.

The vision appeared.

"What—?"

But Charles gave her no chance to speak. He thrust the milk bottle in her hands and followed it up with the butter and eggs.

"Samples from the Great Moulsham Dairy Company," he explained rapidly, "to advertise our products, madam. Should they and the further samples that will be given gratis meet with your entire approval, your custom will be solicited at the time and place most convenient to you. Our motto is Service with Courtesy; our aim, your satisfaction—"

"What on earth—"

Charles had to admit that Joan Nash looked even more fascinating when surprised. He forgot the thread of his discourse and gazed at her parted lips.

"Wonderful," he said irrelevantly.

The lips assumed a haughty curve.

"Perhaps you will explain," she said coldly.

Explain? Charles drew a deep breath and plunged once more into his discourse.

She interrupted. "Do you mean to say you do this for advertising?"

"Certainly," said Charles boldly. "Goodwill is most essential to business, Miss Nash. Most essential."

"How do you know my name?"

"We know the names of all our customers."

"Oh." For the moment Joan was nonplussed. Charles took the opportunity, bowed, and made his way down the path.

"Joan," he muttered. "Joan—Joan—Joan—"

At the bottom the cow was still staring over the hedge. Charles contemplated it fixedly.

"Well, you old pessimist, what do you think of it now?"

"Mo-o-o," said the cow mournfully.

THE next day Charles left other samples as advertisements—some more milk, which he explained was a different grade, and butter and cheese; then on the third day he made the mistake no artist should make; he strived for too great an effect and over-reached himself, or in plain language, he left a loaf of bread.

It would seem that the veriest child knew that the Great Moulsham Dairy did not make bread. At any rate, Joan Nash knew it, and she made a few inquiries. The result of them brought her down to the village in urgent search of the Great Moulsham Dairy Company and Charles. It was Cristobel Ann May who brought the news to Charles as he was sitting in the tiny office, laboriously poring over the accounts.

"Miss Nash to see you, and my, she's wild!"

She was, but not in the way that Charles expected. A human bomb he might have pacified or at least averted, but Joan's white face and air of suppressed fury left him abashed.

"Eh—good morning," he said awkwardly.

She ignored his salutation. "You are Mr. Delane?"

"Yes."

"The owner of the Great Moulsham Dairy?"

[Continued on page 38]

THE LUCK OF SUNLOVER

Continued from page 34

it' after eleven. There's no use waiting any longer for Buck. Sam, you come back in the morning at nine o'clock."

"Yas suh," Sam edged to the door, poked out his head and jerked back with a gasp. Buck Hines himself came striding down the middle of the store.

"Hello, Buck, we thought you were going to town."

"I was, Mr. Will, but I caught up with some fellows and they took charge of my prisoner."

The five of them—including Terror—went back into the private office. Mr. Will locked the door, and faced the constable. "Buck, I understand Joe Turkey told you that Sam sold him my cotton?"

"—and paid for it with a ragged five dollar bill that had a smudge of red ink," Henry Walters added.

"Yes, sir, that is Joe Turkey's statement."

Sunlover took the blind staggers and grabbed for a chair. Terror sniffed at Sunlover's breeches and looked mighty wise. Sam glanced appealingly to the constable; Buck never batted an eye.

Mr. Will talked like a man who meant what he said. "Buck, I don't believe there's a single one of my tenants who would sell cotton that belongs to me; but for the sake of other planters I want you to satisfy yourself. What is your duty?"

"Here's Sam, let's search him," suggested Buck promptly. "If he's got that five dollar bill, it's a cinch. Turn out your pockets, Sam." Sunlover handed Buck his purse, which contained five silver dollars, and one silver quarter. Buck knew exactly where Sam got that quarter. "Sam, where did you get them five dollars?"

"I gave them to him," answered Mr. Will, "and I'm going to give him another five. There wasn't a cent in that cotton for him, and he took a lot of trouble to save it. Search him! Yes, go on and search him. Make a good job!"

Buck searched the negro thoroughly, and announced himself as satisfied. "I was satisfied from the start," said Mr. Will. "Now, Buck, you've done your duty and here's a twenty for you. It's worth that much to break up cotton-stealing in the neighborhood. I'm glad to give it to you."

Buck Haines walked out with an imperceptible twitching about the lips which warned Sunlover not to speak about constable's costs nor about a five dollar bill with a torn corner. The blood-hound followed him, which lifted another tombstone off the mirth of Sunlover Sam. Sunlover exploded in a laugh which rattled the windows—the high-pitched, hysterical laugh of a man who has nearly broken down. "Mister Will," he gasped, "I sho wuz in er tight fix 'bout gittin' dat cotton fer de gin. Had to have a head full o' genuine brains; sawdus' wouldn't do in no sech case as dat."

TO YOU I LOVED

BY GWEN M. PHARIS

Not you I lost, but my dream of you.

Not your heart, but my own.

I shed no tears for the loss of you;

I weep for my dream alone.

I built my dream like a strand of pearls,

By a slender thread secure.

It lies at my feet, a broken thing,

For the thread could not endure.

Not you I lost, but my dream of you,

A shadow of things divine.

I shed no tears for the loss of you.

I weep for this dead dream of mine.

\$25,000 IN PRIZES!

and may the best "blurbs" win

464 Cash Prizes each month

2 FIRST PRIZES OF \$500 EACH... JUST WRITE A "BLURB"

SEE those "blurbs" coming out of the men's mouths? Can you write one? We're putting up \$25,000 in cash for those who can. Get your pencil out—now!

What we want is your opinion. Do you side with Jim or his Dad in the big Palmolive vs. Colgate's argument? Let's hear from you!

Write your "blurb" on a sheet of paper. Mail with name and address to Contest Editor, 64, Natalie Street, Toronto 8.

The prize money (totaling \$25,000) is divided into six sets of monthly prizes (see list below) for the best "blurbs" received during that month.

Contest is open only to residents of Canada and the United States. Employees of the manufacturers and their families are *not* eligible. In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some Hints to Help You Win PALMOLIVE

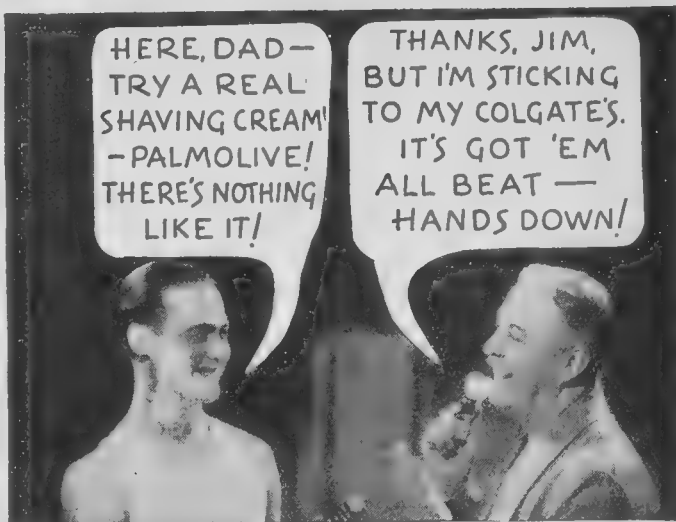
1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times. 2. Softens the beard in one minute. 3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes. 4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair. 2. Small bubbles get down to the base of the beard, hold water against each hair at skin-line and soak it soft where the razor works. 3. Gives a close, skin-line shave due to small bubble action. 4. Gives a lasting, 24-hour shave.

Here are the prizes for each month
—464 in all!

For Best Colgate "blurbs"		For Best Palmolive "blurbs"	
1st	\$500	1st	\$500
2nd	125	2nd	125
3rd	50	3rd	50
9 next	25	9 next	25
20 next	10	20 next	10
200 next	5	200 next	5



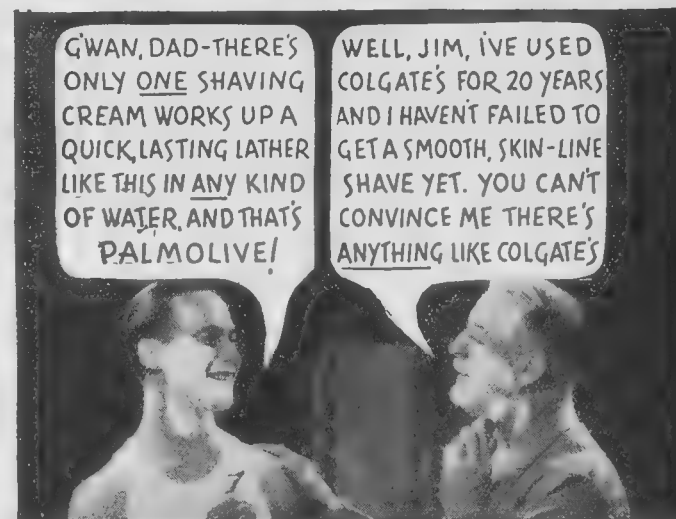
HERE, DAD—
TRY A REAL
SHAVING CREAM!
—PALMOLIVE!
THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE IT!

THANKS, JIM,
BUT I'M STICKING
TO MY COLGATE'S.
IT'S GOT 'EM
ALL BEAT —
HANDS DOWN!



SURE—ALL EXCEPT
PALMOLIVE, NOTHING
TOUCHES AN OLIVE OIL
SHAVING CREAM FOR A
REAL SHAVE—AND FOR
KEEPING YOUR FACE
FEELING FINE, NOTHING

LISTEN, JIM, WHEN YOUR
BEARD GETS AS TOUGH AS
MINE YOU'LL APPRECIATE
WHAT IT MEANS TO GET
A CLEAN, CLOSE SHAVE
— LIKE COLGATE'S
GIVES ME



G'WAN, DAD—THERE'S
ONLY ONE SHAVING
CREAM WORKS UP A
QUICK, LASTING LATHER
LIKE THIS IN ANY KIND
OF WATER, AND THAT'S
PALMOLIVE!

WELL, JIM, I'VE USED
COLGATE'S FOR 20 YEARS
AND I HAVEN'T FAILED TO
GET A SMOOTH, SKIN-LINE
SHAVE YET. YOU CAN'T
CONVINCE ME THERE'S
ANYTHING LIKE COLGATE'S

FREE SAMPLES

In case you're one of the few who do not use either Colgate's or Palmolive, they're for sale everywhere. Or—send coupon for generous free samples of both. Mail coupon to Dept. S.C., 64 Natalie St., Toronto 8.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Province.....

WHM-1

M-1



Quiet Tick Lets You Sleep First... a Soft Chime Call Then... a Loud, Steady Call

This New Big Ben is

polite



**He gets you up
without scaring you half to death**

Just because it's time to get up is no reason for yanking a fellow out of bed, by the scruff of the neck.

Big Ben thinks so anyhow. He gets you up—and no mistake—but he does it politely and with good humor.

First he speaks gently, with a patient series of "please get ups." Then if you won't pay attention, his voice sharpens—deepens. His second call is a shout.

But, you're up and out *without nerve shock*.

Hear this new Big Ben. Listen to his 2-Voice Alarm. Try to hear his quiet tick—a tick no louder than a watch—a tick that lets you sleep.

Smaller, thinner, handsome, in brilliant nickel and contrasting black enamel, he's "modern" in the best sense of the word.

Ask to see this new Big Ben wherever good clocks are sold.

BIG BEN

Chime Alarm

WITH 2 VOICES AND QUIET TICK

Made in Canada by Western Clock Company Limited, Peterboro, Ontario

WESTCLOX PRICES RANGE FROM \$1.75 to \$7.00

THE ARISTOCRATIC MILKMAN

Continued from page 36

"Yes."

"I have called about your method of advertising, Mr. Delane."

"Oh yes." Charles fiddled with a pen and wished she would get it over.

"When you brought your butter and eggs," went on Joan angrily, "I thought that you were taking samples of your products to each house, but yesterday I made a few inquiries and found mine was the only house you visited."

Charles said nothing.

Joan's eyes flashed. "How dare you offer me charity! Make up your bill as soon as possible and send it in."

The door closed with a crash and Joan was gone.

"Phew!" he said, and turned to meet the eyes of Cristobel Ann May.

"You've done it," she said.

"I have," agreed Charles mournfully.

Then Cristobel suddenly discovered that she was a woman and as such, many years older in wisdom, common sense, and everything else than the unhappy being before her.

"I know what I should do," she said.

Charles gripped her arm. "What would you do, Cristobel Ann May?"

"Go after her," said the child of wisdom, "and tell her why—"

But Charles was already at the door.

His frantic pace continued for at least twenty yards, then abruptly he slowed down. What on earth should he say? How should he commence? Should he be boldly masterful or try gentler methods?

He decided in favor of the boldly masterful, partly because he would get it over quicker, and partly because instinct told him that tawny brown eyes would object strongly to the softly insinuating. The decision made, he increased his pace, and once more came to Thistledown Cottage.

His knock told him two things: one that Miss Nash was at home, and two, that he wished she wasn't, for the door opened so suddenly that he nearly fell over backwards.

"Oh, it's you, is it. Give me the bill!"

"I haven't brought the bill," said Charles.

"Oh," said Joan, with ominous calm, "then why are you here?"

"To tell you why I brought the butter and things."

"I thought that was made plain before."

"No," said Charles, "It wasn't. I left them because I have loved you from the first day I saw you!"

"Oh!" said Joan. His suddenness took her breath away; which was what he wanted, for another step took him in the house and another still brought him face to face with Joan.

"If it's your personal wish to starve I wouldn't mind in the ordinary way," he said in a matter of fact voice, "but you can't starve and marry me at the same time—and you're going to marry me."

Joan flushed.

"Are you mad?"

"No," said Charles, "not mad—except perhaps to think that you could love me."

There was a short silence. Before Joan could reply, an irritable voice came from within: "Joan, where are you?"

"That's my aunt calling me."

"That's all right," said Charles, "I'll wait; but in case I have to wait long—" He drew her to him in the approved manner and kissed her on the lips.

HIS progress home some two hours later bordered on the fantastic. He bowed politely to the cow, receiving in reply a mournful moo, treated the village to several rousing "Milk-ho's" out of sheer high spirits, then swung into the dairy and lifted the astonished Cristobel Ann May onto the counter.

"Cristobel Ann May, you're a very remarkable child, and I'm going to tell you two secrets."

Cristobel grinned.

"And don't grin at me like a Cheshire cat."

"I'm not," she said.

"You are. Don't contradict. The secrets are these: first, that you're going back on the milk round. Milk and I don't go together as well as I thought."

"You don't," she said. "Mrs. Parrish told me—"

"Don't interrupt. I don't care what Mrs. Parrish said. The second is that you're going to be a bridesmaid, and now for heaven's sake start crying, or you'll split your mouth."

STRANGE COUNTRY

Continued from page 14

and that God would bless their lives. Amalia took her bank-book and got on the stage and set out to see Vassia and fix the date.

It was a flashing, keen, blue day. When the stage let her down at the cross-roads the old Russian was standing there who had advised her to go away. He had come to get his mail.

He walked with her towards the shack and she told him everything. She was as happy as the yellow-breasted meadow larks that were cracking their jubilant whips of song from the tops of the telegraph poles.

But, the old man said, didn't she know? Vassia was gone. He had thought from her letters that she didn't care about him. That all she

cared about was money and religion and living like an American. Hadn't he written her?

"He can't write," Amalia said. "He never learned. He can read, but he can't write."

He began to drink, the old man said. He lost his job. And then after awhile a woman came along—a bad woman. They drifted away together. No one knew where they had gone.

A jack rabbit ran out of the shack when she went up to it. The door was open. It swung on a broken hinge and creaked in the wind . . .

"You see what you have escaped!" said the minister's wife when she went back to them—having nowhere else to go. "A man like that!"

SPINSTER

By MARY R. FUNK

You sit beneath the lamp and on your hand
Your wedding ring reflects the light above;
A gleaming, diamond-studded platinum
band—
Symbol of his love.

And I who shall never wear a wedding ring
Gaze till the shining circlet disappears
In a million points of light whose glittering
Merges and blurs—like tears.



WE PRESENT
FOR YOUR CANADIAN ALBUM



MARIE PREVOST

COMING into films as a bathing beauty in the old Mack Sennett days, Miss Prevost remained to achieve fame as a star and as an outstanding comedy character actress. She was born in Sarnia, Ontario, and came to California as a child, being educated in St. Mary's Glenn Taylor School in Alameda. After three years with Sennett, winning acclaim because of her pulchritude, Miss Prevost starred in eight pictures for Universal, including "Midnight Follies." She followed this with Lubitsch's "The Marriage Circle," "Kiss Me Again" and "Three Women," later making "Up in Mabel's

Room," "Getting Gertie's Garter," "The Racket," "Blonde for a Night" and "Godless Girl." She made her debut as a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player in "War Nurse" and followed this with "Paid," "Gentleman's Fate" and "It's a Wise Child." Miss Prevost formerly was the wife of Kenneth Harlan and recently has been reported engaged to Buster Collier. She is five feet, four inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. She is devoted to swimming and riding, and has homes in Beverly Hills and Malibu Beach.

The Little Mouse



Mickey himself and the boss—Walt Disney—one of Hollywood's youngest millionaires, and he buys his golf on a public golf course. His caddy calls him Walt.

CINDERELLA tales of spectacular rises to fame and fortune have come forth from sun-baked Hollywood by the gross . . . and topping them all is the story of a mouse who scampered from the proverbial dark cellar of obscurity to cinema stardom.

Mickey Mouse now sees his name in lights over a thousand theatres, and his income has long since passed the high-water mark established by the Garbos and the Talmadges and the Fairbanks and the Barrymores.

Mickey is a world figure—a rodent whose name stands for laughter from Bangkok to Boston.

It all started in Kansas City, Mo., when a young artist found himself working late at night, in a cartoon shop. Outside the traffic sounds were stilled. The city slept and even the office cat dozed in the glow of a portable oil heater as the weary artist half worked, half dreamed over his drawing-board.

Suddenly the cartoonist became aware of soft scratching sounds—mice scurrying in and out through the wire mesh of a waste-paper basket where he had thrown his empty lunch-box.

The artist watched the mice, fascinated.

"Their eyes are bright and beautiful," he thought. "Their hands are like humans. They only live in dirty dark places because they are driven to it—fugitives from the brooms of intolerant office janitors."

The artist glanced at the sleek cat, well-fed and purring smugly as she slept. He didn't like the cat.

He was all for the mice, and as he watched their antics he found himself speculating as to what would happen if the shy little fellows were given a chance to lead regular lives, enter into normal activities and have a little fun.

Mickey Mouse was born in the mind of Walt Disney, the young artist who eight years later was to see his creation a film celebrity with a greater following than any star of the talking screen.

Mickey made his debut on the wooden surface of Walt Disney's drawing board. He worked his way through telephone pads and blotters and scraps of paper—and after eight years to celluloid and to the screen.

At one time it looked as if Mickey Mouse was to prove his creator's downfall. The head artist in that commercial art room in Kansas City finally had to fire Mr. Disney.

"Walt's a nice kid," he said, "but I can't get him to work. I give him a job to turn out and half way through it I find him drawing mice on the side of his board."

Young Disney misunderstood his dismissal. He took it big, concluding he was a flop as an artist and that for him there was no future in commercial art anyway.

Thinking things over Disney decided that a movie star's life wasn't so bad, maybe, and like thousands of other youngsters he began to entertain ideas of migrating to Hollywood. He'd always wanted to be an actor or something, and one time he'd won a prize in a Charlie Chaplin contest. With a wig made of unpleasant-smelling brown waste purloined from a plumber's satchel, he had rendered his impression of the great Chaplin—and he had won first prize.

Once he and another kid had worked up a dialogue act, and even if they did get the hook Walt still knew he was good. They should have known better than to do two German comics on an amateur night program during the war—that was all.

Young Disney was a movie fan, and when animated cartoons began to appear in Kansas City picture houses it was more or less natural that the boy who had studied art and had worked as a cartoonist should conceive of his figment, the mouse, appearing on the screen. The idea took root and Walt Disney, having reached the age of manhood, took steps to learn what he could of the making of animated cartoons. He rigged up a camera and a film of sorts was actually turned out.

Kansas City theatre managers failed to recognize Mickey Mouse for what he was, but Walt Disney himself is the last to criticize their lack of foresight.

The first abortive Disney picture was a far cry from the current Mickey Mouse releases and the almost as popular Disney Silly Symphonies.

The failure of the Kansas City enterprise left the aspiring producer both broke and temporarily cooled off on the possibilities that animated cartoons held for him.

He journeyed west to Hollywood with a half-formed plan of campaign that was to make him a movie star or a big director. After a few weeks wearing out shoe leather on the golden sidewalks of the film city, this ambition had been reduced to a desire for any kind of a job in a studio. His experience proved similar to that of countless other aspiring newcomers to fabled Hollywood.

He sought work in pictures, meanwhile having renewed his interest in his now famous mouse. The closest Walt Disney came to movie stardom was when after weeks of fruitless effort he finally got a part in a picture—a strange stroke of good fortune found unexpectedly while making a routine enquiry out at the old Lasky lot. However, on the day he was to start work it was discovered that he could not ride a horse—and the Disney career as a movie actor ended then and there.

Late in 1923 Roy Disney, Walt's brother, arrived in Los Angeles—and with five hundred dollars capital the Disneys entered into the business of producing animated cartoons.

Walt had come to regard Mickey Mouse as an entity, a reality, a definite personality. He was advised from all quarters to drop the mouse as a character.

It was pointed out that a mouse was vermin—a noxious little animal lacking in appeal. Rabbits and squirrels were cute. People liked dogs and cats—but mice, never!

Margaret Winkler at that time was prominent in the producing and marketing of animated cartoon features, and it was through this very charming lady that Walt and Roy Disney were to achieve their first success with animated cartoons.

The mouse idea was shelved—forgotten by everyone but Walt Disney. The little company, with its five hundred dollars capital, contracted with the Winkler organization to produce a series of twelve pictures. They were known as the Alice cartoons.

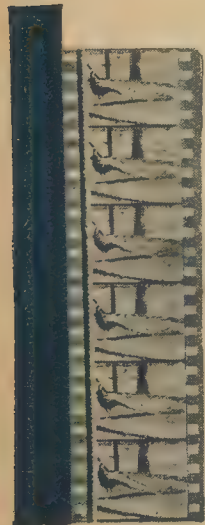
The idea was Walt's—a trick of double



"Pop" is virtually the only older on Mickey's pay roll. He's the background man—the artist that draws backgrounds against which Mickey and his barnyard buddies do their stuff.



The artists work three to a room—thus avoiding many difficulties that come with too many spirited young men being in too close contact. These are the real creators of Mickey Mouse.



That Made a Million

By Fred Beck

exposing live characters with animated drawings of animals. The Alice series was reasonably successful and was produced for about two years when Walt accepted an offer to join the Universal organization where he is credited with having originated the idea of Oswald the Rabbit. Oswald, incidentally, is still going strong, better than ever, now in sound and rating as one of Mickey's closest rivals.

There came a time when Walt Disney wanted to increase the entertainment value of the Oswald cartoons by giving more attention to plot. He wanted stories—real stories with logic as well as laughs.

He didn't approve of Oswald picking question marks out of the air to use as fishhooks. He wanted certain technical improvements that he was capable of effecting. He wanted smoother action, more detail and more careful animation. All these things meant that more money must be put into the production of animated cartoons, to increase their entertaining value.

Because the producer for whom Walt Disney was making Oswald the Rabbit failed to agree to greater perfection, with its attendant greater cost, Disney resigned from the most remunerative job he had ever held.

Once again he was free—free to do as he liked, and because he had accumulated some money free to produce what he liked in the way he liked.

Again with brother Roy as business manager, a picture was produced by Walt Disney and the star of the picture was Mickey Mouse.

"Plane Crazy" was Mickey's first starring vehicle, save for the semi-amateur attempt in Kansas City. When the picture was completed, Walt and Roy and their associates were enthusiastic. They were satisfied that Mickey Mouse was the greatest animated cartoon character ever

Here's a "gag meeting" in progress. These are the gentlemen who earn their daily bread inventing antics for Mickey Mouse to perform. Note the smiles—indicating that working for Mickey has its pleasant phases.

The "Fillers-In" are young ladies—not advanced enough to qualify as artists but deft enough to earn a happy living painting in the outlines drawn by the artists or "animators" as they are called in an animated cartoon studio.



produced. They knew they had something worthwhile sealed up in that film can. Without attempting to get a release for "Plane Crazy" they went ahead on the production of a second Mickey Mouse feature.

With the two completed films tucked away in a suitcase, along with collars and shirts, Walt Disney left for New York to offer his product to the world.

He was already recognized as an authority in the animated cartoon field, his connection with Oswald the Rabbit having established him. Little difficulty was encountered in getting a showing for Mickey with a number of distributing organizations.

People laughed at Mickey's antics and everyone seemed to agree that here was a cartoon feature that really did provide entertainment.

But something was wrong.

Walt could get no action. Distributors seemed interested, but when it came to dotted lines they hummed and hawed.

Mickey's sponsor walked the streets of New York for two weeks unable to figure it out.

And then he discovered the trouble. It was through no fault of Mickey that the patron of the now world-famous mouse was unable to carry contracts back to his Hollywood studio.

Something had been happening in the moving-picture industry.

The show world was topsy turvy and picture executives were running around in circles, most of them wondering what it was all about.

Walt Disney with two film cans of Mickey Mouse had arrived in New York on the stroke of Vitaphone.

Everyone was talking sound and no one knew what was going to happen next.

Walt took a deep breath and a taxi to the Pennsylvania station—with Mickey under his arm. His two films were put to sound at an independent studio on Long Island.

And then the gentlemen who failed to sign up Mickey because of his dumbness hesitated to take him with his happy squeals and ejaculations because—well, who could tell what really was going to happen? Walt and Mickey returned to California and while Walt and Roy waited and wondered Mickey almost starved to death on Hollywood's Poverty Row. The Mickey Mouse features were peddled from studio to studio. Everyone had

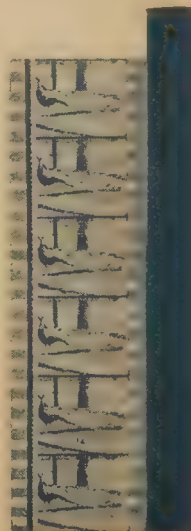
turned down Vitaphone except Warner Brothers—and even Warner Brothers turned down Mickey Mouse.

And then the climax came!

Al Jolson kicked the lid off the silent drama. "The Jazz Singer" had opened at the Colony Theatre on Broadway—and sound was in. Silents were out, definitely.

THINGS began to happen so fast that, even now, Walt Disney can't look back at it without becoming excited. Just as Al Jolson had turned things upside down where
[Continued on page 47]

Sound recording. Here, in action, is the staff that creates the audible half of a Mickey Mouse picture. Note the quartette on the left. The stoutish gentleman is known as Clarabella—and his life work is being the voice for Clarabella Cow.



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Tala Birell, beautiful Viennese stage star, who makes her American film debut in "Mountains in Flame."



Elsie Randolph, who appears in the British picture "Brother Alfred."



George O'Brien is the handsome individual who portrays the romantic title role of the gay gentleman in "The Gay Caballero."



Florine McVinney, an unknown beauty from Texas, who is appearing with Maurice Chevalier in "One Hour With You."



A charming study of Anne Grey, who is appearing in the British International Picture "No. 17."



Billie Dove will be seen in this daring creation of black lace and white tulle in "Cock of the Air."



Claudette Colbert, who has the role opposite Melvyn Douglas in "The Wiser Sex."

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Criticisms: Favourable and Otherwise

By Jerome Carver

"Prestige"

ACCORDING to recent reports from Hollywood, Ann Harding has been dissatisfied with the stories chosen for her and wants to have some say in the matter. She may well be dissatisfied. In fact I should not be at all surprised if she were in the throes of a good old-fashioned rage, for all her last pictures have had trite and silly plots. Even the fairly successful "Devotion" was only saved by the work of Miss Harding and Leslie Howard. Its plot was sweetly sentimental and clean, but hopelessly old-fashioned and lacking even the faintest flavor of distinction. I sincerely hope that Miss Harding is on the warpath against whatever powers choose her stories, for her latest picture, "Prestige," despite its title, will do little to increase her popularity.

"Prestige" is just another one of those stories about the disastrous effects of tropical climates on the morale of white men. This theme has been handled with considerable subtlety by Pierre Loti, and more recently has been effectively used by Somerset Maugham and Alec Waugh. A horde of hack writers, however, have practically done it to death, and of the many bad variations on this climate theme, "Prestige" takes its place as among the very worst. Besides its hackneyed subject matter, it is vapid and terribly slow.

The action of the picture is laid mainly in French Indo-China and the settings and photography are excellent—far better than the story deserves. Adolphe Menjou, Melvyn Douglas and Guy Bates Post struggle gallantly with badly written roles. Above all, Miss Harding is hopelessly handicapped by the story. It is a shame to waste her outstanding beauty, talent and charm on such a futile plot.

"The Greeks Had a Word for Them"

FOR years I have been cherishing two great ambitions. The first is to get a job naming Pullman cars; the second, to throw an egg into an electric fan. But I would give them both up if I could "sit in" on one of those solemn conclaves in Hollywood when the titles for the new pictures are chosen. The ways of film producers are wonderfully mysterious. Naming stories written especially for the screen does not seem to trouble them much. But when they produce some well-known novel or play they seem to wrack their brains to think of a title for it. Sir James Barrie's celebrated play "The Admirable Crichton" became "Male and Female." "Apron Strings" and "Broken Dishes," two successful light comedies of the stage came to the screen as "Virtuous Husband" and "Too Young to Marry" respectively. "Dancing Partner" was changed to "Just a Gigolo," and Augustus Thomas' famous old play "Arizona" was lately brought out on the screen as "Men Are Like That." The latest example of haywire Hollywood pedantry is exhibited in the new

title for Zoe Akins' comedy hit, "The Greeks Had a Word For It." After much intense pondering the producers have changed "it" to "them" in the film version title, and they apparently think that now the title is much more fraught with



William Powell in
"High Pressure."



Ina Claire, Joan
Blondell and Madge
Evans, the Three
Musketeers in "The
Greeks Had a Word
for Them."

Marlene Dietrich as
Shanghai Lily in
"Shanghai
Express"



George Arliss and Violet Heming in
"The Man Who Played God."

meaning than it was before. But just how they've improved it, I, for one, cannot see.

"The Greeks Had a Word for Them" is, however, an amusing comedy, well directed, capably played. The plot is concerned with the adventures of three predatory young women who are known as the Three Musketeers of Riverside Drive. Their gold-digging methods are exploited in a flashily sophisticated but diverting manner. Women who have been compelled by their menfolk to sit through several of the McLaglen-Lowe love 'em-and-leave 'em epics, will enjoy this picture where the gals have their innings.

The picture is directed by Lowell Sherman who also plays a leading part in it. Handsome David Manners plays the chief juvenile role. The Three Musketeers are played vivaciously by Ina Claire, Joan Blondell, and Madge Evans. And all these three ladies wear costumes designed especially for them by Chanel.

"The Man Who Played God"

For suave acting, finished in every detail, there is no actor in America who can equal George Arliss. "Old English," although it is not up to usual high standard of Galsworthy's plays, gave Mr. Arliss a fine acting part, one upon which he could build up a striking characterization. His "Disraeli" made film history, for it proved that clever acting could draw fully as well as a pretty face that happens to photograph well. In "The Green Goddess" Arliss' acting made even the cheap claptrap of that melodrama interesting; and "The Millionaire" was quite a charming picture. Now Arliss comes to us once more, this time in a role that contains more possibilities for drama than did "The Millionaire."

In "The Man Who Played God" Mr. Arliss assumes the character of a great musician who is stricken with deafness at the very height of his career. The story, undoubtedly inspired by the life of Beethoven, also reminds one of Romain Rolland's famous novel with the musician as protagonist, "Jean Christophe." It is an interesting story and is an unusually good vehicle for Mr. Arliss' distinguished artistry. The supporting cast, which includes Violet Heming, Louise Glosser Hale, Bette Davis, Paul Porcasi and Donald Cook, is excellent.

"Broken Lullaby"

THIS picture, originally shown to the public under the title of "The Man I Killed," was later tentatively called "The Fifth Commandment," and now emerges definitely under the name of "Broken Lullaby." The original title worried the producers, for they felt that it hinted a gangster theme and they were afraid that the public, satiated with films about the underworld, might not patronize it. In reality "Broken Lullaby" is a post-war story founded on the play entitled "The Man I Killed" by Maurice Rostand. The plot tells of a young French soldier who in battle kills a young German. After the war the memory of this combat haunts the young Frenchman until he decides to go to Germany, seek out the family of the man he killed and give them the young German's dying message. He does so, and is received affectionately by the kindly father, who believes him to have befriended his son. Finally he falls in love with the fiancée of the dead boy. This adds a new horror to the dreadful secret that he has been unable to reveal, and he broken-heartedly tells her the truth. He wishes to tell the father also, but the girl points out to him that now he has almost taken the dead boy's place in the old man's affections and to tell him the truth would be like killing the son a second time. The boy realizes the truth of her argument and finds peace in knowing that he is comforting the old father for his great loss.

The story is a touching one, and carries a strong plea for peace. At the same time it has enough irony to save it from being soporifically sentimental. The ironic angle is very cleverly accentuated by the brilliant direction of Lubitsch. Especially striking is the sequence depicting the armistice celebration in a church. While the church bells are ringing, one also hears the guns booming. And when Lubitsch shows us the soldiers kneeling in the church he also gives us a glimpse of their swords protruding into the aisles. The final touch in this scene is when the camera is focused on the spurred boots of the kneeling men just as the clergyman is heard saying, "Peace on earth and good will toward men."

Phillips Holmes is adequate in the role of the young Frenchman; and Nancy Carroll is rather better than usual as Elsa, the German girl. But even outside of Lubitsch's masterly direction, the picture would be outstanding on account of the splendid acting of Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Holderlin, the father of the dead German boy. This characterization, so gentle and kindly and appealing, is one of the finest—if not the very finest—that he has ever done.

"Broken Lullaby" is a moving and intelligent picture, well worth seeing.

"Shanghai Express"

RECENTLY I saw an old German picture in which Marlene Dietrich played the leading role, and I was interested to note how Miss Dietrich's personality has been altered since she has made films in America. In the German picture she looked much more of the ingenue. [Continued on page 46]

Little Rambles in Hollywood

With E. G. Bayne

IS IT really possible for a man to kill himself by overwork? This is the question that Hollywood has been asking since the sudden death in its midst of Edgar Wallace, long known as the world's most prolific writer of fiction. The dictors called it double pneumonia but Hollywood isn't so sure. The cynic may smile and remark that the gay film colony is in no immediate danger from an excess of zeal for hard work, but the question continues to obtrude itself, nevertheless. Edgar Wallace had come out to California to write for one of the studios and had been here but a few weeks when he was stricken. In that time he had turned out three full-length scenarios, and it was known that he kept two secretaries working on a full-time schedule. A check-up made in England some time ago brought out the amazing fact that one-fourth of all fiction books sold there were by Wallace. On this continent they have sold by the millions. He always dictated his work, sometimes achieved an 80,000-word novel in three days' time, and on one occasion had six of his plays running at once in London. In spite of his voluminous output his stories maintained their standard and their power to enthrall lovers of thrillers.

"Look here," an incensed patron of the Public Library in Los Angeles said recently to a desk clerk there, "how is it I never can find any books by that guy Edgar Wallace in here?"

"That conundrum is easy to solve," returned the girl. The answer is, *because they're always out.*"

Busy as he was, Edgar Wallace never appeared hurried, yet his must have been a life of crowded hours. He gave me for *The Western Home Monthly* a copy of the last photograph he had had taken. It reveals him in one of his rare moments of relaxation, seated at his desk in Hollywood, horn-rimmed glasses laid aside, afternoon cup of tea nearby, and one hand lingering on the speaking-tube of the dictaphone as though he were reluctant to lose touch entirely with business. Hollywood was profoundly impressed by his industry, and he professed himself greatly intrigued with Hollywood. He hadn't been here long enough to become bored. In fact he said he thought he'd like to remain and direct some of his pictures. He seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of energy. His life story is now well known. He was born in the slums of London and knew all the vicissitudes of poverty in his boyhood. He went to sea and later saw service in the South African War. The color and atmosphere of his stories are authentic, for he knew many parts of the world intimately. They called him the Prince of Makebelieve, and it seems rather fitting that he should have closed his career in harness and in this centre of commercialized mimicry which we call the City of Let's Pretend.

BUT princes and potentates may pass on and Hollywood's social whirl continues, with but a brief Lenten pause. Probably the most talked-about party of the season was the "hard times' frolic" held at the exclusive Mayfair Club. The guests were required to attend garbed as for the simple life, and it was

a merry occasion, everybody having a good time in gingham gowns and denim overalls. One is seldom privileged to behold a more humorous spectacle than that of a lot of sophisticates trying their best to look—well, simple. In the movies the frock of checked gingham has always been the symbol of rural innocence. Add a straw hat and a milk-pail and Hollywood is confident that you couldn't tell one of its knowing little blondes from the genuine rustic maiden. (You are supposed to overlook the carefully marcelled hair and the manicured nails.) Some of the hard-times' gowns unquestionably had been ordered from a high-priced specialty shop, but everybody was too busy to probe very closely into their source. One woman, determined to use no cloth at all, had come attired in a dress made of shoe-laces. On the whole the

men were more successful in getting the *naïveté* across. Robert Vignola, the director, easily walked off with a prize because he looked like nothing so much as a tramp that had come in at the front door by mistake.

The most unique event of all was the silver wedding anniversary tea given by Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason to about six-hundred of their friends. I believe it was entirely unprecedented. Here is a Hollywood couple who have dared to defy the Hollywood fashion and stay married. They have stayed married for a quarter of a century. So evidently it can be done, Gloria Swanson and others to the contrary.

Then Marion Davies issued invitations to a "kids' party," and all her friends responded with enthusiasm in juvenile dress. Dignity hadn't been invited and consequently spontaneity reigned and crackers popped and there was much imitating of Mitzi Green and Jackie Cooper which doubtless would have caused that pair of genuine juveniles to feel quite superior. Rolling of hoops, tooting of horns, and showing-off of best dolls was the order of the evening, with of course games designed to please the child mind. Joan Crawford impersonated a big French doll, even to the slippers and baby-socks, and her husband, the younger Fairbanks, appeared in the guise of a prep schoolboy. Norma Shearer was another very convincing "little girl," with a huge butterfly hairbow, and she carried a large teddy bear. Irving Thalberg, her husband and an important official at the studio, so far forgot his prestige as to go about in a sailor-suit blowing on a tin whistle. Everybody left early and regretfully, pretending to have eaten too much ice-cream and cake.

AT THIS writing, Marion Davies and Clark Gable are finishing "Polly of the Circus," in which Mr. Gable takes the part of a young minister. The first day he donned the clerical attire he tore the skirt of his black coat on a nail, but I understand that he remembered to stay in character and didn't swear. He merely rolled his eyes up and murmured: "Oh, good gracious."

"Grand Hotel" is also well under way, and Vicki Baum herself, who wrote the book, has been supervising it. Sixteen tons of furniture and settings, as well as a carload of hotel crockery and equipment specially brought from

Germany, are used in this strange Continental drama, while ten-thousand amperes of electric current are necessary to light the hotel lobby. Special lens have been constructed for filming action up and down a seven-storey spiral stairway. Two-hundred pairs of woollen socks were provided for the extras to draw on over their shoes to deaden sounds of footsteps in the background while the "mike" was recording the principals' dialogue. And Lewis Stone who plays the shell-shocked doctor undergoes one hundred and six distinct physical alterations before he is ready to step before the camera, the major changes on one side of his face including applications of collodion, undertaker's wax, gelatin, spirit gum, cotton-wool, adhesive tape, facial putty, thread, paint, powder, pencilling and varnish. The ghost of Lon Chaney must be getting ready to haunt him.

It is agreed by discriminating fans that there is altogether too much chatter in the average talkie. "Broken Lullaby" will be a little different, for it marks a new trend in motion pictures where-in dialogue is used only when absolutely necessary. The director, Ernst Lubitsch, says that dialogue is important only when it means something and so the characters do not talk where the story can be better developed in terms of action. Now if we could have a funeral and bury Old King Jazz what an ideal world it would be, but that, one fears, is a little too much to expect for some time yet.



The last photograph taken of the late Edgar Wallace, who died at Beverly Hills early in February, while under contract to a Hollywood studio.



Little Mitzi Green impersonating Maurice Chevalier. Arline Judge is her audience.



When Mrs. Wallace Beery's aunt died recently leaving three children, Wallace Beery decided to adopt them. The above snap shows Mr. and Mrs. Beery and the three children—George, Carol Ann and William Priester.

FILMING of exterior scenes of "Shanghai Express" recently were suspended because the Santa Fe Railway needed its engine back to help in relief work when floods menaced the northern part of the state, so some of the extras had a little time to kill, one of them employing it by placing a bet he couldn't afford on a horse race. He was having lunch with a young woman shortly afterwards, and while she performed the rite of powdering her nose her compact slipped from her grasp and dropped with an ominous crash on the marble-topped table. The mirror was found to be broken in two. The young man paled, perspiration started out on his forehead, and excusing himself he made for the nearest telephone-booth. It was an omen, of course! "Say, Bill," he shouted hoarsely to his bookie, "take those fifty bucks off Velvet Ears in the fourth. I just got a warning, see? Quick! It's all washed up." And he returned to his lady friend and smoked half-a-pack of cigarettes before his nerves calmed down.

—Edgar Wallace Closes a Colorful Career; Pre-Lenten and Post-Lenten Parties;
Celebration of the Easter Festival; The Players in Their Homes; Advance
Items About the New Pictures; Judicious Pickings From Current Gossip.

"That oughta learn ya, big boy," his friend said, for she disapproved of betting. But it didn't, and it won't. For fate arranged it that Velvet Ears should win by a nose that day.

Another "extra" story. Two blondes appeared at the casting bureau one day and for many days thereafter. Finally they were permitted to leave their respective photographs and records, but no part was available for eight long months. Then the casting director sent a hurry call for one of them for a mob scene. For quite a while she couldn't be found but was eventually located in a distant orange-packing plant, happy and wearing an engagement ring. She was engaged to the young foreman, and she told the messenger to "take a run and jump at himself." No, she didn't know where her friend, the other blonde was now—if they wanted her, let them find her. So ensued a still hunt for the second girl. She had been living, it developed, on hope and an occasional cheque from home, and they traced her to a very shabby house on a back street, where she owed three weeks' rent for her tiny attic room, the landlady informed the messenger. As her door was locked she was thought to be out so the landlady pushed the scribbled message underneath. Two hours later the police and a newspaperman broke in the door and there was the little blonde stretched on her poor bed. She had played the star part in an old drama, "An Overdose of Veronal." And staring from the floor, in mockery, lay the studio's message: "Call for eight-thirty on the set."

PHOTOGRAPHIC poses of the players in their homes very often have a calculated look, a done-for-publicity effect, but this I think is scarcely true of the one showing Wallace Beery surrounded by his wife and three young children whom the pair have undertaken to raise—two boys and a baby girl. Beery once told me: "You know, I've got a kind heart in spite of my face." It must be true.

IN HOLLYWOOD and its environs recognition of Easter will take many varied forms, everything from egg-eating races and fashion shows to the most solemn religious ceremonials. In which respect it is not very different from most other communities. There is however something peculiarly appropriate in the celebration of

Easter on the California hill-slopes. The setting suggests, with its semi-tropical verdure, the glimpses of sapphire sea in the distance, and the cloudless sky and balmy air, those

can convey them only a part of the way and are then abandoned. One may perhaps be pardoned if the mind wanders from the service occasionally to dwell upon the early history of these hills and canyons. Father Juniper Serra and his brown-robed, sandalled padres, the Brothers of the Order of Saint Francis, were the first pilgrims to climb this hill and say prayers around the cross they erected. Along El Camino Real, or The Royal Road, they took their slow, meditative way, centuries ago, when under arrangement with the throne of Spain they came to California and established missions along the coast from San Diego to San Francisco. In all twenty-one of these hospices were established, each a bead in the chain of faith and achievement. Thus California, born, nurtured, and steeped in Romance, consistently preserves her heritage.

It is a habit of time and modernity to sweep the things of yesterday into oblivion, but so stoutly were the old missions built, many of them of stone and hard burnt brick, that they have withstood every destructive agency where these permanent materials, and the giant forest rafters, formed their construction. Others have been carefully restored. At Eastertide visitors flock to them and under the roofless arches, amid dreaming shadows, or strolling in a sunny patio surrounded by ancient Spanish towers, one may conjure up a picture of tall candles on high altars and in fancy hear the sweet chiming of bells calling to each other from one cross-crowned hilltop to another. It is pleasing and comforting to reflect that the ancient missions are held in such respect that at least they will never be turned into gaudy filling-stations.

LITTLE Mitzi Green was one of those rare babies that never cry—take her mother's word for it. In fact, the doctor who assisted at her entry into the world had to spank her to make her cry, and she has never since required punishment because she kept right on being good. People usually dislike "show children" or are sorry for them, but Mitzi is an exception.

Norma Shearer and Polly Moran help little Jackie Cooper with his lines for "Limpy," which is to go into production soon.



Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Joan Crawford and her husband Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., pose for the camera man at Marion Davies' recent "Kiddie Party."



finding it to his advantage. He was taken to the big Academy banquet not long ago but the sandman overcame his resistance and Marie Dressler lifted him gently to her lap and allowed his yellow head to rest on her shoulder. Asked afterward if he had enjoyed the affair he replied: "Sure. But I had to go an' fall asleep in the middle of it!"

Of Paramount's fifteen stars, only one parent ever had stage experience, and she was the mother of the Four Marx Brothers. This fact is submitted in a report from the casting director. "This indicates," he remarks, "that the desire to act strikes people regardless of family background." It also, he might have added, strikes them regardless of a lot of other things.

Sari Maritzi is the very newest importation from abroad, and a Paramount hope, petite and promising. But as one of the newspaper boys said she may have to change that front name because the uncouth are almost sure to call her "Sairey."

Slim Summerville, film hero of "The Unexpected Father," has become a real unexpected father. Last month Slim and Mrs. Slim adopted a wee baby son.

For a year the Summervilles have been searching for just the right baby as the Summerville heir-apparent. Recently on a tour of Los Angeles orphanages, they found the child of their dreams. Adoption red tape was quickly unwound and the baby has been established in a cozy nursery at the Toluca Lake residence of the lanky screen-star and his wife.

The infant weighs twelve pounds and at present has dark blue eyes and dark hair. He will be named Elliott Summerville.



Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a scene from "Polly of the Circus."



Chester Morris who plays the lead in the forthcoming picture "The Miracle Man," in his Beverly Hills home.

original hillsides where the miracle of the first Easter occurred. The sunrise service around the great cross on Mount Rubidoux is in itself of solemn significance. At Easter and again on Armistice Day throngs of humanity climb this eminence to engage in prayer, a good many people coming from distant places for the purpose.

Towering high above the tall spires of church steeples the cross attracts the eye from afar, and long before the pearl sky of morning has become tinted with the pink of the coming dawn you may see the worshippers, or the merely adventurous and curious, crawling like colonies of black ants up the mountainside to the shrine. Their cars

She is a charming young lady of perhaps twelve. Her parents are Keno and Green, a well-known vaudeville team, and they never had time to spoil her. When the stork left the nine-pound present it was not the inconvenient event that most troupers might have regarded it. They made the little stranger welcome and resolved that

Criticisms: Favourable — and Otherwise

Continued from page 43

Her face was young and round and cherubic—altogether lacking in the hollows and shadows which today give it so much allure. Her manner was sprightly and quick, not languorous as it is today. But if the siren potentialities of her face were overlooked in those days, the perfection of her legs was not. The picture was taken in that dim and distant era when skirts reached only to the knee (and had to be constantly pulled down, at that!) and Miss Dietrich's legs were quite obvious, and obviously revered by the camera.

It was amusing to go from that old picture to the latest Dietrich film, "Shanghai Express," in which the once ingenuous-looking Marlene is, alliteratively speaking, as sleek, sensuous and seductive as her most ardent flapper admirer would wish her to be. She plays the part of a notorious international courtesan (how tired Dietrich and Garbo must get of these roles!) who becomes entangled in the adventures of the Chinese Revolution. In view of the recent interest which the world at large has been taking in China, the setting of the story is fortuitous. "Shanghai Express" has several very interesting scenes, and the supporting cast, which includes Clive Brook and the lovely Anna May Wong, is very good.

"Trapped in a Submarine"

THIS British picture, produced with the co-operation of the British Admiralty, is the finest film of the kind that I have seen in many a long day. Not only is it of great educational value to a humble land-lubber, but it is genuinely entertaining. It is quick-moving, vivid and dramatic. The sea-scenes are so authentic that one can almost smell the salt; and the sequence showing the collision of the submarine with the merchant ship is intensely stirring. "Trapped in a Submarine" is most unusual and cannot be too highly recommended.

"Business and Pleasure"

THE unique personality of Will Rogers, America's most celebrated crackerbox philosopher, is well exploited in his latest vehicle, "Business and Pleasure." The story, based on Booth Tarkington's popular novel "The Plutocrat," tells of a self-made millionaire from the Middle West who gives himself a hard-earned vacation by taking a round-the-world cruise. Snubbed by several of his fellow passengers who consider him crude, he is admired and respected by the people in the ancient lands he visits, for these people recognize him as the modern equivalent of the self-made and glorious Romans and Carthaginians of old. The role of the plutocrat, as you can see, gives Mr. Rogers plenty of opportunity for his monologues of homely philosophy.



John Boles and Joan Bennett who enact the leads in "Widow's Night."



"The Hatchet Man"

IN THIS picture of Tong warfare in San Francisco's Chinatown, Edward Robinson gives us a very interesting characterization of an Oriental who is a paid slayer of his Chinese gang, a position which is, by the way, hereditary. The film is good melodrama, although several of its scenes are somewhat gruesome.

Loretta Young plays the part of a young Chinese girl, and her make-up is remarkably good. Dudley Digges, who began his career with the famous Abbey Theatre of Dublin and later became the leading character actor of the New York Theatre Guild Company, is also in the cast.

"High Pressure"

WILLIAM POWELL'S latest picture, "High Pressure," is the best vehicle the star has had in some time. In it Mr. Powell plays a promoter, a sort of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, a part quite different from some of his recent roles, and one that gives him an opportunity to show his talent for comedy. The story moves quickly and is clean and amusing.

"Emma"

THE producers and authors of "Emma" have concocted a story with a goodly amount of three ingredients: pathos, comedy, and drama. It serves as excellent material for Marie Dressler's personality and for her unusual comic and dramatic ability. The supporting cast is splendid, but the picture is really a Marie Dressler monologue. If you think that one can get too much of a good thing, this monologue effect will annoy you. Otherwise the picture, or rather Miss Dressler is clever and entertaining.

"Russia and Mexico"

SEEKERS after unusual film fare will be interested in the new Soviet film, "The Road to Life," which depicts how Russia has worked to save and to make into useful citizens those vast hordes of homeless waifs that wandered about Moscow and other Russian cities. The film makes a strong plea for a new system of handling juvenile delinquents and is quite impressive, although, like all the other Russian films I have seen, it is rather overburdened with Soviet self-satisfaction.

Another unusual film is "The Soul of Mexico," a travel picture with a sugar-coating of plot like "Moana" and others. It was made with a professional director and only two professional actors, and has some extraordinarily beautiful scenes of this old (but little known to us) country.

Some First Jobs

ABOUT eighty per cent of the leading movie stars and featured players were so determined to make acting their career that they plugged and plugged till they got a job in some stage or movie company. To the remaining twenty per cent, acting was an afterthought, following dissatisfaction with whatever it was they had begun.

Of those who were determined from the outset to take no job other than acting, a small proportion were children of theatrical parents. For them the going was relatively smooth.

A striking exception must be credited to John Barrymore. Despite the fact that he comes of a distinguished line of thespians, he tried to break away from the family tradition of being an actor. In his teens John Barrymore resolved to be an artist; he drew pictures closely modelled after Dore. He landed his first job with the New York Telegraph; it lasted exactly twenty minutes. On another New York newspaper his tenure was longer. He illustrated the poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox to the satisfaction of the poetess, if not to that of the editor of the paper, Arthur Brisbane. It was the latter who finally discharged him with the kindly counsel to try the stage with the other members of the Barrymore family. Barrymore took this advice, and after a distinguished career on the stage, turned to the movies.

Richard Barthelmess fully intended to go into newspaper work upon finishing school. But the fact that his mother, an actress, had coached Alla Nazimova, diverted him from his first ambition and brought him to pictures. Edward G. Robinson's first job was in the U.S. Navy during the World War. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., loafed about the studios, watching his father, till he got his first "extra" job.

Joe E. Brown, the comedian of the infinite grin, was, at the age of nine, the youngest member of the five Marvelous Ashtons. This was a troupe of aerial acrobats which was the star attraction with Ringling Brothers' Circus. He played throughout the summers and attended school in his home town, Toledo, Ohio, during the winters.

George Arliss was sixteen years of age when his father insisted that he make himself generally useful in his publishing business. Arliss felt a violent disrelish for such matters,

and refused to grow passionate over picas, printing, and paper. His mother was sympathetic to his theatrical ambitions; his father wished him to buckle down to business. "When I finally broke away," Arliss relates in his autobiography *Up the Years from Bloomsbury*, "and he saw that my mind was set on the thing, my father became most sympathetic toward my work and did everything to help me along, and although my progress was terribly slow and must have been most discouraging to others, he developed an unexpected pride in having a son on the stage; indeed on one occasion when he was in the audience he was so proud of me that his behavior brought about my dismissal from the company." Arliss left his father's business on a pretext, and entered a wholesale firm so that he might more easily abandon business altogether for the stage.

The first job of Barbara Stanwyck, of "Night Nurse" fame, who will soon be seen in "So Big," consisted of a part in the chorus of a revue on the Strand Roof in New York. She lived in Brooklyn, N.Y., and being eager for stage work, invested a nickel in the subway, rode to Times Square, got out, and found herself launched on a career. She is in private life Mrs. Frank Fay.

Bebe Daniels was only seven years old when she made her screen debut in a vehicle called "The Common Enemy." She worked her way up and became leading woman for Harold Lloyd, with whom she appeared in approximately two hundred comedies.

Winnie Lightner's first job was without pay. She did the hardest work of her life, though, on the occasion when she ran through the rain and presented herself, all bedraggled, on the stage of the local movie house for an "amateur night" performance. She was a sorry sight. Her sentimental ballad brought guffaws of hilarity from a cruel audience. Always resourceful, Winnie started to clown her serious piece, and has been clowning ever since.

Charles Butterworth practiced law before turning to the stage. H. B. Warner played in his father's London company and obtained his first stage experience there. Joan Blondell was only four months old when her father carried her on the stage as the daughter of Peggy Astaire in "The Greatest Love."



The principals of Universal's newest serial "The Great Air Mail Mystery"—Lucile Browne, James Flavin and Al Wilson, the world's leading stunt flyer.

THE LITTLE MOUSE THAT MADE A MILLION

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feature pictures were concerned—Mickey Mouse did something in the short subject field, and particularly where the animated cartoon was concerned.

An agent, working for the Disneys in New York, had shown Mickey to the great Roxy—and Roxy, for one, sent word to Walt Disney that he could use as many Mickey Mouse shorts as the jubilant Mr. Disney could turn out.

Another far-sighted showman who recognized Mickey Mouse as hit material was Fred Miller who signed Mickey for the Carthay Circle Theatre in Los Angeles.

The public, grown-ups as well as youngsters, fell head over heels in love with Mickey Mouse—now in his own beautiful studio a stone's throw from Hollywood Boulevard.

Mickey has been chronicled in song and story and is reproduced in candy and in soap and on toy bass drums. He appears on linen, on china and on nursery wallpaper. There are Mickey Mouse dolls and Mickey Mouse picture books and the embroidery royalties alone pay many times what Walt Disney earned in a Kansas City art room.

In Tussaud's famous London wax-works Mickey appears alongside Bismarck and Napoleon. He is considered to have reached the highest point of perfection in the relationship of sound to motion pictures and it is a fact that royalty—infant royalty—eats off Mickey Mouse dinnerware in a nursery dining-room decorated with a Mickey Mouse motif.

Mickey's new studio is the finest in the world devoted to the production of short subjects—and one art room alone, where the Mickey Mouse newspaper comic strip is drawn, is a marked contrast to the quarters where Walt Disney and his associates first began their production of Mickey Mouse films.

The one thing that most marks the Disney plant as unique among the film studios of Hollywood is the atmosphere of gayety that pervades the place.

Youth is very much in evidence. The average age of the staff of two hundred that now produces Mickey Mouse must be in the middle twenties.

The same spirit of good humor that characterizes Mickey Mouse pictures is apparent in the Disney studio. The personality of the rodent star seems reflected in every employee, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that these smiles reflect the personality of Walt.

"Walt" is correct—as even the humblest junior artist on the payroll and the janitor call Mickey's boss "Walt."

THE only characteristic that Walt might share in common with other film company's chief executives is evidenced by the fact that it was necessary to wait a considerable length of time before being ushered into his office for an interview.

During this wait, occasional choruses of hearty guffaws issued forth from beyond the door of Walt Disney's office.

"That's a story meeting," explained the singularly charming secretary whose desk mounts guard over the door to the chief executive's office. "Walt still conceives all the ideas for all Mickey's stories himself. When he gets a story idea he lets everything go—even interviews. He gets all his department heads in there and he gives them the story nucleus. They

all add their suggestions—and I guess that's the cause of the laughing you hear."

"Do they always have a good time like that?" we asked.

"Yes," said the secretary, "everyone always has a good time around here. It's like being paid to join in on a party."

The door of the office opened and those at the meeting filed out, most of them looking like college boys and all of them still flushed with laughter.

As we entered his office Walt was piling empty ginger-ale bottles on a tray, removed by the secretary . . . a detail that furthered the idea that working for Mickey Mouse is just one continuous parlor game.

Walt gives credit for Mickey's success to "the boys," which of course is ridiculous. His able staff, some of Hollywood's most prolific gag men, employed to invent capers for Mickey to perform, doubtless deserves a lot of credit—but it's the genius of Mickey's creator that has established the rodent actor in his present pre-eminent position in the entertainment world.

One reason for Mickey's leadership in his field, as given by Walt, is that everything about Mickey is logical.

"We try to make Mickey human," Walt says, "and the things he does are all decidedly feasible. At least we try to make them seem reasonable."

"Even when we do go to an extreme and have Mickey take hold of the tail of Clarabelle Cow and give it a hefty pull with the result that Clarabelle's head jerks, indicating that the tail is attached to a backbone that connects with Clarabelle's head . . . well, that's logical. It isn't true of course—but it should be, shouldn't it?"

There's something about the way Walt puts things that leaves you pretty well convinced that he's right—and you feel that if a cow's tail isn't attached at its inner extremity to a cow's head—well then, there's been a terrible mistake made somewhere.

Walt always refers to his friends by name. It's "Pluto Pup" and "Horse-collar Horace" and "Minnie." The characters that cavort across the screen to the delight of millions are real people—real personalities to the charming young genius whose brain and brush conceived them.

DIRECTLY under Walt's direction are fifty of "his boys," artists busily engaged in bringing Mickey and the Silly Symphonies to life on paper, every working day. It would require two solid years of regular working days for one man to make enough drawings for a Mickey Mouse sound cartoon—so when we see that the Disney studio turns out twenty-six pictures a year on their present schedule, it is seen that a staff of fifty artists is just about right. There are about five thousand drawings in a single five-hundred foot cartoon.

After the preliminary story meeting—held whenever Walt has "an idea," the next step in the production of a Mickey Mouse picture is to hold a general "gag meeting." The studio staff attends and is given an idea of what the new story is about. Suggestions as to story, plot development, comedy gags and music, and sound effects are talked over and either elaborated upon or discarded according to their merits. The musical director sits in on all "gag meetings" and as various types of action

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LET'S GET THESE THINGS STRAIGHT!

1. CAN YOU BOIL CLOTHES WITH FELS-NAPTHA?

Certainly! Boil your clothes, if you like. Or soak them. Use hot, lukewarm or cool water. Use tub or machine. Whatever way suits you, suits Fels-Naptha, too. However you wash, Fels-Naptha will give you extra help.

2. IS FELS-NAPTHA A "STRONG" SOAP?

No, indeed! Naptha is so gentle that dry cleaners depend upon it for delicate garments. Bland vegetable oils go into Fels-Naptha, too. It also contains real glycerine. And glycerine is an ingredient of many skin lotions.

3. WILL FELS-NAPTHA MAKE YOUR CLOTHES YELLOW?

Never! The Fels-Naptha bar is golden because that is the natural color of its fine ingredients. But your clothes come off the line white—the whitest white—and sweet as only clothes that are clean clear through can be!

AND GET THIS STRAIGHT, TOO!

On washday, Fels-Naptha brings you the wisest kind of saving. Not merely "more soap," but more help. The extra help of two busy cleaners joined in one big bar. Good golden soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. Tackling your wash together, these two cleaners loosen dirt—quickly! easily! safely! They get

your clothes clean—without hard rubbing. They save your strength. They save your clothes. They save your hands. And that's a bargain in washday value you can't afford to miss. Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today. And between washdays, see how it lightens your household cleaning, too.



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the Trans-Canada Telephone System

The Trans-Canada Telephone System is the final development of 15 years' work by telephone leaders in the interests of efficiency and national unity. Almost insuperable barriers have been overcome by the seven companies in the System. Transmission experts studied the route for months. A gap of 1100 miles between Sudbury and Fort William had to be spanned. The British Columbia route meant blazing a 600 mile trail through forests, over mountains and across lakes and rivers. Across magnificent distances, traversing rough and unfavourable terrain, the System's network grew and lengthened. Every mile was a problem. Ground had to be cleared, every distance measured, thousands of maintenance tests conducted. At last 4263 miles of copper wire stood ready to flash speech from coast to coast, capable of carrying more conversations at one time than had ever been achieved before.

With this all-Canadian, coast-to-coast network, The Trans-Canada Telephone System can serve not only the present, but the future needs of the Dominion. The System is a permanent asset to Canada, its service dedicated to the unification of the country and the best interests of its citizens.

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are suggested music appropriate to that action is suggested and played. In this manner a gag meeting generally ends up with everyone having a pretty fair conception of what the new story is to be.

The next step is a complete scenario written in continuity form, covering the story. Then the scenario is broken down into scenes which are given to various artists—or animators as they are called in this business.

Incidentally the artists are broken into groups of three or four, each group occupying a small studio. Best results, it has been found, are obtained in this way—and congeniality is considered in making up the groups.

When an artist receives the scene which he is to do—his orders come to him in the form of an instruction sheet. This sheet contains a detailed description of the action that goes into the scene. Along with the instruction sheet each artist receives what they call an "exposure sheet"—describing the music that goes along with the action.

The idea of synchronizing musical "beats" with animated action is purely mathematical. The artist knows that there are exactly sixteen frames of picture in one foot of film and he knows that this is run in projection, in your theatre, at the exact speed of twenty-four frames a second. The exposure sheet, therefore, is laid out in a manner that conforms to one foot of film. In other words, on the exposure sheet, spaces are provided to correspond with frames of film, and sixteen spaces on the exposure sheet represent one foot of film. One space on the artist's exposure sheet represents one frame of film—or one drawing.

As mentioned already, it is on the artist's exposure sheet that the music is indicated—music fitting the action described in the instruction sheet.

Each "beat" of music is placed opposite the particular position of action with which it must correspond when finished. As the spaces on the exposure sheet account for every frame of film, a separate drawing must appear in every space, and each space is numbered in order. Therefore, whenever a certain position of action is to correspond with a particular beat of music, a musical symbol is placed on that numbered space on the exposure sheet opposite the particular position of action with which it is to correspond in that musical beat. Thus the action and music, or sound effect to fit that action, are tied together—and later are transferred to film.

When you see and hear Lawrence Tibbett singing a song on the screen, you know that the photographing of his acting and the recording of his song were done simultaneously.

When you see Mickey leading his orchestra—you know, if the above explanation is clear, that the artist produces a series of drawings of Mickey, which, when projected onto a screen at the rate of twenty-four pictures a second, provide the visual illusion of acting. When the artist makes these drawings, his instructions as to what to draw are accompanied by an explanation of what sound will accompany the action.

After the artists have completed their animation of the action, their drawings are then traced onto transparent celluloid sheets and subsequently painted or "filled in" by girl artists. These "fillers-in" require little talent, of course.

The celluloid sheets—tracings of the artists' drawings—are then ready

for photographing, frame for frame in numerical sequence. The photographing of the drawings is done against an appropriate background which gives the picture its depth and character. That is, the tracings of course are on the transparent celluloid—and the background drawing is photographed through the transparent drawing of the action.

As the photographer, or cameraman as he would be called in most studios, makes his photograph of each drawing in turn he carefully checks the action back to the exposure sheet used by the artist when he made each drawing.

The musical arranger also watches each drawing as it goes before the camera—and studies each exposure sheet as it is laid out. He writes his music to conform to the tempo or "beat" as shown on the exposure sheet—and of course, numbers his musical measure.

The orchestra, with its sound-effect men, is thus equipped with musical instructions which correspond to the fraction of a second with the action which has been photographed.

The music is recorded—and the results are (1) a moving-picture film depicting the action of the piece—and (2) a musical recording which fits that action perfectly.

The action and the music are then "developed" on the same sound film—and the result is a Mickey Mouse sound cartoon.

Because of the accuracy of the exposure sheets it is actually feasible to record the music either before or after producing the moving picture. Because of the mathematical accuracy of the instructions—perfect synchronization is the result when the "movie" and the "sound" are matched up—developed together on sound film.

ON THE whole the production of Mickey Mouse pictures and the Silly Symphonies is accomplished with rare smoothness. There is very little of the hectic turmoil that makes life what it is for those connected with film studios producing regulation canned drama.

The technical end of the business of bringing Mickey into being runs an untroubled course and it is only now and again that through the Disney organization there re-echoes the troublous times—those days of doubt that were a part of Mickey's beginning.

The chimera that disturbs the sleep of the motion-picture producer, the censorship bane, has once or twice protruded its annoying and wraith-like form into Mickey's studio.

Just recently, after occupying a palladium of screen virtue for two years, Mickey Mouse got a taste of censor trouble because a certain octopus, appearing in a minor roll, forgot the dignity of Walt Disney productions so far as to indulge in that indication of derision known as the "Shanghai Gesture."

That is, the octopus thumbed his nose.

An unusual angle is that this somewhat plebian method of signifying contempt has gone unscathed in countless films that have come forth from Hollywood.

You've seen it yourself.

Maybe the powers that be figure that Mickey sets an example for every second child in the country, and for that reason must keep his pictures free from even minor instances of corrupting influences.

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"IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE!"

THE LITTLE MOUSE THAT MADE A MILLION

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In a picture released as "The Beach Party," Mickey and his associates engage in a terrific battle with an octopus. They succeed in lassoing the marine terror with an anchor rope and drive him back into the water.

In his own element the octopus manages to free himself and in the final fadeout of the picture he raises one of his tentacles, equipped with a hand and fingers, to his nose.

He multiplies the offense, successively adding each of his tentacles to the eight-fold barrage of derision.

The thing, on the screen, was decidedly funny—and it is unfortunate that the inestimable volume of child laughter that this gag would have caused throughout the world had to be muffled.

However, maybe it was all very naughty of the octopus. In any event Walt had to make a new ending for the picture.

Such incidents cause a slight upset in the happy routine of Walt's organization.

Prior to the two-year record of unimpeachable discreetness there were other instances of censor trouble. An Ohio censorship board banned a Mickey Mouse film once because the source of cow's milk was disclosed with accuracy. Clarabelle Cow, the bovine in question, has since that time been obliged to wear a skirt.

Canadian censors once gummed up one of Mickey's epics because a frolicking fish forgot himself and actually slapped a figure which adorned the bow of a schooner. The figure was the orthodox wooden mermaid, and it seems the bad, bad fish should not have raised his fin to slap the mermaid playfully on the exact spot where a mermaid should be slapped.

In Germany an austere board of censors became indignant when an army of cats, wearing stahlhelms, or German war helmets, were pictured in battle with an army of mice under the command of General M. Mouse. Perhaps the Germans were right and national dignity was insulted.

Since this last ukase from the throne of film supervision (the octopus incident) Mickey has been on particularly good behavior.

If Walt Disney ever gets mad it's when it becomes necessary to tear down a section of a film and rebuild in the interests of alleged decency, or for any other reason.

After all, Mickey is business with Walt, and to remake ten feet of film costs in time and trouble and money three times what it costs to make an original fifty-foot sequence.

It pays to be good even if you're only a mouse who popped out of the inkwell of America's most affluent artist—a fellow they all call Walt.



SORE THROAT

ANY little soreness in the throat grows rapidly worse if neglected. Crush three tablets of Aspirin in some water, and gargle at once. This gives you instant relief, and reduces danger from infection. One good gargle and you can feel safe. If all soreness is not gone promptly, repeat. There's usually a cold with the sore throat, so take two tablets to throw off your cold, headache, stiffness or other cold symptoms. Aspirin relieves neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, toothache, earache and other needless pain. Use it freely; Aspirin does not hurt the heart or upset the stomach. Physicians recommend it. Sold at drug-stores everywhere. It is important that you get Aspirin and not a substitute, so look for the name Aspirin on the package when you buy. Other things which you may be asked to try, do not act like Aspirin and do not achieve the same results.

(MADE IN CANADA)

A S P I R I N

TRADE-MARK REG.



The above picture, taken by W. Lawrence of West Vancouver, B.C., won first prize in the Canadian Scenery Class of the recent Kodak International Competition.

STOP *those* RUNS

STOCKING S-T-R-A-I-N

comes when you cross knees, bend, pull garters tight. If elasticity has been lost, threads break, starting runs.

Preserve the
ELASTICITY★
that makes
stockings WEAR

DO YOU KNOW what causes those ruinous runs?

New stockings are *elastic*—they give under strain, stretch and then spring back again. When this precious elasticity is destroyed, the silk threads, instead of giving, *break* under strain. At the least provocation! It is then that runs start!

That is why Lux is made to *preserve* the elasticity that makes the sheerest stockings really wear.

Just follow this 2-minute way each night:

★The Lux Way to make stockings last twice as long

Wash after EACH wearing. Perspiration left in stockings or underthings will actually rot the silk.

Don't rub with cake soap. It destroys the elasticity of the silk, making it lifeless, apt to break into runs and become ill-fitting. With Lux there's no rubbing.

Don't use too-warm water—this fades colour. Lux may be dissolved in hot water but the suds should be lukewarm for washing.

Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which robs silk of its life, weakens threads, fades colours. Lux has no harmful alkali.

Wash this 2-minute way:

- 1 One teaspoon of Lux for each pair of stockings.
- 2 Squeeze the gentle suds through and through your stockings, rinse well.

MILLIONS
of women find Lux in the dish-
pan the world's cheapest
beauty care for the hands.
Costs less than 1c a day.

LUX for stockings 2 minutes a day
keeps them like new

CAN CANADA WIN THE DAVIS CUP?

Continued from page 26

suspense. Their interest is in studying the sweeping grace of Brown's back-hand, the terrific power of Green's smashing service, or the astute generalship of White's baseline play. They are hounds for microscopic detail, these tennis fans, and should you, being an uncouth barbarian, ignorant of the fine points of the game, incline to yawn openly and loudly enquire when something is going to happen, you will be cast, with curses, into those outer darknesses where languish the uncouth Boeotians who would rather see a good fight.

But, on this bright May day, when Rainville was drawn to meet Wood in Davis Cup play, a good third of the spectators were rank and file French-Canadian Montrealers, whose interest in tennis, as tennis, was scant, and who were present solely because the word had been passed that Marcel Rainville, the boy from St. Lambert, the graduate of Parc Lafontaine, might possibly beat Sidney Wood, the New Yorker, a first choice Davis Cup player from the States, heir to the traditions of Johnson and Tilden and Richards. True, Rainville was ranked below Dr. Jack Wright in the tennis aristocracy, and Wright was conceded no chance at all to turn back Frank Shields, but what of that? A Canadian victory was out of the question, but a Rainville victory was a distinct possibility; and it was the Rainville-Wood match that most of the folks in the public stands had come out to see.

Physically, the contrast between the two men was startling, almost comic. Marcel Rainville is short and slightly built, with a dark complexion that borders on the sallow. Wood, obviously younger than his opponent—at the time, he was nineteen and Rainville was twenty-five—is a good six feet tall, ruddy cheeked, almost a towhead, and strong as an ox. As the older man, Rainville had put in more hours of tennis than had Wood, but the American had played in stiffer competition against more expert opposition, and the one sure way to develop tennis skill is through constant tribulation at the hands of players of superior genius.

Nevertheless, in five hard sets, Rainville won. Wood used everything he had against the fragile-appearing Canadian, but it wasn't enough. The American's game, especially his service, was vastly more powerful than Rainville's, but it was not as steady. Sheer determined courage linked with superior generalship turned the scale that afternoon, and at last, after twelve years of effort, Canada had registered her first victory over the United States in Davis Cup tennis.

IN ORDER to obtain the proper perspective on Rainville's triumph, it is necessary briefly to summarize the not very inspiring history of Canada's Davis Cup experience. The Dominion first entered this broadest of all international sports competitions in 1913, when the Canadian team beat South Africa in the first round, and Belgium in the second, only to be squashed, 5-0, by the United States in the finals. Australasia beat us, 5-0, in 1914. Between 1914 and 1921 Canada did not enter for the obvious reason that you cannot fight an international war and play international tennis at the same time. We returned to the competition in 1921, and again were badly beaten in the first round by Australasia. We dropped out in 1922, but returned in 1923. Every year since then Canada has entered a team for

the Davis Cup, but the results have on no occasion been such as to incite the populace to dance in the market places. Up to last May twelve years of struggle had brought us to the finals only once, and only twice had we survived the first round. We had beaten South Africa once, Belgium once, and Cuba twice. Japan had beaten us four times, Cuba once, Australasia three times, and the United States three times. Adding insult to injury, Australasia and the United States both had dipped us in the whitewash at every meeting. We had won but nineteen matches in all, had lost fifty-one, and the United States had taken thirteen matches from us, without a single Canadian victory. We had not won a Davis Cup match since 1928.

In these circumstances, to beat the United States, though only in one match, and although we lost the round, was a great deal more important than it appears on the surface. The American team was acknowledged to be one of the best in the world, a dangerous threat for the Cup, with an even chance to beat England or France, or both. Despite the youth of the United States players, they were all experienced performers in international competition. Rainville's win was no fluke, but the richly-earned reward of a well-fought battle against a clever and powerful adversary.

THIS doesn't mean that Canada is ready to step out this year and win the Davis Cup. Or next year. It does mean that new hope, new encouragement has been bestowed upon the hundreds of ambitious young players, from whose ranks future Davis Cup teams must be drafted. If one Canadian player can win a Davis Cup match from a United States entry, another can, too, and another. There are plenty of potential Rainvilles in this country, but they need to be developed, brought along, stimulated. Canada's win last May should be a big help in this direction. It gives the younger generation of players a mark to shoot at, with a reasonable expectation of hitting it.

Two seasons at least, perhaps three or four, must pass before we can develop a team which would be a real threat in international competition. Right now our top flight tennis isn't good enough to beat the United States, Great Britain or France, on equal terms. This year's Davis Cup team will be no stronger than last year's, and it may not be as strong. Dr. Jack Wright is now on the staff of a Vancouver hospital, and he may not be able to spare the time for tennis, although the word so far is that he will again be a candidate for the team. Wright is the current Canadian champion, and unquestionably the ranking player in the Dominion. He could have beaten Wood, just as Rainville did, but instead he was drawn against Frank Shields, a smarter player, who was just enough better than Wood to be too good for Wright. Rainville, runner-up to Wright in the Dominion singles, and partner of Wright in the doubles championship, of course will again be on the squad, and on their showing at Vancouver, Gilbert Nunns and Walter Martin are the logical second-string selections. Willard Crocker, who played all through his brilliant career with one knee in a leather harness, injured his other knee last summer, and with both knees gone is out of the international picture, probably for keeps. [Cont'd on page 51]

CAN CANADA WIN THE DAVIS CUP?

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The inexorable years will cross out Dr. Wright and Marcel Rainville in due course, perhaps before very long. Wright is close on thirty. Rainville is twenty-six, and not physically robust. Last year and this he is giving his best of time and effort to his tennis, but he has a law business to look after as well, and it is certain that he will not continue to devote three-quarters of his time to practice and tournament play for an indefinite number of years, as he now is doing.

Immediately below Wright and Rainville come Nunns and Martin, both of them young, big and strong. Gilbert Nunns in recent years has not played tennis as consistently or as often as a man must who intends to go in for international competition. He ranked number ten in 1926, moved to third place in 1927, and with Crocker out of the game, is a logical number three this year, but meanwhile Rainville has passed him, and Martin is right on his heels. The Regina boy is regarded as the most promising of all Canada's prospects for the immediate future. He has the physique and the skill, and his play has shown steady improvement since he first appeared in the Canadian first ten in 1927-28. Also, and at least of equal importance, he is financially in a position where he can, if he chooses, afford the time and the money to play the year round in tournaments abroad, and so gain the experience against keen competition that is an absolute necessity for a successful tennis career in these strenuous days.

Canada can count on Nunns and Martin with reasonable assurance for the next five or six years; but the real strength of the Dominion's position is in the tremendous and increasing reserve force of younger players who right now are showing at least the beginnings of tennis genius.

These are the kids who will be Davis Cup material between 1935 and 1940, when Canada should be making her strongest bid for world supremacy; and these, too, are the youngsters whose ambitions were quickened by the fact of Rainville's defeat of Sidney Wood last May.

AS THE 1932 tennis season starts these youngsters are keen and eager, filled with spirit and ambition and fight, and there are plenty of them. Affiliated with the Canadian Lawn Tennis Association through their respective Provincial Associations are something like two hundred and ninety tennis clubs. The official C.L.T.A. Handbook for 1930-1931 credits Ontario with sixty-seven clubs; Quebec, fifty-six; Alberta, forty-eight; British Columbia, forty; Manitoba, twenty-six; Saskatchewan, twenty-four; Nova Scotia, eighteen; and New Brunswick, eleven. If we allow an average of only two promising youngsters to each club—a ridiculously low estimate—Canada has more than five hundred young players from among whom to develop four superlative performers of Davis Cup calibre.

Since 1890, the year of the first Canadian championship tournament, tennis in the Dominion has never been so prosperous as it is today. Never before have we had so many clubs, so many players, so much public enthusiasm for the game, or so much do-or-die ambition among the younger performers.

After the Canadian championships last fall, Jack Wright and Marcel Rainville played a series of exhibition games through the West. They returned to Montreal chuck full of

confidence in the future of Canadian tennis. "I have never seen so many likely looking young players as we encountered on our exhibition tour," Dr. Wright told me at that time. "There is scads of material. The immediate job is to see that it is properly developed."

In recent years Canada's Davis Cup teams have been drawn almost exclusively from Montreal and Toronto, with an occasional entry from the Pacific Coast. Walter Martin's presence on the 1931 squad, and the certainty of the Regina star's inclusion in this year's quartette, has broken down this monopoly. Future tennis greats are just as likely to come from Halifax or Winnipeg or from any way-station in between.

Among the younger players whose form is highly thought of and whose future careers are to be scrutinized closely are Musgrave of Halifax; Milne and Verley of Vancouver, the former a son of the veteran Davis Cup player, A. S. Milne, the latter a son of the Vancouver Club's professional; Cairns of Saskatchewan, Haydon of Calgary, Piggott of Hamilton, Burnand of Toronto, and Goodwin of Ottawa.

Montreal has a prolific crop of young players this year, many of them French-Canadians, and that is a significant development. The metropolis expects especially big things of such promising members of the younger tennis set as Laird Watt, who holds the Ontario Junior title, Bob Murray, Eastern Canada Junior Champion, and McGill's best player of 1931; and the three outstanding French-Canadian boys, Leo Boucher, the Intercollegiate champion, Roland Longtin and H. P. Emard. Longtin and Emard form a particularly capable doubles team. They went to the semi-finals in the Indoor Championships and then carried the team of George Lott and Marcel Rainville to four sets.

This handful of names by no means pretends to be a complete roster of Canada's junior players who are showing exceptional promise. Every province has its quota of potential stars. New names are crowding the spotlight every year, and it is by no means impossible that two or three season's play may bring to the front a complete new Davis Cup team. Another interesting possibility is that the Davis Cup entry eventually may be completely French-Canadian. Certainly the French citizens of the province of Quebec are now showing a keener interest in tennis than they have ever done before, and the skill of the youthful Boucher, Longtin and Emard may be taken as indication that the French-speaking people do not lack worthy successors to their past and present stars, E. H. Laframboise and Marcel Rainville.

Certainly Canada can win the Davis Cup. Her population today is as great as was that of Australia in that Commonwealth's great days of Brooks and Patterson and Wilding. Her enthusiasm for tennis is today at the highest pitch in the game's history, and the raw material for a world's championship team is now learning to drive service aces and cultivating its baseline technique on hundreds of playing surfaces throughout the land.

Whether or not this wealth of young material is to be efficiently developed, taught, educated and encouraged to the point where a Canadian Davis Cup team will constitute a real threat, is entirely in the hands of the Dominion and provincial officials. The opportunity and the responsibility both are theirs.

How much should a healthy baby sleep?



YOUR BABY SHOULD SLEEP

- Nearly all the time for the first few weeks
- 18 to 20 hours a day during the second and third months.
- 16 to 18 hours a day during the fourth and fifth months.
- 12 hours at night and two 2-hour day naps from 6 to 12 months.
- 12 hours at night and one 2-hour day nap during second year.

SLEEP . . . the blessed place where babies go to get a new supply of energy for active hours awake.

According to the "sleep schedule" worked out by authorities, your baby should spend the greater part of every day in *quiet, restful sleep*.

Restless, troubled sleep is only half efficient. Every mother knows that this kind of sleep means fretful waking hours.

When your baby tosses and cries out in his sleep, it means he is not comfortable. It may be an overloaded stomach, a starting cold, a little fever.

More often than not the trouble is that poisonous waste matter is not being carried off as it should be and bowels need a little help. Mild, gentle help—but effective. Just such help as Castoria gives.

Castoria, you know, is an old, old remedy made specially for children's ailments. For more than 30 years it has eased the pain of colic in young infants;

has helped to keep older children free from school-age ailments.

Castoria is easy and mild in action, as a children's regulator ought to be. Yet you can always depend on it.

In spite of your watchful care, little upsets are bound to come. Then is the time for a prompt dose of Castoria to urge bowels to act, and bring the relaxed comfort that is necessary for restful sleep.

A noted baby specialist's method is to give Castoria at night, with no supper, nothing but water until morning.

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A pure vegetable preparation, nothing harmful, nothing harsh
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THE PRICE OF THE PAST PARTICIPLE

Continued from page 28

"I'll see," said Ford. "How much will they loan?"

"About a third of the value of your collateral."

"Thanks. Good-bye."

He looked at his watch. It was five minutes past seven. He had only fifteen minutes more at the outside. He remembered a pawn-shop near the opera-house. His knowledge of those Meccas of impoverished youth was vague, as he had never before in his well-ordered life been found without some preparation for any emergency that might befall, or some adequate resource upon which he could depend. Now he had less than fifteen minutes in which to obtain sixty-five dollars, or lose his seats, disappoint his friends, distress his wife, and humiliate himself. After that he had still to find the money wherewith to purchase the supper.

He ran out of the telephone station, hailed a passing cab, and drove to his office, where he ran up six flights of stairs, seized his suit-case, and plunged down to the cab again, bidding the man "drive like the devil" to the pawn shop. As he left the cab, still panting from his run up and down stairs, he looked at his watch. It was fifteen minutes past seven.

"What will you give me for the suit I have on?" he asked the pawnbroker. "It's new."

The man fingered the coat. "Sixteen dollars," he said.

"And my watch?" continued Ford.

"Twenty-five dollars," said the pawnbroker, after an examination.

"I must have more than that," said Ford.

"What else have you got?" asked the man.

"Nothing," said Prentiss. Then his glance fell on a card upon which were displayed some cheap imitation-pearl studs. "Hold on," he exclaimed. He opened his suit-case and took the pearl studs from his dress-shirt. The pawnbroker examined them carefully.

"Twenty dollars," he said.

"How much are those?" asked Ford, indicating the imitations.

"Seventy-five cents."

"That will do," promptly replied Ford. "I'll take those, and you may have these." In the meantime he had found his pumps. "How much for my shoes?" he went on, putting up his foot for examination.

"Two dollars."

"Very well," he agreed. "Have you a place where I can change my clothes?"

He was taken into an evil-smelling apartment, where he quickly dressed, packing his business suit in the suit-case.

"How much for the case?" he asked, as he came out.

"Three dollars."

"All right. The clothes are packed in it, and here's the watch. Hurry up!"

But the old man wished to be thoroughly assured that all that he had paid for was in the case. After having satisfied himself on this point, he deliberately counted out sixty-six dollars, and gave Ford the customary tickets for the redemption of the goods.

AS PRENTISS was leaving the opera-house, after having secured the seats, he heard someone call:

"Hullo, Ford!"

Turning, he saw Ogden Pomeroy.

"What are you doing down here all alone?" asked Pomeroy. "And where's Stella?"

"Stella is dining with the Babcocks," replied Prentiss. "I was busy and

couldn't go, and I came down here a little early to make sure of my seats. I hadn't been able to get down for my tickets before."

"Business must be rushing with you," remarked his friend. "Where are you going now? Aren't you going to wait until the rest come?"

"No," said Ford, thinking of his supper. "I—the truth is, I'm looking for a man."

"Won't I do?" asked Pomeroy. "Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks. I'm in a deuce of a hurry."

"It must be a case of 'battle, murder, and sudden death' to hurry you!" rejoined Pomeroy, laughing. "Can I be of any assistance?"

"Why—er—no," began Ford, and then he hesitated. Pomeroy was a bachelor and a good fellow; he could be relied upon to keep his own counsel, and the case was becoming desperate.

"I'm at your service," said Ogden.

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm somewhat short of money. I have been unexpectedly called upon for a large amount," explained Prentiss, with a last effort to preserve his dignity, "and it has left me without enough to pay for the supper I want to give after the opera. If you happen to have twenty or thirty dollars about you—"

Pomeroy groaned, and putting his hand in his pocket, brought out a handful of small change. "That's all I have," he said, ruefully, "that and my commutation ticket."

Ford looked his disappointment. "Oh, well, never mind," he said, after a moment. "I'll manage somehow."

Thereupon Pomeroy conceived an idea that he felt to be brilliantly original in its association with Prentiss Ford. "Why don't you pawn something?" he asked. "There's a little shop down here, where—"

"Man," said Prentiss, "I've pawned the clothes off my back, the shoes off my feet, and the jewels out of my shirt-front!"

Then the whole story came out, interrupted by shouts of laughter from Pomeroy.

"Here!" he cried, when Prentiss had finished. "Come on! I have my watch. We'll pawn that! Certainly we will!" he persisted, in answer to Ford's protests. "It's the least I can do for you!"

Ogden's watch brought seventeen dollars and a half, but by adding his fob and a quaint and valuable ring that he wore they obtained a sum that they felt would be sufficient.

When the rest of the party arrived at the opera-house they found their host and Pomeroy unconcernedly smoking and chatting near the entrance, and Ford received the greetings of his guests as calmly as if this entertainment had been as entirely of his planning as they believed it to be, while Stella was exquisitely radiant.

After they were seated in the boxes Mr. Babcock said to his wife; "Prentiss Ford is a noteworthy young man. He has always lived well within his income, and he must be meeting with remarkable success to be able to give an entertainment like this!" But it was not until the next day that Prentiss fully realized what his past participle had done for him. Then it was that John S. Babcock came into his office and said:

"Mr. Ford, my attorney, Mr. Mayhew, has been called away, and I am redistributing some of my business. Do you think you could find time to help me out?"

Prentiss thought he could.

PORCH AND GARDEN FURNITURE

Continued from page 30

the canvas of the swing when the weather looks cloudy or over night.

The rubberized materials are most interesting. Chintz may be had in the usual chintz patterns and colorings or in solid colors of more vivid shades than we associate with chintz. The only objection to the daily use of glazed chintz is the difficulty in getting it re-glazed. Once it has lost its first crispness it is extremely hard to restore it. But rubberized taffeta, celanese and satin are practical and smart. They wear well and always look well.

A fabric which has sprung into popularity is homespun. While it is not advisable to have homespun covers for furniture which is left out the whole season, cushions which are brought in at nightfall may be made up to look very smart. Homespun has an informal, outdoors-y feeling which harmonizes with outdoor furnishings.

So many times people would like more decorative flowerpots for outside use. The average clay pot has little to recommend it from a decorative point of view and glazed, bright colored jardinières are too perishable to leave outside for storm and wind to play with. Now, there have been made some pots and jardinières of various sizes just for this purpose. The material is *papier maché* which many people will remember as a favorite of Victorian days.

These jars range in size from six inches in diameter to large urns which we used to see flanking the entrances of great estates. There are even tubs large enough for hydrangeas and oleanders. They are highly ornamental, plain or covered with design. The most popular color is peacock blue.

There are special types of pottery and glassware for summer use. Tableware is extra heavy, to prevent accidents perhaps, and the patterns are bold and amusing. Certain forms of paper have been used for plates, cups and saucers. These are somewhat different from the plain white paper tableware which we use for picnics, and much nicer to use.

Paper table cloths and serviettes are in quite good taste for summer tables. Oilcloth, the perennial favorite, is being made into most attractive cloths.

Women who like to sew make up cotton crepe into table linen. It is a pleasant occupation for a summer's day. Simply fringe the edges, no hems, and embroider or applique a design in one or all four corners. The pastel shades make enchanting backgrounds for the flowered chinaware which is so popular nowadays.

A very pretty ensemble of table linen consists of a pale green cloth which has a design appliqued in rose, yellow and mauve. The serviettes are made of these colors, one of each and one of green, and a smaller design of the same

one used for the cloth is put in each corner. These cloths are easily washed and require no ironing.

Another material which is useful for table linens is gingham. Make place mats or runners of this and border with rickrack braid or bias tape.

MANY families are converting their roofs into roof gardens. With boxes of flowers and gay lanterns, a swing and some comfortable chairs, the roof becomes a pleasant retreat. If there is a large family, Mother and Father will be glad of a place of their own away from the crowds.

Have you ever thought of making a terrace? They are so attractive, and not difficult or expensive. If there is a place at the corner of the house which can be used for a terrace, mark off the area you wish to use. Then fit into it flag stones, made of irregular pieces of street paving. In every town of any size streets are torn up in summer to put down new roads or gas pipes or sewers or something. The town is usually glad to have someone take them away. Simply fit the pieces into the ground in any sort of hit or miss way and there is a floor. Now, if you want to, put an awning over this, or not as you please. If you put your summer chairs and swing out here, a bridge lamp or two, and some plants, it will be one of the most frequented spots around the house.

The floor on the veranda is seldom attractive. Why not put some linoleum down? It is waterproof and will last for years.

In districts which are infested with mosquitoes the enclosed porch is the popular type. If the windows are fitted with vita glass sun baths can be indulged in as long as the weather is warm enough, even during sunny days in winter, particularly if the porch is at the back. An outdoors atmosphere can be created with growing plants, outdoor furniture and gay colors.

If you have not a proper garden, nor yet a suitable porch for outdoor relaxation, why not convert a tiny back yard into a terrace and have a "pot" garden, as they do in so many places in Europe? In crowded districts, the flower hungry natives grow all sorts of plants in pots. They put them on stairways, they train vines to climb the fence, they have urns and jars with growing flowers in every conceivable spot. A large umbrella at one corner would be gay and colorful. What a place for afternoon tea!

The accessories for summer use are made of iron, largely. There are magazine stands, ash trays that rest on the ground, there are end tables, and stands for flowers or refreshments. There are metal flower boxes, too. There are metal brackets for the wall of the porch which hold crystal bowls or lanterns.



"I like it"

I HOPE I'm a little different from most girls in lots of ways. But I know I'm just like most women in this respect. I don't like to be argued with. I don't like to be preached to. And I won't be frightened into things! I like what I like. And I like a toothpaste with a clean, keen, refreshing flavor. I like to know that my dentist approves. And mine does! He says that all any toothpaste can do is clean teeth. And no toothpaste can do that better than Colgate's. So—I would just like to know why I should pay more than 25 cents for toothpaste? That's all I have to pay for Colgate's!

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and special recipes.



W.H

MATRIMONY AND THE MATTER OF MONEY

Continued from page 13

Stop her pay, and turn her out, what about it?

There is this about it: with the necessary cash and necessary capital, she starts a brand-new business of her own and hires you.

"I shall make my own investments," she says, "and draw my own dividends not only from business but from life generally. My work shall not be guided by my sex but solely by my capacity."

There is another reason why we may feel that Mrs. Pethick Lawrence is unduly alarmed concerning the possible retrogression of the woman's movement. It lies in the fact that one of the most conservative governments in the world—that of Great Britain—has put into effect a law called "The Sex Disqualification Act." Clause I of this enactment reads, "A person shall not be disqualified by sex or marriage from the exercise of any public function or from being appointed to or holding any civil or judicial office or post, or from entering or assuming or carrying on any civil profession or vocation."

This law is also in force in the province of Alberta in Canada.

TO ALLAY any unnecessary heat in the hearts or heads of our readers, we will agree right here that we are not entirely in accord with that statement of Mr. W. L. George that "the home is the girl's prison and woman's workhouse."

On the contrary, we are profoundly persuaded that the average woman prefers to be a housekeeper—in her earlier years anyway—and to give her whole time to the rearing of her family. After all, it is quite a happiness to spill out one's heart in rocking hymns to one's children, or to play with them in the great and lovely game of "make pretend."

We are equally persuaded that there are multitudes of other women who, for various causes, wish or are obliged to do otherwise.

Primarily, women are human beings of the mother-sex, just as men are human beings of the father-sex, with all the duties of human beings, applying these to the special duties of parenthood as occasion may warrant.

Parenthood is not in itself a trade. Neither should it be a penalty.

Men combine home and office work in a most admirable manner. The very best of business men make the family garden, tend the furnace, dry the dishes, turn the washer, hang pictures, paint the kitchen floor, make dinners and even care for the children. Because they do both, it does not necessarily follow that either their homes or their business is neglected.

And, even so, marriage and motherhood need not be a hindrance but rather an inspiration to industrial or professional work—that is presuming the woman to have the physical and mental capability.

Women who learn to manage a business, observing its hours, routine, necessity for promptness, restraint, efficiency and economy are bound to bring these qualifications to the better management of their homes. Besides these qualifications, she inevitably improves her home by bringing to it the riches of mind which should always come from experience and a broadened outlook. Be this as it may, the truly contented women are those who have both a home and a profession.

And when we have said all on the subject of married women earning their livelihood outside the so-called

"sphere of domestic duties," we are forced to the conclusion that the decision can only be made by the individual, and is one in which no general rule can be proclaimed. To the woman herself must be left the question of how best to shape her life in order to secure the happiness and welfare of her home, should she be fortunate enough to have a home.

OPPONENTS to married women taking work outside their homes urge that this procedure tends to cause divorce. So far, the only person speaking with authority upon this point is Judge George F. Rush, who has handled thousands of divorce cases in Chicago. He believes, on the contrary, that the wife who works for wages outside the home is one of the big reasons why the divorce rate is not higher. When both husband and wife are working, the money problem is taken care of, more married misery being caused by lack of money than by anything else. All over the world wives are putting up with the immoral conduct of their husbands, but when the husband supports his paramour instead of his wife the crisis comes—that is to say the divorce.

Everyone who has to do with court-work knows that when a man marries, he does not invariably support his wife. It may be that he cannot, or because he will not, or because he wants to use her money first.

Besides, our mode of living has changed of late years in that our needs have changed. We must have theatre and rink tickets, golf, skating, hockey and club memberships; we must carry an insurance policy (indeed, three or four if we fail to resist the agents); take a month's holidays; pay income and business taxes; pay for education that once was free as the air, and things like that. He is a fairly rich man who can carry the dead-weight of an average family today without the assistance of his wife, or without borrowing money, or without using his friends' or employer's money.

Yes, we feel quite sure of it; nothing makes a man appreciate his wife more fully than the fact that she can equal his own pay cheque the year round for, in supporting a family, money has to be discernible by more than the eye of faith. . . . Indeed it has.

"But still, she neglects her children by going into industry," you reiterate once more.

Good Sirs and Madams, the statutes of each of the Canadian Provinces which govern the neglect of children give a score, or maybe two score of offences that constitute such a neglect on the part of the parents. In this respect, nothing has escaped the attention of our legislators.

Up to date, none of the lists has set it forth that the mother who works outside of her home neglects her children. Did she, however, fail to provide them with food, shelter, clothing, and medical attendance; did she turn her home into a place of prostitution or of any other vice, then she becomes amenable to a law that not only fines and imprisons her, but may deprive her of the custody of her children forever without any chance of her ever seeing them again.

REFERRING to the matter of women workers, it was only the other day that Dr. Charles Richet of France had the astounding temerity to say that it should be made illegal for women to earn money. He does

[Continued on page 58]

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

THE COMPANY SECRETARY

J.A.B., British Columbia: We are in agreement with your suggestion that within reason young men should not hesitate to act as secretaries in connection with local societies of various kinds. All of these societies keep minutes of their proceedings and the secretaries are thereby afforded opportunities for the cultivation of skill in recording proceedings of meetings.

Pitman's How to Take Minutes points out that in these days, when almost any business may be suddenly converted from a one-man concern or a partnership venture into a joint-stock company with its full panoply of directors, secretary, auditor and other officers, a member of the clerical staff may unexpectedly find himself invited to accept a secretarial post. His new duties will include attending board meetings and meetings of shareholders, taking minutes of their proceedings, writing up those minutes, and afterwards reading them aloud for confirmation or correction at a subsequent meeting. These minutes are important, since they constitute the official record of what takes place when the directors or shareholders meet together to deliberate upon the affairs of the company. It is necessary, therefore, that the secretary should have clear ideas as to how minutes are to be taken, what facts it is essential that they should preserve, and the form in which they should be written up.

EXPORT POSITION

J.E.S., Fort William: The number of Canadian firms having on their payroll clerks in offices abroad, is somewhat limited. Still, there are such positions, and if you feel confident of your ability to meet the requirements, I should not care to discourage you.

Many such employees are sent abroad by English firms and the requirements for candidates for such positions have recently been outlined as follows:

1. Enthusiastic to go abroad.
2. Expert at the particular business.
3. Good knowledge of the language of the country.
4. Knowledge of the mentality of the country.
5. Ability to take responsibility.

The same writer remarks that No. 4 is very important and that the growing national consciousness, or self-consciousness, throughout the world, including our dominions overseas, demands a temperament that is sometimes difficult to find in the average Englishman—one can more easily find it north of the Tweed. It is, in fact, a remarkable characteristic of the Scot that he appears to be able to assimilate his surroundings quickly and readily.

It is further added that another method which is likely to be successful is to select suitable young men born and bred in the various overseas territories, and bring them home for training, eventually to return as expert members of the overseas staff. Which-ever method is adopted, careful selection is essential at the outset, supplemented by specialized training directed towards a definite objective.

TOO OLD AT EIGHTEEN

D.S., Nova Scotia: You are not the first who has told us of the difficulties of the student who is about eighteen years of age, in securing a start. There are still many employers who prefer to take in boys of fifteen

or sixteen years of age. Too often, the youth of eighteen has not sufficient technical training to make his services attractive and at the same time industrial firms do not care to ask him to take a position that a boy of fifteen could fill.

The problem has arisen also in England and recently was commented on as follows in Pitman's Journal of Commercial Education:

"They have been quite brusquely denied the start that would have been theirs almost automatically at sixteen years of age in the municipal service, in the professions of accountancy, banking and insurance, and in the import and the export trade. They have seen schoolfellows of inferior abilities and considerably smaller attainments secure rapid promotion in walks of life that are apparently quite closed to them after they have made the considerable sacrifice entailed in their two years' special preparation for such work. Can it be wondered at that the more astute pupils of secondary schools are tending to leave them as soon as the General School Examination is passed, and thus cut short their school life just at the age when they might gain most from it? Certainly, business men have only themselves to blame if the attainments of their recruits are below the minimum requisite for the complex business world of today."

This is a case, I think, where school authorities and business men should get together. I like the plan that is followed in some Canadian cities of having advisory committees of business and professional men who co-operate with school board officials in trying to ascertain the educational needs of the community. In too many cities, the situation exists of school programmes compiled without a full knowledge of community needs and of business men not knowing at all definitely just what the schools are trying to accomplish.

PARTNERSHIP OR COMPANY

E.K., Alberta: Your plan of starting in business for yourself makes a strong appeal to me; you are of the right age, have a fair amount of capital, and sufficient experience for beginning. You are right, however, in thinking that the undertaking is a little too large to tackle alone. As to the advisability of taking a partner I am somewhat doubtful. Personally, I think a partnership is ideal from many points of view, but so many partnerships have come to grief that in law a saying has arisen, "Partnership is a poor ship to sail in."

An alternative is to form a small company which would have limited liability. The organization expense would be more but the subsequent advantages might well be worth the extra investment. It would be better to secure legal assistance should you decide to organize a company, but in addition you might find it well worth while to secure a copy of Limited Companies and Their Accounts, by Ferguson and Crocombe, from the publishers, The Commercial Text Book Co., 383 Church St., Toronto.

In this book you will find full information about the methods of organization; entries to open the books of account; the keeping of company books and statements, fully illustrated by problems and solutions; financial statements; income tax requirements; books of record; capital subscription; division of shares; issue of stock; operating statements; treatment of interest, and many other points.



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for
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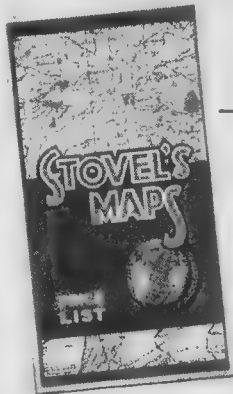
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GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL BONDS

GOVERNMENT and municipal bonds are the most popular securities with investors at the present stage of the business cycle. They are the highest grade of securities it is possible for an investor to buy and people have had so much grief during the past two years with other types of securities that now they will purchase only the best.

The safety of both government and municipal bonds is based on the taxing power and good faith of the state. Unlike corporation bonds they are not a charge on earnings, for, strictly speaking, a public authority has no earnings. It does have the power to tax, however, and this is a very stable and sure source of revenue. It is an old saying that nothing is sure except "death and taxes." Further, in the case of default a bondholder cannot sue the Dominion Government and attach its property, because it is a sovereign state. Theoretically, a municipality may be sued for default of its debentures and a judgment registered against the town hall or other municipal property, but in practice this seldom serves any useful purpose. The holder of municipal securities must depend on the good faith of the municipality for payment.

Governments and municipalities in this country are very jealous of their reputation for paying their obligations, because, for one thing, if a public authority defaults on its obligations, it will have to pay a higher interest rate on its borrowings for generations afterwards. The Dominion Government and our provincial governments have never defaulted on any of their bonds and this is true of most of our cities, towns, counties and townships also. There have been cases, however, where through too great optimism and faith in their communities, or through wasteful and extravagant public administration, municipalities have become so heavily indebted it was beyond the capacity of the tax payers to pay the principal and interest on debentures issued. In most such cases, some sort of a compromise is made with the debenture holders.

There is noticeable a tendency

among investors to place too much blind faith in a security because it is issued by a municipality or a government. Every security before purchase should be carefully investigated. Investment banking houses are only too glad, on request, to furnish figures on the financial standing of governments and municipalities. It may be said that the securities issued by the Dominion, the provinces and the larger cities, are of the very first rank. It is true that some of our provinces, especially in the West, have over-spent in the past few years and have found some difficulty in meeting obligations recently, but the Dominion Government, realizing that a provincial default would seriously injure the credit of the Dominion itself in the financial markets of the world, has come to their aid. In addition, these provinces, faced temporarily with deficits in their accounts, are curtailing expenses and levying new taxes to make sure that revenues will balance expenditures in next year's operations. It may be said that the bonds of the Dominion, of our provinces and our large cities are excellent securities, and they are selling now at prices to yield from 5½ to nearly 6½ per cent. These prices are very attractive; only once or twice in a lifetime is such an investment opportunity presented.

Greater care must be experienced in purchasing the debentures of the smaller towns and municipalities. Some of the most doubtful of such debentures are those of cities and towns that have had a mushroom growth and, overcome with enthusiasm, have rushed headlong into expenditure. Such conditions often prevail in urban townships or other municipalities adjoining large cities. Debentures of towns whose future depends on a single industry, are also to be scrutinized with care, and all municipalities whose tax burden on its citizens is abnormally high.

Heavy unpaid taxes should also instill caution. There are many points to be watched in purchasing debentures issued by municipalities but these must wait for more detailed treatment in our next issue.

WHITE HYACINTHS

BY HILDA HESSON

*Into my eyes the tears unbidden come.
When gazing on your beauty, waxen white,
Your sweet and musky perfume fills my room,
And dusk makes you a tiny ghost of night.*

*Perfection—from a bulb brown and austere,
Sweet beauty, coming at the spring sun's call,*

*You make of life a thing become more dear
And death, you breathe, is not the end of all.*

*You sleep within the earth a little time,
You grow and blossom in a Chinese bowl
You bring to me sweet sorrow, and sad joy
For I have bought "White hyacinths for my soul."*

COMRADES ALL!

BY MARY MATHESON

*If I could live as I would wish
And never turn from truth aside,
If I could follow every step
Of One who essays to be my guide;
And never cast a wistful glance
Toward falsehood and the lesser things
I might become an angel here,
An angel here with "shining wings."*

*But somehow though I fain would try
To follow close the narrow trail,
I find myself oft groping hard
And merely hoping not to fail—*

*And stumbling oft, and treading deep
Within the mire that clings and clings,
While growing dimmer to my sight
Are angels with the "shining wings."*

*And so I wander, travel stained
And footsore up each grimy hill;
Of failures and discouragements
Sometimes I think I've had my fill;
But all along my way have been
(And oh what joy the knowledge brings)
Kind, faithful friends, who failing—try
And try again—what matter "wings?"*

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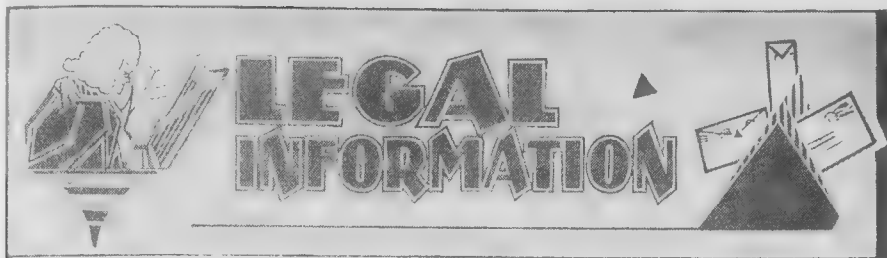
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A LANDLORD in a Western city owned and occupied a building, in one part of which he carried on his business as a dealer in second-hand goods, and in the other part he had a number of apartments or suites which were leased to different tenants. In the lane behind his building he had placed against the side a cupboard which stood on the cement pavement of the lane and on top of the cupboard he had placed five doors, piled loosely one on top of the other. The cupboard was about 3½ ft. in height from the ground, 4 ft. from back to front and 4 ft. long. The doors were about 10 ft. long and about 3 ft. wide and about 3 ins. thick. When placed on top of the cupboard they did not cover the whole of the top from front to rear and projected endwise over the top of the cupboard about 3 ft. on either end. The cupboard and the doors were owned by him.

One of his tenants had a son who was then about ten years of age and who, to the knowledge of the landlord, had been in the habit of playing with other children in the lane. On two occasions the father, thinking that it was dangerous to have the doors and cupboard in the position in which they then were, called the landlord's attention to them and obtained a promise from him that they would be removed. One day the son and another boy of about the same age, while playing in the lane, climbed up on top of the doors. The son went up first and climbed on top. The other boy in climbing up disturbed the doors and just as soon as he got to the top the doors tipped over and the son fell off and in doing so broke his leg.

The father, on behalf of himself and his son, sued the landlord, claiming it was negligence on his part to allow the doors and cupboard to remain in this position, particularly as he had been warned and had promised to have them removed. The Court held that the landlord had placed the cupboard in the lane in which the son was present as was right and which he knew to be frequented by the son and other children for the purpose of playing and that this cupboard, if meddled with, was likely to cause injury.

The landlord tried to set up that the injury was partly caused by the negligence of the son, but the Court further held that he had merely indulged a natural instinct and yielded to a temptation which the landlord provided and the attractiveness and peril of which the landlord knew or ought to have anticipated and which the son did not appear to have appreciated.

The son was seriously injured, having suffered a permanent physical injury to his leg and the Court allowed him \$800 and also allowed his father the expenses to which he had been put in connection with the son's injury.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Haddock P.O., Alta.

(Q) I am a young married woman of English parents. Married in Canada but went with my husband to the U.S.A. Since then have lost my health. I developed T.B. of the lungs, so I came home with my children, and my husband does not support me. He has only sent me \$60 in ten months. He has a job for the Shell Oil Company,

California, U.S.A. for \$120 per month. I would like to know if I can claim support or get a separation allowance. Him being in the U.S.A. and me here in Canada I would like to know the best thing I can do.—"Adrien."

(A) Your husband is always obliged to contribute to your support and to the maintenance of your children. The amount which he should contribute would depend upon his earnings. The above is conditioned upon the usual provisos that you must have been justified in leaving him. If he agreed to the arrangement there should be no question as to his present liability to support you. Your difficulty will be to compel him to supply you with a separation allowance when he is living in the U.S.A. The only way you can compel him to do so would be to take proceedings in the jurisdiction in which he resides in California. This would probably mean that you would have to employ a lawyer in California to make the necessary arrangements for you.

Langley Prairie, B.C.

(Q) Will you please tell me if a debt for housework owing for more than 2 years can be collected now? I worked as housekeeper for a woman whose husband had deserted her but who had four sons working. At that time, they were all under age so I couldn't sue her, but now that the eldest son is of age with steady work and a good wage can I sue her or garnishee his wages, and what would it cost?—Mrs. O.

(A) A debt such as you mention can be collected if action is taken at least within six years of being incurred. It would appear to us that it is more than likely that you were actually hired by the woman so that she is the only one to whom you can look for payment of your wages. You could have sued her whether or not her children were of age. The sons are not legally liable for their mother's debt. If the mother is able to pay, you should take proceedings against her. The costs which you would have to pay would depend upon the amount of your claim, and the cost of serving the papers. We would suggest that you discuss the matter with a solicitor and he can give you accurate information as to costs, etc.

Fort Frances, Ont.

(Q) I have five children, all small. My wife doesn't care for me and the children any more and is falling in love with some man every little while and goes crazy over him, gives herself up to him, goes to dances and all kinds of bad places with him and doesn't seem to have any shame at all. Is there any way that I can stop her? Our home is in her name. I bought the lot, built the house with my money, but signed it over to her. Now she says if I don't like the way she does I can get out, the home is hers and she can bring any man in that she wants. Can she get a divorce in the U.S.A. without me knowing it?—H.J.

(A) Your wife may act as she sees fit and keep any company she desires. If she is unfaithful to you then you are no longer bound to live with her

[Continued on page 58]

ONE TRUSTS AN EXPERIENCED CAPTAIN



During the 63 years of its history The Royal Bank of Canada has encountered every variety of conditions. It has known wars, crop failures, political upheavals, booms and panics. It has met prosperity and depressions and gained strength by experience in adversity. In a stormy sea, one trusts a captain who has weathered storms.

From a small beginning, The Royal Bank of Canada has grown steadily to a position of long-established strength. Today its branches serve every corner of the Dominion and assist Canadian business in a score of foreign lands. The Bank has reached this position because many thousands of people, through successive generations, have found it always fair and dependable in its dealings.

The Royal Bank of Canada today is one of the ten or twelve great banks of the world, with 881 branches, deposits of more than 550 millions and total assets of over 750 mill. ons. Every office of The Bank commands information and experience gained in more than sixty years of effort and has a personnel trained to be efficient and accommodating.



THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital and Reserves - - - \$74,155,106

Total Assets - - - over \$750,000,000

MATRIMONY AND THE MATTER OF MONEY

Continued from page 54

not even seem to allow her the world-old opportunity of earning it by the sale of herself. This too must be without price.

Replying to his grotesque suggestion in *Le Matin*, the Duchess de La Rochefoucauld, President of the Women's Suffrage Union in France, declares that to brutally condemn her sex to misery, ignorance and immorality is even more cruel than the total destruction of coffee, cotton and corn at a time when there are eighteen million unemployed in the world.

Referring to France, she says with ruthless lucidity, "In a country where there are 5,500,000 women who are spinsters, widows or divorced, and where, alas, many mothers have been abandoned, and there are many families in which the income is insufficient or is wasted by drink, to forbid female labor would be to condemn thousands of children to death."

The absurdity of Dr. Richet's statement becomes evident when one considers that in 1926, out of a population of 13,000,000 women over 21 years of age, 7,800,000 (including the agricultural workers) were employed outside their homes.

Presuming any government insane enough to enact such a prohibitory statute, who would support the 7,800,000 women of France and their dependants? . . . Echo answers "who?"

Besides, there is something this European gentleman seems to have forgotten. He has forgotten that those laws which affect over half of the nation are being originated from below by the populace. Laws in France, as elsewhere, have largely ceased to be imposed by one person sitting aloft. He has forgotten too that the new democracy is a human one instead of a masculine monarchy. . . . Yes, that is what we mean; woman is no longer a mere ornament on the prow of any ship of state.

There are difficulties to be overcome, however, and one of these is that so many of our women workers have been pushed into the sweated trades such as the making of toys, artificial flowers and things like that. Time and proper organization among the Union of women workers will indubitably right this difficulty.

Still, even in the sweated trades, many of our women feel themselves to be fortunate in contradistinction to their jobless sisters.

MISS ELIZABETH CHRISTMAN, who was recently appointed by President Hoover to be the Secretary and Treasurer of the National Women's Trade League at Washington, has said of the unemployed women that they are not always easy to find in that they seldom appear in the bread lines even when they are at starvation's door.

"What becomes of the unemployed woman?" she asks, but gives no answer. She need not. We all know the answer. *She becomes unemployable*—next to death, the worst thing that can happen to a woman.

In the so-called "upper circles," this problem does not touch home so often in that these women folk engage themselves in badminton, fancy-work, bridge parties and things like that.

Someone has noted this very thing before (we think it was Trader Horn) when he said, "Aye, Victoria . . . Albert'd have liked to keep her opening bazaars and doing her water colors, but she wasn't without a natural gift of reach out, come to territory."

In his desire of sending all the women of the world back to their homes, Dr. Richet seems to have

overlooked the fact that, as yet, multitudes of these women have no homes other than a bed-closet in an apartment house, and some have not even this.

Dr. Richet seems to be imbued with that Russian proverb which was popular a few years ago—the one that said, "A hen is neither a woman nor a human being." Now, it having come about—the ways of the Lord being strange—that the future of Russia depends upon the women thereof, we observe that the males of that country have allowed this odious proverb to fall into the limbo of forgotten things, just as the socialists of Canada forgot about the "parasites."

In a like manner, France is finding herself to be dependent upon the earnings of her 7,800,000 women workers—is finding that it would be impossible to disemploy these women without destroying the whole national fabric.

"But these women are actually saving money," urge a host of males in aggrieved or angry voices, "when some of us haven't jobs at all."

True, quite true, just as millions of males are holding down jobs who have plethora bank accounts and lock-boxes stuffed with bonds. To be consistent, the same sauce applies to goose and gander. At any rate, we do not notice any of these males giving up their posts because poorer men with families are in need of them.

And why shouldn't a woman save? Since when, pray, has it been an offense to save? We women-folk will have to ask the banks and trust companies about this.

IT IS quite true that the women of Canada spend eighty-five per cent of its money and hold nearly fifty per cent of its capital. It is also true that these savings of hers have helped to a considerable degree in making up the recent national emergency loan of \$215,000,000—the loan that is providing relief and employment for these very objectors; the loan that, for the present, is meeting the interest or dividend on provincial "securities;" the loan that Canada could not raise elsewhere—in a word, the loan that helps keep us from crashing; the loan that keeps our country from losing status among the nations.

Dear me! And if women were not natural savers with accounts in the bank who would ever buy the fur coats, radios, washing machines, vacuum cleaners and those deliciously toothsome things in cans, bottles and boxes, to say nothing of the other expensive articles that keep our producers, manufacturers, retailers and multitudinous high-pressure salesmen afloat?

Truly, the woman who pays her debts, helps to support her family, and still saves a bit of money can take to heart that comforting discourse of Eliphaz, the Temanite, to his friend one Job of the land of Uz: "At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh . . . for thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee."

There are such a lot of things one might discuss in this matter. We might refer to the claim of the British Navy in the recently proposed cut of salaries—that if the cut occurred, their wives would have to raise the difference by prostitution. They knew, of course, what happens to many a married woman when a

financial catastrophe of any kind happens to her husband—know that like the poverty-stricken mother in *Les Miserables* she is obliged to sell herself that her children may have food, forgetful of the fact that it can never be right to do wrong.

We might point out as well that no one ever objects to the scrubwoman going out from her home to earn her living. The masculine attitude in this connection was fairly enunciated some time ago in Saskatchewan by a Ukrainian boy who wrote an essay upon the advisability of giving women the franchise. He felt—dear lad—

that we ought to have it, but he was firm in the conviction that this should not be permitted in anywise to interfere with our needle-work, seeing that he, himself, simply hated crocheting.

But, alas, no space is left for us to enlarge upon these vital points—well, only enough to say that when one comes to think over this whole subject at leisure, and without any personal bias, one easily sees that there is neither room nor occasion for sex animosity—can see that we men and women may just go on loving and helping each other in the same old way.

Sirs and Madams, may this be even so!

LEGAL INFORMATION

Continued from page 57

or provide her with maintenance. It is a question of fact whether your home belongs to your wife or to you. It is very easy for the Court to presume a gift under such circumstances and in order for you to be successful in claiming the property you would have to show that at that time that the title was given to your wife she was only a trustee for you.

If when you built your home you intended to make your residence permanently at Fort Frances, then your wife cannot obtain a divorce in the U.S.A. which would be considered valid in Canada or any British jurisdiction. If she endeavored to take such proceedings you should be served with notice thereof.

If your wife has been guilty of adultery you can obtain a divorce yourself, and you would probably be well advised to do so at an early date while the evidence is still easy to obtain.

* * *

Edmonton, Alta.

(Q) In regard to husband leaving no will, what share of estate can wife claim according to law in Alberta? One son who is seven years old. Does he receive his full share when twenty-one years of age, or should his share be minus his fourteen years' living expenses?—Subscriber.

(A) On the death of the husband the widow can claim all his estate if there are no children. Apparently in this case there is one son, therefore the widow would get one-half and the son one-half. If there are two or more children the widow gets one-third and the balance goes to the children. In addition to this the widow has, under the Dower Act, a life estate in the home and the furniture and other chattels which would be exempt from seizure under execution.

As to the share payable to the son, it will depend upon the means of the widow as to whether she should pay for the son's maintenance or whether his own property should be applied in this behalf. If the widow has not sufficient means to support the son she can obtain the approval of the Court to her using a portion of the son's estate from time to time. In the latter case it might well be that there would be no balance payable to the son when he came of age. It would be advisable to have the approval of the Court before the administrator actually decides what sum will be allowed out of the son's share of the estate in order to pay such maintenance.

WAITING

By FRANK STEELE

*He is restless and queer
And he patters around
His tidy front garden
Where poppies abound;
The children oft come
To the old cowboy's door
For stories and riddles
He spins by the score.*

*His hearing is failing,
His hair now is gray;
As one who is waiting
His eyes look away
To the gathering shadows
That dance on the plain;
And mem'ries are kindled
He is young again.*

*He lives them all over—
The glimmering years:
The songs of the night-herd
Are sweet to his ears;*

*The smell of the meadows,
The whispering streams,
The dark, drifting cattle
Return in his dreams.*

*Bill Finnegan's fiddle,
The Carsons' guitars,
Send rollicking reels
To the listening stars;
And yonder is "Irish"—
A genuine pard,
He has always a song
When the going is hard.*

*These old friends return
To gladden his heart
When the long day is gone,
And the children depart;
And he dreams too of love,
Of moonlight and mating;
And scans the old trail
As one who is waiting.*

WEALTH

By BARBARA BROWN

*If I must wear a faded gown,
Why then, I must.
But I'll not wear a faded face,
As gray as dust.
If I've no shining things of silk,
Ribbons or lace,
Why then, within myself must be,
Some little grace.*

*If I've no gold to give away,
I've smiles to give;
Sometimes a light within a face,
Makes hopes to line.
So, fortune, do your worst, or best,
You fickle jade—
If I can keep a smile within,
I'm not afraid.*

BLACK WATER

Continued from page 17

salvage and gets a percentage of the ship and cargo as a sort of commission for saving it."

"I see. At that rate I am salvage too."

She didn't smile. "Yes, you're salvage, but you aren't the kind of salvage we want."

"That's nice."

She turned to him quickly. "Oh I didn't mean it in that way, really I didn't." Her eyes looked up into his with warm contrition, that made him act. He walked over to the dazed master of the "Byrna."

"Look here, Captain," he said, "I think I can help you out of your difficulty."

"How?" Doughty turned eagerly.

Smith smiled. "How about you and I becoming partners in the salvage job and beating those boys to it?"

"But how?"

The stranger pointed to the yacht ahead. "We'll take that boat. She's got very powerful Deisel engines, and I imagine she can pull that freighter all right."

The Captain looked Smith over reflectively. "You aren't the owner of her are you?" he asked at last.

Smith smiled. "No sir, far from it, but I know him and he would loan us the boat I am sure. In fact he has loaned it to me."

Doughty turned and looked at the black waters. "Do you think you could catch up to those other boats?"

"We can try."

At that moment the yacht signalled to release the tow. The tug slipped quietly into its berth and the yacht swung sharply round and stopped, apparently waiting for orders.

Mr. Smith waved and she came back to berth alongside the tug.

In a few minutes the crew of the yacht were in action under the sharp commands of her captain. Fenders and other paraphernalia were hastily taken from the tug and placed on the deck of the other vessel, and the yacht's master courteously greeted the captain of the tugboat, who felt ill at ease in this slick craft.

Jock was the only one who was not impressed. He smiled when he saw the Deisel engines, and in a moment was arguing their merits and demerits with the engineer.

IN VERY short time the yacht had swung around and was ready for the open lake. Already the crew were taking down awning and other loose stuff about the decks, and they were none too soon for some heavy gusts of soft black water were breaking in a white foam over the deck and swishing viciously about the bridge.

The ship rode well, but after a while under Doughty's direction they were obliged to take the waves on the quarter which meant they felt the full impact of every one.

The ship shuddered and shivered under the force of them, and Jock McKenzie smiled grimly as he noticed the result on the Deisel engines. "There's nothing like steam," he muttered, "nothing like water to buck water," and he meant it.

A few hours later they passed one of the tugs which had turned back, apparently having given up the chase as hopeless.

The wireless operator announced that he could get no signals for help from any ship in distress, but the Captain explained that it was probably due to their wireless being broken.

A little later they passed several more of the tugs, all homeward bound, and a faint furrow crossed Doughty's brow as the yacht's captain looked at him questioningly.

"They seem to have given up the chase, Captain," he said.

"Sea's gettin' too rough I guess," averred Doughty, and then he turned and asked: "How much can this ship stand?"

The yacht's master looked grave. "It can stand quite a bit more I think, but I would not want to have the responsibility for it."

His eyes went to the waters around them. Black and evil, a seething mass of water that seemed to come on as inevitably as fate.

The white yacht showed up like a ghost on the dark expanse and seemed small and frail as the huge waves rolled irresistibly towards it, but she rose over them buoyantly.

"Send for your—Mr. Smith," said the Captain hesitatingly at last to the wheelsman, and he himself took the wheel.

Side by side the tugboat captain in oilskins and the yacht's master in clean white stood until the wheelsman returned, grinning. "He says you are to take orders from the Captain sir," the man reported to his officer.

They eyed each other until the yacht's captain said grimly, "It's your responsibility sir."

For a brief moment Doughty hesitated, and then a sudden determination displayed itself. "We shall go on, sir," he said gruffly, and the other nodded.

SIDE by side they continued to stand, looking steadily forward. An hour or so later the black lowering cliffs of one of the many islands which dot Lake Superior showed themselves, and Doughty, after searching with his eyes to pick out all the landmarks turned with a grin of triumph. "That's the island all right. We'll soon find her now."

The word that they would soon find the helpless boat went over the whole ship. Smith and Nora Doughty appeared at the wheel, joining the men as they searched the heaving waters for the missing vessel.

Captain Doughty began to look puzzled as they grew closer. "She must have got to the lee of that island somehow," he muttered, and gave his orders to the wheelsman.

The yacht approached close to the island in an incredibly short space of time, and immediately everyone looked in its lee for the missing grain boat.

It was not to be seen.

Captain Doughty turned, and his face was pale. "I fear we are too late," he said quietly.

"Too late?" said Smith.

Doughty nodded slowly. "The lake got her, and that's the first ship this year, but it won't be the last."

"What's that?" the wheelsman yelled.

All eyes turned as the yacht scudded passed a huge red bulk that rolled helplessly like some great monster in the water.

"It's her," cried Doughty. "She's turned over," yelled another, and every man looked toward it with a white face.

"That's the way boats go in Superior," said Doughty slowly. "Bottoms up. You see she gets rollin' in the trough of the waves and the cargo of loose grain shifts and over she goes."

With considerable difficulty the yacht was turned and brought back. There was no doubt about it, it was the wheat boat, and she was a ghastly sight with her long red keel breaking through the heavy waters.

Smith saw tears in the eyes of the girl, and that the two captains had taken off their hats.

[Continued on page 60]

This is the Battery



the MAKERS of 16 Cars and Trucks HAVE CHOSEN!



Cadillac
Chevrolet
Durrant
Frontenac
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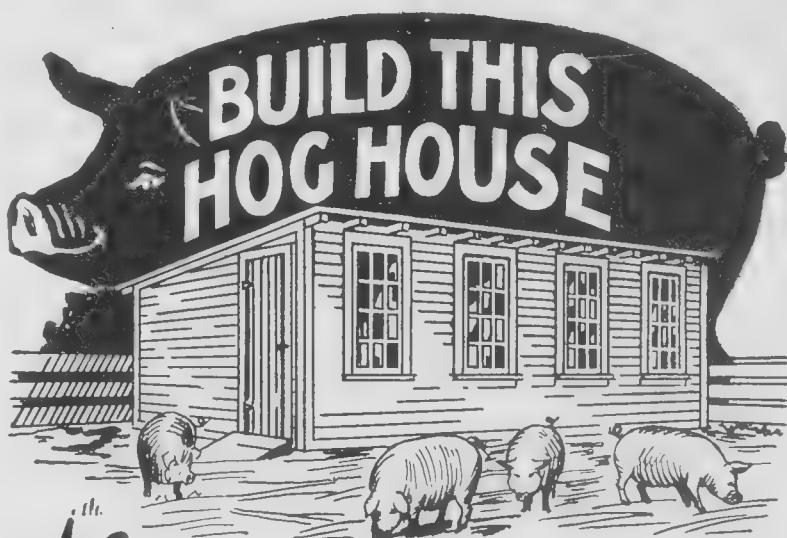
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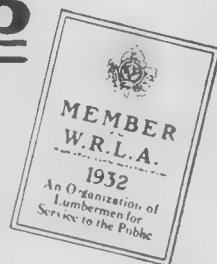
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BLACK WATER

Continued from page 59

The black waters glistened evilly, seeming to gloat as they rolled it helplessly to and fro.

Captain Doughty, shaking his head reluctantly from side to side, sagged once more.

When he had seen the other tugs turn back, hope had sprung within him. But now as he saw that glaring red rusted keel all courage left him.

With a soft cry his daughter ran towards him and led him gently to the cabin aft of the wheelhouse, where she left him at his request.

When she came back Smith was leaning on the rail and staring into space. She seemed to sense a communion between them. Still staring out on the heaving water he said softly, "I hate to see a boat go like that."

She took his arm timidly. "Is there nothing that can be done?"

He turned and looked deeply into her eyes.

"Are you still worried about your father?"

She nodded, and then hesitated. "He said—he said that if we hadn't been delayed we might have got here in time, and he is blaming you."

There was a pause. Smith did not seem hurt at the old man's attitude, but suddenly he took the girl by the shoulders and looked anxiously into her eyes. "You don't like your father to do that do you?"

Her head went down and she refused to meet his eyes, but her voice came swiftly, "No, I don't."

As they stood there came a cry from the lookout: "There's men on that island!"

Every spare seaman ran to the rail and peered eagerly up the lowering grey cliffs of the island.

And there, sure enough, could be seen far above, the small figures of men, frantically signalling.

The captain of the yacht hurriedly eyed them through his binoculars, and then signalled to Smith. "There seems to be a full crew up there sir," he said. "They must be from this ship. I'll lower the small boat and float some provisions up against the rocks. They must have got off just before she turned over, sir."

Nora turned in time to see a totally new Smith in action. No longer was he the laughing youngster, but a man whose lips were set firmly and whose chin jutted out in a fashion she had not suspected. He was speaking to the yacht's skipper. "Look here Dawson," he was saying, "can you suggest any way by which we could save that hulk, or do you think it's worth it?"

The captain looked doubtful and hesitated, and Smith went on eagerly, "I believe that boat and cargo could be salvaged at least, or kept somehow. The wheat, or at any rate a good part of it will be in water-tight compartments and unharmed so far. If water had got into it the boat would have sunk."

The captain nodded. "That's right, sir."

At that moment Doughty returned, and Smith turned to him with his plan. "Look here Captain," he said, "I think we can make money out of that boat yet."

The old man brightened and said eagerly, "How's that?"

"If we could get a rope around her rudder shaft I believe we could tow her into a safe place and leave her, even bottoms up."

"What?" the old man looked properly incredulous, and Smith went on.

"In fact I am sure we could turn her over as she is. If I remember rightly some of my—" he hesitated and a slight flush came over his face—

"I mean some boats I have seen were built in separate compartments with good strong bulkheads well sealed in for shipping grain. The only place the water could get in would be around the engine-room, for the quarters of the crew are above deck. That's why that ship didn't sink, she is of the whaleback type. Why, I think we could float her clear to the deck."

Doughty listened, first in contempt, and then with a serious face. "There is something in what you say, Mr. Smith," he admitted, "and by gravy I'll try it."

Nora saw Smith redden oddly, look at the captain and then at the old man. Suddenly a smile crinkled his face.

"I forgot," he admitted, "forgot that—that I was only salvage." Then as a sudden thought crossed his mind he laughed aloud, and turning hastily to the rail gazed intently at the red-bottomed hulk. After a moment he called to the captain for the glasses and swept the bottom of the apparently doomed boat with them.

The girl saw him start as if he saw something, and then he returned slowly to the group who were watching him curiously.

"Yes, I forgot I was only salvage, Captain," he apologized to Doughty. "I clean forgot my position."

He swept around and taking a surprised Nora by the arm, hurried her toward the rail. "Look here, dear," he said hastily when they were out of earshot of the others, "I want to ask you a question."

Nora tried to appear as if she had not noticed the "dear."

"Yes?" she asked, her head turned away from him toward the water.

He came closer breathing in her ear: "Dear, I love you. I want to marry you—I mean I want you to marry me—oh Lord—I mean will you marry me?"

A flushed dimpled face with starry eyes turned and surveyed him calmly.

"It's foolish—I—I always said I would have to know a man at least six months or a year—but—" a defiant expression came into her face—"nothing matters, nothing. I will marry you."

"No matter what I am or who I am?" he pressed.

She faced him bravely. "No, nothing matters," she said simply. "I make no bargains."

A new look crept into his face. He understood the full import of this last sentence. "I make no bargains," he repeated it again. Then gravely he stooped down and in the presence of an amazed crew got down on one knee and gently kissed her hand.

She blushed hotly and ran down the deck out of sight, while he, still kneeling, watched her go.

It was Doughty who startled him from his daydream. "Time enough to think of that when we save the ship, Mr. Smith."

He came to life with a start and laughed aloud. "Salvage!" he shouted, "Salvage!" and turning he slapped the old man boisterously on the shoulder.

A FEW seconds later he had apparently taken over command of the whole ship, for he began issuing orders right and left. Doughty reluctantly admitted that he had the stuff and could apparently handle the yacht like a sailor.

It was he who suggested the raft which floated from the yacht down to the hulk with a line attached and a seaman on board, to fasten the line to the rudder. It was he who superintended the saving of the crew from the island and who took over the

[Continued on page 80]



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7408. Striped flannel, blanket cloth, corduroy or eiderdown as well as printed silk, or satin is suggested for this pleasing model. The collar extends on the front to form shawl revers. The sleeves are comfortable, and wide below the elbow, and are trimmed with a deep upturned cuff. The fulness of the garment is held by a tie-belt at the waistline. Serviceable pockets trim the fronts.

Designed in 4 Sizes: Small 34-36, Medium 38-40, Large 42-44, Extra Large 46-48 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. For collar, cuffs and pocket facings of contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35 inches wide is required.

7420. This comprises a Slip and a Chemise-Drawers combination. Batiste, long cloth, crepe and crepe de chine are suggested for these models.

Designed in 5 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards for both Slip and Chemise-Drawers, in 35 inch material. The Slip alone will require $1\frac{2}{3}$ yard. The Chemise-Drawers alone will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. To trim both garments as illustrated will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of narrow lace and $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of bias binding $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide.

7416. In this comfortable model one has a choice of long or short sleeves or collarless and sleeveless blouse. The front of the trousers is mounted on a pointed yoke. In the back an elastic run casing holds the fulness. The blouse may be tucked in under the top of the trousers or worn in over blouse style. Cotton crepes or cotton prints are good for this style. Sateen or pongee is also suggested.

Designed in 7 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 10 will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 29-inch material if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required. If made without sleeves $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards will be required. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material will require $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard.



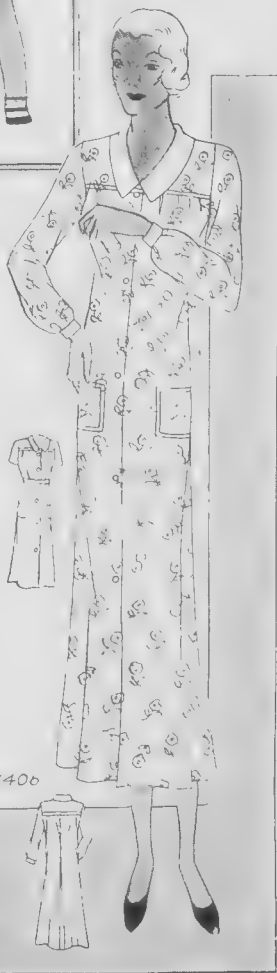
7406. Here is a smock that is both comfortable and pleasing. It has fulness over the front below yoke portions, and at the back plait fulness is shown at inverted folds. Percale and other cotton prints are suggested for this style. The smock may be worn belted or unbelted. The sleeve may be in wrist length, as in the large view, or short as in the small front view. The neck is finished with a small rolled collar.

Designed in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material. Collar and cuffs in contrasting material will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 35 inches wide. To finish with piping or with bias binding will require 4 yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide.

7422. Your boy will like the double breasted effect and the comfortable collar that leave the neck free. The sleeve may be made in wrist length as in the large view or short, as the small view shows. The trousers in short style are just right for the boy who likes to run and play.

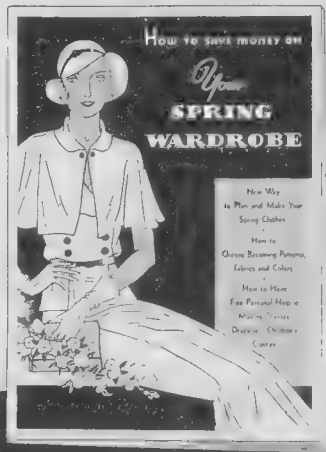
Designed in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 if made with long sleeves will require 2 yards 29 inches wide. With short sleeves $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard will be required. The Blouse alone with long sleeves will require $1\frac{1}{4}$, and with short sleeves $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The trousers alone will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Collar, cuffs and pocket facings in contrasting material will require $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard. For inner facings on trousers and for pockets of trousers made of heavy muslin or lining $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27 inches wide is required.

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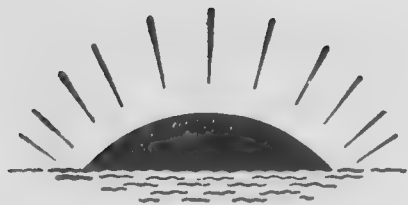
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DARK SEAS

Continued from page 19

"We went ashore on Spartel one night eight years ago," he said, "in a southwesterly gale. I swam two hundred yards through broken water with a line. We got a breeches buoy working and brought passengers and crew ashore."

Hamel nodded. "You earned the nickname."

"Why did you suspect?" asked Von Holm.

"It was the tobacco. You didn't know that Honey Dew has been regular issue for the last three months."

"Was that all?"

"Yes. Your English is perfect."

Von Holm bowed. "I went to Harrow," he said.

The three men faced each other across the green baize of the wardroom table. From an I-beam overhead, an electric globe shed its light evenly. The hands of all three were on the table. If there was anything to choose between them, Von Holm was the calmest.

"Lieutenant Von Holm, I suppose you are my prisoner and all that sort of thing?" Hamel spoke quietly.

"No, Lieutenant, that is not the case. Checkmate."

"Really? That is interesting."

"We were lying on the bottom of the anchorage when you came in. I watched you through the periscope."

"Your interest in us is usually belligerent, not social," said Hamel dryly.

"In your case, it is both," said Von Holm.

"Why, mine, particularly?"

"You spoke, just now, of a certain consolation." Von Holm's voice was liquid ice, his manner dangerously calm.

Hamel flushed suddenly under that steady gaze.

"It was an unpardonable allusion. I apologize. I did it because I had to be sure of you."

Von Holm bowed. The corners of his lips were white.

"We need not pursue the subject," he said. "But about ourselves there is something to say."

"I am at your service."

"Lieutenant Hamel, I do not like you. Let us say there is something about the way you brush your hair I find distasteful."

"My hair suits me admirably," responded Hamel levelly. He glanced carelessly towards a rack secured against the bulkhead. Twelve navy cutlasses rested there.

"You take my meaning, Lieutenant." Von Holm stood up and stepped back from the table, waiting. Hamel and Breadalbane also rose.

"This is most unusual," said Hamel. "For both of us, Lieutenant. I have served the Fatherland for three years. Tonight, I serve myself."

With sudden resolution, Hamel crossed to the rack and selected two of the cutlasses. He drew the heavy weapons from their scabbards. The blades, filmed in oil, shone dully. One he handed to Breadalbane who, in turn, offered it to Von Holm. The German took it without removing his eyes from his antagonist.

Hamel faced him, the tip of his weapon resting on the deck.

"Breadalbane!"

"Sir?"

"In the event of my being incapacitated, you know what to do?"

"Yes, sir."

"You understand why I am doing this?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Good. Now, Lieutenant Von Holm, one thing more. Was it to

provoke an encounter you came aboard tonight?"

"Not exactly, Lieutenant. I read your inter-change of signals with the tug. It was my purpose to invite you aboard for a drink."

"I see. And of course I was not to be allowed to return."

"Precisely. Are we ready?" Von Holm glanced at the brass chronometer bolted to the cabin wall.

"Quite."

The combatants advanced the right foot and the right hand which held the weapon. The left hand, with fist clenched, was placed behind the back. The blades rang as they encountered.

Cutlasses are not pretty weapons, nor are they subtle. They are made for strong men, grimly met on bloody business. Their kiss is terrible and their caress is death.

Hamel and Von Holm were alike in stature, with lean, hard frames. The German, his close-cut, fair hair standing straight up, fought with teeth bare in frenetic fury. Hamel, who had disdained to remove his monkey-jacket, was a little pale, but the easy smile was frequent around his lips. His eyes never lost the amused, interested expression with which he had torn aside the German's masquerade.

Von Holm forced the fighting. The blade, working on the hinge of the elbow with a stiff forearm, flashed in again and again at the right side of Hamel's head. Then, with lightning suddenness, the weapon described an arc above the Englishman's head and crashed against the left side with only Hamel's equally swift parry to stop it.

Step by step, around the little wardroom, Von Holm advanced. Once he backed Hamel against the wardroom ladder and savaged him with a battering attack. The hacking edge was warded off by seeming miracles as Hamel shrewdly parried and countered with an abrupt use of the point that sent the German leaping backward. The startling *elan* of the Englishman's attack had almost spited him.

For another round of the cabin, he fought with more caution. Hamel had fallen back step by step, guarding against Von Holm's slashing blade by fractioned inches. The German suddenly abandoned his attack upon the head and swung his blade downward in a sickle-like sweep, that would have shorn clear through Hamel's legs if it had reached its objective. The Englishman made no effort to parry but leaped the whirling blade like a girl jumping a skipping rope. Even as he was in the air, his own blade flashed forward. A crimson feather appeared, as if by magic, along the German's jaw from ear to chin.

"Beautiful," whispered Breadalbane, glued against the cabin wall out of range of the circling steel.

Doubt flickered for a moment in Von Holm's eyes as if he had begun to realize that Hamel's many narrow escapes were contrived, the skilled margins of a master. He dropped suddenly into defensive fighting, waiting for an opening. Hamel accepted the issue. He attacked.

The onslaught came with such suddenness that the Englishman seemed to emerge from behind a shield, a buckler created by his own weaving blade. He turned that defense into a leaping menace. He was dangerous but calm, fighting brilliantly, but without the German's fury in attack. Von Holm gave ground.

[Continued on page 63]



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FLUSHO

DARK SEAS

Continued from page 62

The high daring of the submarine commander supported him. He had wasted every trick of sabre and cutlass drill upon a man who now and for the first, obviously displayed superior skill in this rough game. Believing in his star, which never yet had failed him, he parried grimly, waiting for a favoring turn of battle.

It came suddenly and from an unexpected quarter.

From alongside, they heard the bumping of a ship's boat and voices. Boots sounded above them on the deck. Von Holm stepped back and dropped his point, glancing at Hamel enquiringly.

"Quick! Give me your cutlass," ordered Hamel, curtly.

Unquestioningly, the German surrendered the weapon. Hamel thrust them towards Breadalbane. He turned to the hatch as the face of Lieutenant Peter Watt, U.S.N., grinned cheerfully down at him.

"Hello, Limeys, how's tricks?"

Hamel was breathing a little quickly. He smiled back.

"Come below," he invited, "and pay allegiance to your lawful sovereign, you benighted rebel."

"It wasn't me, it was my great grandfather," retorted Watt. He turned his back and lowered his feet through to the ladder. Hamel glanced warningly at Von Holm who was assuaging a trickle of blood from his jaw. "What are you fellows doing in here? I thought you Britishers boasted you kept the sea in any weather."

"We've kept it for five hundred years, Yank. What'll you have?"

"That'll hold me for awhile. Scotch if you please."

"This is Lieutenant Smith of the tug, Lieutenant Watt. Do you know my sub, Breadalbane?"

"I've seen Breadalbane ashore but I don't know Smith. Did you say of the tug?"

"Of the tugboat 'Golden Gull.' Yes."

Watt looked puzzled. "I was aboard the tug on my way over here," he said.

Von Holm laughed gently.

"My masquerade has been singularly unsuccessful," he said with a mocking glance at Hamel.

Hamel, with a gesture of impatience, accepted the inevitable.

"Lieutenant Watt, I owe you an apology. Permit me to present Lieutenant Ludwig Von Holm of the Imperial German Navy."

An exclamation of incredulity whistled through Watt's lips. The German clicked his heavy boots together and bowed stiffly.

"At your service," he said.

Watt glanced angrily towards Hamel.

"What the devil's going on here? Is this a jest?"

Hamel stepped closer to Watt, meeting his eyes with level glance.

"It is no jest, Lieutenant. This gentleman came aboard on a personal matter which concerned us alone. We have been discussing it."

Breadalbane had been unable to replace the cutlasses before Watt descended to the wardroom. He held them out now from behind his back.

Watt glanced from the weapons to Hamel and Von Holm. By the expression in his eyes, it was evident he knew what that personal matter was.

"I admire your courage, sir," he said, "but where in God's name did you come from?"

"He watched us come in," explained Hamel dryly.

"What are you going to do? Good God, man, you can't stand here talking!" Watt's excitement made his

hand tremble. He moved as if to approach the hatch.

"We have long wanted to find Spartel Jack. Now we've got him. The next thing is to get his ship," said Hamel. He motioned Breadalbane towards the hatch with a curt gesture.

"One moment."

It was Von Holm. A black pistol armed his right hand. He reached for his slicker and sou-wester while the others watched him.

"My little scheme has failed and my presence aboard for a longer period is distinctly dangerous to all of us. I left instructions that you were to be sunk if I had not returned by ten o'clock."

He glanced at the chronometer. The hands registered twenty-five minutes of ten. Still watching them, he backed towards the hatch.

"If I had killed you in our discussion—what then?" asked Hamel.

Von Holm smiled sardonically.

"You were to be sunk in any event—and our American friend also. That was my order."

He ascended the ladder backwards, the black weapon towards them. They saw his face for a moment at the hatch. Then it slammed and they heard his feet on deck and the rattle of the boat alongside as he leaped.

"On deck!" snapped Hamel, springing towards the hatch.

They lost a moment opening the heavy hatch-cover which was jammed. When they scrambled on deck the wind met them with flying sand. In the darkness Von Holm had vanished, boat and all. Hamel's hand reached for the familiar cord above the wheel. The steam siren sent its long cry for "Action stations" wailing through the night.

Voices sounded along the deck and the drumming of men's boots.

"Searchlight!" roared Hamel. "Stand by the engines. Slip the anchor."

A rocket soared high into the night, its crescent of golden fire carrying the dread message of "enemy submarine." Immediately afterwards, the white beam of a searchlight leaped the tossing water. Back and forth it played, searching for Von Holm.

A signalman tapped a brief message on a morse-lamp. The American destroyer came to life with sinister speed. Her searchlights swept the anchorage, searching frantically. Even above the sound of wind and waters, the roar of her anchor cable rattling through the hawse pipe came to Hamel's ears. The tug followed suit.

Hamel rang for full speed astern. The torpedo boat, gathered sternway, her anchor cable snaking through the hawse pipe. Black smoke began to pour from her funnels, lurid with flame.

"There he is, sir!" It was Breadalbane's voice. The white path of the searchlight revealed a small dinghy. A single man toiled at the oars. It was Von Holm. Already he had gone a quarter of a mile. With a quick turn of his oars, the dinghy slipped from light into blackness.

"Look beyond him," snapped Hamel. Breadalbane relayed the order forward. Obediently, the beam stabbed farther, swinging from right to left, searching for the submarine, which Hamel believed would be on the surface, awaiting its commander.

Suddenly there was a wicked flash from the destroyer, followed by the sharp crack of one of its guns. Another and another followed.

"They say they thought they saw a periscope, sir," reported the signalman.

[Continued on page 68]

CLEARING THE SKIN

Almost all skins are in need of a thorough spring cleaning after a stodgy wintertime diet. Furthermore, the uncertain temperatures of the changing season cause the skin to be unusually sensitive and subject to eruptions.

• To all of you who are combating bumps and blotches, and longing for the clear color and fine texture of a healthy skin, this lesson is directed.

The most effective treatment works in two ways:

The skin is purified from the inside by flushing the face with a fresh blood supply, and it is cleansed and soothed from the outside • The following treatments have been thoroughly tested in my Salons, with most gratifying results: The simplest and most generally useful of healing treatments consists of my Spotpruf Lotion and Spotpruf Cream used in combination. After you have cleansed your skin night and morning with Cleansing Cream, pat with Spotpruf Lotion, which is not only delightfully soothing and antiseptic, but makes a lovely silky powder base. At night, pat a thin film of Spotpruf Cream on the affected areas. As easy as it is effective! • For the oily skin with persistent eruptions, begin with an application of Anti-Brown Spot exactly according to directions on the jar. The smarting sensation is caused by the active ingredients which bring the blood to the surface. Two minutes...one minute...may be long enough for the first application, if your face is unduly sensitive • Remove Anti-Brown Spot with Muscle Oil and Tissues. Wipe thoroughly and gently. Press out surface gatherings. Pat on Acne Lotion. For daytime, powder directly over the Lotion; at night, follow with Healing Cream, which is left on. Given nightly, this treatment has successfully cleared many cases of Acne. For the oily skin with a tendency to sallowness and minor eruptions, I have prepared my Venetian Ardena Masque, a complete treatment, which should be taken once or twice a week, to draw the blood to the face, and freshen and clear the surfaces • There is not room to give more detailed instruction, but to any of you who are interested I will gladly send my booklet "The Quest of the Beautiful," describing my Preparations fully.

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for six treatments \$3.50
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highly medicated salve which brings
rapid healing. Effective for sunburn,
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have been included in this important
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SPOTPRUF HAIR TONIC...In
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to relieve such a condition. \$2

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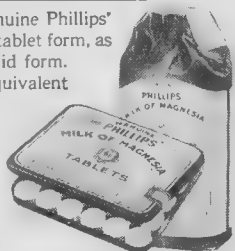
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THE DEATH RAY

Continued from page 24

THIS is the terrible picture, in momentary glimpse of a narrow sector, of a future battlefield, which I obtained the other day in a German laboratory.

The awful destruction, silent, invisible, in that vision comprised four things—the "Death Ray," the "Death Wave," the "Death Tone," and a new secret gas which instantly stops any combustion engine within its reach. The first three are, in reality, "Death Vibrations" produced by different methods.

These new Terrors have been conceived in the brains of men, and born in the laboratories in Germany, which, under the Versailles Treaty, was disarmed twelve years ago, and now finds herself defenceless in the very centre of a Europe bristling with arms. This Germany, which is forbidden an army of more than 100,000 and this army without heavy artillery, military aircraft and tanks, has in consequence turned to other, and even more terrifying means of national defence, not forbidden by the Versailles Treaty.

The resourcefulness and ingenuity of the human mind when thrown on its own has been demonstrated time and again in the history of civilization. The resourcefulness of the German scientific mind during the War manifested itself repeatedly. One need but recall that, when cut off from the world, the Germans developed that remarkable process of obtaining nitrogen from the air, in other words, from an invisible source, and that this has since become a commercial product.

Silently, unobtrusively, German scientists have set for themselves a great task of conceiving and developing ways and means of national defence for a nation denied the right of having those modern destructive engines of warfare and defence, which is the sovereign right of every other nation in the world except Austria and Hungary. The aim of these German scientists and engineers is to discover new and subtle forces, which will render ineffective those instruments of war, whether of defence or aggression, by which Germany is surrounded.

How far they have succeeded in this, I do not pretend to know. They come under that mysterious heading in every country—"military secrets," or "secrets of the Defence of the Realm." It is unwise to enquire too deeply into these, especially for a foreigner. But, I have heard some very interesting things about experiments of this kind in German laboratories. How far these are only laboratory successes, without having yet reached the stage of practical application, is very much a German secret.

NECESSITY knows no Law! It is a principle that nations have always followed when self-preservation was the issue. The fettering too-tightly of any nation which still has within it great, natural, inherent strength or force, acts as compression, intensifying that force, and in time leads to explosion.

That is the keynote of these twentieth-century wizards, weaving their spells of death and destruction in modern laboratories. Not necessarily the bespectacled grey-beards, the dry-as-dust scientist, or unworldly old professors of tradition, but some very alert, active, up-to-date young men.

"We have not by any means been sticking our heads in the sand while other nations are bristling with arms," Professor Wilhelm Schlenk, gas-expert of the German Reichsarmy, and head of the Chemical Institute of the Berlin University, declared.

"Our situation is dangerous. We are compelled to keep within a minimum limitation of armament, and that not even modern, which seems to purport nothing else but to make Germany helpless against attacks from even the smallest of her neighbors. But self-preservation is a strong force. Of course I am not permitted to reveal just what counter-gases, and what other means of protection of our borders we have worked out. Our best scientists have concentrated on protecting Germany against invasion, and I think we have been successful to some degree."

The Germans are working on, and experimenting with three different electric vibratory "Death Waves," as they are called in the laboratories. These "rays," "waves" or "vibrations" are also known to some extent to scientists in other countries.

The real secret upon which the German scientists are working is the projection of such waves similar to radio broadcasting waves, and in focussing them in any desired direction, with such intensity as to cause death, and to be applicable for military defensive purposes.

They are:

The Gamma or "Death Ray;"

The "Death Wave;"

The "Death Tone."

The Gamma, or so-called "Death Ray" was a sensation in the newspapers soon after the end of the War, when the French claimed that the Germans had succeeded in bringing down near Stuttgart, numerous French aeroplanes, flying from France to Czechoslovakia, before an agreement had been reached between France and Germany for French aircraft to fly over German territory. This was supposed to stop the magneto on the aircraft motors. Rumor had it that it was directed from the plant of the Bosch magneto works near Stuttgart.

About that same time, a British inventor named Matthews also claimed to have discovered this ray.

Although this so-called "Death Ray" was declared to be a myth, it was not a myth, but had not proved its practicability. It is an extraordinarily long radio wave. Doctor Arno Brasch and Doctor Fritz Lange, the two young German scientists, came across this ray again, but of far greater intensity during their experiments in atom-splitting, with an electrical energy of two and a half million volts. They have been experimenting in the laboratories of the German General Electric Company. A new laboratory and plant, which will give them electrical energy up to 10,000,000 volts, is now under construction.

The real "Death Wave" with which amazing experiments have been made in projecting and focussing it with deadly intensity at a distance, is declared to be an ultra-short wave, very similar to the ordinary radio wave used in broadcasting, but many times smaller. It was described to me to be about the wave length of radiating heat.

For this wave the claim is made in scientific circles, that present experiments promise that it can be practically developed to the point where it can extinguish life within a fraction of a second, several miles above, several miles along the surface of the earth, and hundreds of yards below. It pierces thick cement walls of a subterranean fortress with the same ease that it passes through the armor-plate of the biggest dreadnaught or cruiser, a tank, or aircraft in mid-air, killing all life in its passage.

[Continued on page 65]



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a moment."



THE DEATH RAY

Continued from page 64

A tiny electron tube, which shoots out waves at the speed light travels, is said to be the secret of the new invention.

If the picture of the terrible death-dealing power of this wave, as painted to me, is a correct vision of its future perfection, the long chain of underground French fortresses and pill-boxes, stretching from the Channel, and along the Franco-German frontier to Switzerland, will have been the wastage of billions of francs, and would prove but a death-trap for tens of thousands of French troops.

This new ultra-short radio wave is described as being only one-fourth of a millimetre long, and to combine in one, the power of penetration of the long wave, and the high potential energy of the short wave, which was hitherto believed by scientists to be an impossibility.

The mysterious effects of the "Death Wave" upon the nervous system of the human body were discovered by accident, during experiments with a short wave destined for broadcasting.

Professor Karl Wagner, famous expert on electrical waves, and head of the Heinrich Hertz Institute of Wave Research in Berlin, relates how, a few years ago, when practically nothing was known about the ultra-short wave, Professor Esau of the University of Jena began experimenting with short radio waves.

"He shortened them more and more, until he reached the wavelength of three metres. Then a very strange thing happened. While experimenting with these three-metre waves, he suddenly felt sharp pains in his head and back, accompanied by bodily fatigue. As soon as he left the laboratory, however, the pains were gone. His assistants were affected in the same way. Careful examination soon revealed that the short radio waves were the cause. It seems that the nerves of the human body are in some way mysteriously connected with radio waves, and highly susceptible to their influence."

In the laboratories of a large electrical concern, the experiments were continued, until the first real success two years ago, when rabbits, guinea-pigs, rats and mice were killed at a distance of several hundred metres.

"The powerful electrons shot from the tube, and travelling at the rate of speed that light travels, were focussed by crystal lenses upon a number of these animals. The instant the current was turned on, the animals fell over dead. Examination revealed that their whole nervous system, including the brain and spinal-cord had been destroyed."

The electron tube, since then, has been developed to far higher efficiency, the power and range of the "Death Waves" increased more than eight times, and they are now capable of killing all life within a radius of six and a half kilometres.

Though this was told to me by a good authority, all attempts to gain confirmation, or obtain details met with a wall of stony silence. Obviously I was endeavoring to penetrate a realm in which I had no business making enquiries, and as my object was certainly not one to make difficulties for any person, I desisted.

THE new radio electron tube, the invention of which has led to the discovery of the ghastly power of the "Death Wave," is in itself very small and simple, and fed by the ordinary electric lighting current of 220 volts. The outstanding feature is said to be

[Continued on page 66]



Who
could tell
that I once
suffered from

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR?

NOW IT IS GONE FOR EVER

Looking at me now, with my clear, unblemished skin, who would ever guess that once I veiled my face to hide the hideous growths of ugly, disgusting hair. Yet that is so. For years my life was a misery. As a young wife of an officer in India, I suffered the agonies of shame. I had a distinct moustache, almost a beard. Nothing did me any good. Even the expensive, painful electric needle brought nothing but a few days' relief. Always the ugly, disgusting growths came back again stronger than ever on my face and body.

Then, almost in a day, my clouds were lifted in a most amazing way. My husband saved the life of a humble Hindoo soldier. In his gratitude the Sepoy breathed to him the closely guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which keeps the women of that race free from any sign of superfluous hair. I tried it in desperation. From that day—now years ago—I have never seen signs of superfluous hair. I watched for it daily for months, never daring to hope that it was gone for ever. But it was. I was cured completely. I was a normal woman again. Since then I have told many other sufferers of my experience, and the secret recipe has never failed. It has brought joy and permanent freedom in every

case. If you, too, suffer, let me help you. Let me tell you how I suffered, and let me pass on to you the secret that saved me. I shall gladly send it free if you will send me coupon below, or a copy of it, today, with your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me 6c in stamps to cover my outlay for postage, etc. Address: Frederica Hudson, (Ent. 274 M.), No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W. 1, England.

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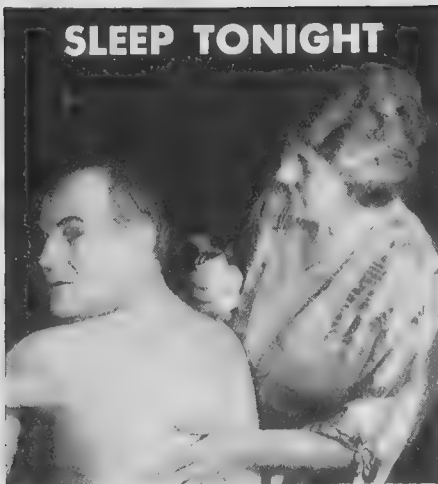
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THE DEATH RAY

Continued from page 65

that it prevents the issuing electrons from bombarding the cathodes. Previously, the bombardment within the tube was responsible for a big loss of energy, the greater part of which was transformed into radiating heat, causing the cathodes to turn white-hot. The construction of the new tube allows all of the issuing electrons to be shot out with great force through a small window, without the smallest loss of energy. In front of the window are powerful crystal lenses, with which the waves can be focussed on any desired object.

The Germany Reicharmy has been experimenting with the "Death Wave" at their Research Institute in Hueterbog for over three years, I was told, and still continue endeavors to increase the range.

The only known protection against these waves in their present state of development, are heavy copper and lead plates, several feet thick, which would have to be welded together in such a way as to prevent even the slightest diffused "Death Wave" from entering the most minute crevice. No way of protecting an advancing army against the wave has yet been found.

These same waves, developed on the one hand for death-dealing purposes, are being experimented with as a means of treating paralysis. Professor Wagner claims that frozen limbs, for instance, could be brought back to life by treatment with the ultra-short radio wave.

I now come to the third of these fantastic, invisible death forces, the "Death Tone." As the word "tone" indicates, it is a sound, but inaudible to the human ear. Theoretically, at least, based on laboratory experiments, this "Death Note" can silently and as swiftly as thought itself, annihilate armies, bring down aircraft, sink battleships, pulverize cities and fortifications. Some scientists profess to believe that it is the scientific development of that unknown sound-wave, which more than two thousand years ago destroyed the Walls of Jericho.

I was present, the other day in Berlin, at a demonstration of these deadly sound-waves, by Professor Friedrich Trautwein of the Heinrich Hertz Institute.

Manipulating the buttons, knobs and handles of what might have been the familiar family wireless, Professor Trautwein filled the laboratory with rising hurricanes of sound, shaking our very beings with the storm of vibration. Higher and shriller rose the note, piercing our bones to the marrow. Shrill, shrill, a tearing vibration—now almost inaudible, cracking our nerves, lacerating our senses. Sudden return to normal silence was a shock to our nervous systems, worked up to straining after attunement with 40,000 vibrations a second.

The Professor explained to me that the note "A" has 453 vibrations to the second. We had been following 40,000 vibrations to the second, every nerve mustered in sympathy; 150,000 vibrations a second are sufficient to kill a man, and Science, even at this stage of development, claims 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 as possible.

The fatal effect of the "Death Tone" tried out upon animals, is that of shattering the bones to atoms, so that they have no more resistance than gelatine, and "scalding" the skin. The sound-waves, in technical language, transform organic matter by destroying its molecular equilibrium, and causing it to take on another form.

Quoting Professor Gustav Leithaeuser of the Heinrich Hertz Institute of Wave Research:

"For years we have been experimenting with sound waves which lie above the limit of audibility of the human ear. We were using a thin plate of quartz about four inches square, and no thicker than paper. This we covered on one side with an extremely thin layer of silver, which we connected at the two opposite corners with electric wires leading to a transmission valve. Up to this time, we had been unable to go beyond a certain limit in producing high frequencies. But this silver layer suddenly opened new roads, which led to the production of frequencies so high, that we have not yet been able to establish their limit. The electric current which passes through the silver layer, causes the quartz plate to contract and expand at an incredible rate.

"The oscillations thus produced, while wholly inaudible, have the same effect upon matter as tremendous explosions following each other in rapid succession. Imagine the effect of a bombardment during the World War, but with sound that cannot be heard!"

Professor Leithaeuser describes how, during the course of experiment, they augmented the strength of the electric current, and increased the size of the plate.

"The results were at first as dangerous as they were baffling. Our ears began to ache, our eyes became inflamed. Although complete silence reigned throughout the laboratory, the effect was as if heavy guns were being fired all round us. We were overcome by spells of dizziness, and had to discontinue further experimenting until we had found ways and means of handling the dangerous sound-waves without imperilling ourselves."

The effect of the wave in water staggered even the scientists themselves. Submersions of a thin crystal plate in a pool, caused the water to vibrate with such rapidity that animals were killed the moment they touched the water. "Their bones were turned to gelatine, and their skin looked as if it had been scalded.

"The effect of the inaudible ultra-short sound waves produced by a quartz plate fifty yards square, and about one centimetre thick, would be tremendous. The wings of aeroplanes against which such waves are directed would be snapped off in mid-air, the moment the machine came within range. The sides of battleships would be caved in by the mere force of the vibrating ocean water, which would resemble that of powerful explosions. Steamers equipped with such apparatus could hold off submarines with ease, as a submarine is especially vulnerable to such waves.

"On-storming armies"—still quoting Professor Leithaeuser, "could not only be blinded, and made deaf at one single stroke by the new sound-wave, but could be killed outright. It is simply a question of developing the wave to a point where it destroys the molecular equilibrium of bone-matter and tissue. And that is only a question of enlarging the quartz plate, and supplying it with the necessary electric energy by means of a more powerful transmission valve."

The Gas that stops tanks, and brings down aircraft, is the invention of Professor Karl Hofmann, head of the Chemical Department of the

[Continued on page 67]

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If you crave to practise economy and yet wear smart clothes, procure a copy of the new Summer Fashion Book of The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

THE DEATH RAY

Continued from page 66

famous Berlin Institute of Technology. The most minute particle of this gas, sucked in by the engine, will bring to a standstill tanks, lorries motor-cars, motor-cycles, and aircraft in mid-air.

The greatest secrecy is being maintained by chemical experts and the Reicharmy, rumored to have acquired the new chemicals, as to the exact nature of the gas. It is admitted, however, that the chief constituent is ethylated iodine.

One wave of the gas, it is claimed, can paralyze the mechanized army of the enemy, leaving the human elements of the army at the mercy of their adversaries.

THESE new and terrifying instruments of destruction, threatening added nightmares to the accepted horrors of war which bloody centuries have taught us to expect, are the ghastly gifts of a generation to itself. Versailles put one nation in a capsule, a nation of natural scientists, ingenious inventors at that. Denied normal outlet for their ingenuity and activities, they simply developed all the same, within the narrow limits admitted. They turned inwards, concentrating frantic, frustrated energy and ingenuity upon the "peaceful arts" of science, chemistry and engineering.

Their contributions to a post-war world made unsafe for civilization, are just what the world has invited upon itself by deliberately canalizing the creative and expressive energies of not only the war generations, but their successors as well, into streams of scientific research and experiment.

It is an arresting thought to speculate whether the fortresses of the future will be enormous electrical power plants, generating these colossal energies for purposes of war and national defence. One can imagine a chain of these on the right bank of the Rhine. They do not come within the present-day definition of "fortifications," neither do they come within that clause in the Versailles Treaty prohibiting Germany from having soldiers or fortifications in that zone.

FROM THE HEART OF OLD CANADA

Continued from page 22

primitive manner of the habitant, but we can utilize many of his constructional details in a charming manner. The living-room ceiling should have six-inch by eight-inch beams. These are finished in the same way as the panelling below. The framing timbers are generally of fir and hemlock, and we have an almost inexhaustible variety of finishing woods to choose from. The floors downstairs except in kitchen and pantry would be in clear quarter-cut red oak. The pantry, kitchen and upstairs floors are in birch or maple flooring. West of the Great Lakes the floors could be of wide boards of Douglas fir or West Coast hemlock roughed with a jack plane, stained and oiled. The bathroom has a tile wainscoting and floor.

In the kitchen modern domestic science has established a few definite requirements which govern the design and equipment. On the floor a good linoleum should be laid, and the walls above the base finished in a hard wall-plaster. The ease in keeping the kitchen clean is one of the first ideals, and that with ease of maintenance and a durability of the equipment under heavy service should be stressed, while last but not least in this colorful age the value of decorations should not be lightly passed over, nor with power for everything, iceless refrigeration. All the new gadgets continually brought into the kitchen make it a charming place to work instead of a cheerless, smelly room for the drudge. There are so many kitchen ideas continually being placed on the market to lighten the work. The sink of today is a delight. How many of us can remember the old soapstone or galvanized iron sink—with its wooden rim? The iceman can now be forgotten, and hot water is continuous, while if the cabinets are not built in there are many designs available, and decorations can be of many colors.

In the heating, hot water is designed, although a low-pressure steam plant if properly installed has the advantage of not freezing if by any mischance the fires go down.

The wiring, both for light and power should be carefully thought out as much of our comfort in the winter months depends upon the proper location of the outlets. You can obtain charming fixtures now that will fit into any style of decoration.

WE COME now to a development in planning that some thirty years ago was not even thought of, the modern garage! When we think that the cost of an automobile comes next to the home it is astonishing what makeshifts are put up with in its housing. The automobile as it gradually developed from the novelty stage to become practically an essential of modern life brought with it certain specialized housing requirements. Once the house garage only represented a shelter for the family car—that and nothing else—utility was the sole end and aim with the result that the garage was usually an eyesore hidden somewhere behind the home. As was natural the first garages were either part or the whole of a transformed stable, and even when a garage was boldly built as a garage it was considered merely as an outbuilding, not even remotely thought of as a feature which might be brought into direct connection with the home it served. The fire hazard for a long time was one of the deterrents. Then architects were for a long time shy of incorporating the garage as a portion of the house design. It was the heating problem which finally brought the attached garage into practical consideration. Cold motors in unheated quarters on winter mornings brought matters to a head. Home builders began to demand some sort of physical relationship between the garage and the heating apparatus. A design is shown of a separate garage heated by pipes leading from the house. In its planning it carries out all the requirements of the attached garage. It took some time to adjust the new planning as it introduced an entire new and foreign element into the design, and for a time the garage was treated as a necessary utilitarian evil to be camouflaged if at all possible.

Outside of the design there are a number of technical problems to be considered. It does not do to build, especially an attached garage, to the minimum requirements. The minimum for one car is 10 x 16 feet, but it is always well to build much larger so that other types of cars which may vary in size can be accommodated. A few general rules apply to the design and construction of all garages. First they should be planned so that

[Continued on page 70]



"and end my scrubbing days forever!"

- A cry wrung from a woman's heart by years of tedious, back-breaking, beauty-stealing labor—the scrubbing of floors.
- No woman need ever again put up with this unnecessary drudgery, that makes an old scrub-woman out of her. It is so much easier to keep floors clean and beautiful the modern, scientific Johnson Wax way—whether they are wood or linoleum, varnished or unvarnished. The wax is easily applied, and the floors quickly polished with the Johnson Electric Polisher, which dealers rent out. Thereafter, dust is removed instantly with a dry mop. Dirt cannot penetrate the hard, waxed surface—protected against scuff-

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Toronto	CKGW	Wd. & Fr.	5:30
Calgary	CKLC	Tu. & Fr.	5:45
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DARK SEAS

Continued from page 69

Hamel rang for full speed. The torpedo boat vibrated as churning propellers stopped sternway and thrust her ahead. In a wide circle she swept through the anchorage at twenty knots. The destroyer was also under way, circling in the opposite direction. In the centre of their fierce patrol, like a child, lay the wallowing tugboat.

"Where's that boat? Find Von Holm again," ordered Hamel. The searching light ploughed back and forth. Through driving wind, with its burden of sand and spray the white sword swung swiftly. The torpedo boat plunged ahead.

"My God, sir, Look!"

The beam had found Von Holm. Ahead of him, less than a cable, were the unmistakable outlines of a conning tower. At the same moment that the searchlight found her, a gun spoke from the submarine's deck. There was a blinding flash on the forward part of the torpedo boat and the searchlight beam vanished. Instantly night engulfed the submarine.

"Searchlight's done for, sir. Three men gone overboard. We're holed above the water-line."

Hamel had got his bearings in that brief moment when the submarine was visible. Through the dark, the torpedo boat bore forward towards her quarry.

At the moment when the submarine fired, the destroyer's searchlights swung towards her. Three times the American's guns barked with dreadful, tearing, staccato notes. The searchlights found the submarine just as she slipped under the waters. Close by, empty, floated Von Holm's boat. Spartel Jack was once more in command.

The destroyer swung to port, angling to cross the path of the submerged vessel. As she crossed the course, she spewed a barrage of depth-charges. Detonations followed. The torpedo boat's hull quivered as the explosions drove their impact through the solid seas.

T.B. 90 crossed the angle of the submarine's course two minutes after the destroyer. As she did so, there was a stunning crash forward. The torpedo boat shuddered throughout her entire length. She seemed to stop for a moment and then plunge ahead. From the waters alongside, a great conical steel nose rose with fearful suddenness, its sides pouring sea-water. The monster yawed awfully and turned half over.

As she started down, the crew of the torpedo boat, frozen with horror, saw a great hole where the torpedo boat's razor-like cutwater had sliced into her. The sea boiled and spouted.

T.B. 90 backed away, swung a little to starboard and went ahead, strewed the dark water with ash-cans. The hammer strokes began. After each stroke a thousand tons of ocean mushroomed skyward.

Silence settled down over the sea. Even the wind, buffeted aside by the savage explosions, seemed to hold its breath for a space. The torpedo boat, her bow crumpled, drifted idly. Hamel and his crew huddled together in the dark, sick and silent.

"God forgive us," muttered Hamel, "what a way to die."

"Sudden," said Breadalbane.

From the destroyer's deck, came a frantic blinking of lights.

"She's asking what happened, sir."

"Tell her."

Almost before the interchange of morse could be completed, the destroyer swept within hailing distance. Her searching lights raked the tor-

pedo boat's deck, found her smashed bow.

"Torpedo boat, ahoy!"

"Ay, ay."

"What happened?"

"We sank Spartel Jack."

"How do you know it was Spartel Jack?"

"Ask them to send a boat for me—mine's broken adrift," said Watt's voice in Hamel's ear. "I'll tell the blighters how you know."

"God, Watt, I'd forgotten you. I'll send you over in my boat. Do me a favor."

"Anything."

"Tell them how you know it was Spartel Jack—but don't say anything about my fighting him. He tried to lure me back aboard. I recognized him and spoiled the scheme. That's all."

"Right. That's your story and I'll stick to it."

THIRTY-SIX hours later when T.B. 90, with her ruined bow, nosed through the Strait, the *Levanter* had blown itself out. The steep, smooth seas still ran but there was no wind. Long streamers of blue cloud clung like ghostly banners to the cliffs of Gebul Musa. As the vessel cleared Tarifa and Carnero, the Rock appeared, proudly vignettied against the tumbling colour of a sea that changed magically from grey to purple under the climbing sun.

Hamel brought the torpedo boat alongside half a dozen others in the trot to the accompaniment of a hail of questions and congratulations from officers and deck-hands. As he shaved and dressed below, preparatory to making his verbal report, the ward-room was crowded with officers, eager for news. They toasted his success amid a babble of voices. Pink gins circulated until the bottle of Angostura bitters was empty.

When he was ready, he pushed his way through the crowd and climbed the ladder. Behind him Breadalbane was telling for the twentieth time the story of Spartel Jack's last daring gamble with chance. But in that story there was no mention of a duel. Cummings, the cabin boy, whose duties included oiling the cutlasses, found no explanation of the hacked edges of two weapons.

As Hamel climbed ashore, he glanced at his bow. Already the Chief Constructor and his assistant were giving it a preliminary examination. On the foredeck, surrounded by envious visitors from other ships, the fortunate members of T.B. 90's crew were laboriously figuring their shares of prize money.

Lieutenant Hamel strode across the dockyard. He was accustomed to smartness in his person and he was smart now, from his white cap-cover to the polished regulation shoes. But he was not thinking of his appearance. His thoughts had climbed Scud Hill and stood hesitating outside the gateway of Villa Dolores.

All through the hour he spent making a verbal report to the Admiral, the Chief of Staff and the O.C.P., one corner of his brain was occupied with the uncertainty of Scud Hill. He saw the cracked plaster of the garden wall and trailing vines which clung across its face. The shape of an iron lantern above the gate, which he had never seen lighted, and the square iron handle appeared clearly before him, even as he explained, in detail, the events he had agreed with Breadalbane and Watt should be told. There was something about gate and handle which puzzled him, an uncertainty

[Continued on page 72]

When Gastric Juices Fail to Flow

You know how badly an engine runs when it gets clogged up. It's the same with your body when your gastric—or digestive—juices fail to flow. Your food, instead of being assimilated by your system, simply collects and stagnates inside you, producing harmful acid poisons. What you need then is a tonic—Nature's own tonic—Nature's six mineral salts.

You get all these six salts in Kruschen Salts, and each one of them has an action of its own. Together, they stimulate and tune up the bodily functions from a number of different angles. The first effect of these salts is to promote the flow of the saliva and so awaken the appetite. The next action occurs in the stomach, where the digestive juices are encouraged to pour out and act upon the food. Again in the intestinal tract certain of these salts promote a further flow of these vital juices which deal with partly digested food and prepare it finally for absorption into the system.

So you see there is no mystery about Kruschen. It works on purely scientific and well-known principles. Prove it for yourself.



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Is safe and simple to use. One liquid, nothing injurious; Permanent and washable; 40 years' reputation; sold in all natural tints; state colour

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Trial bottle 25c. Other sizes 50c., \$1.00, \$1.50.
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ASTHMA

If Asthma is getting the best of you and is slowly tearing down your health, I want you to try a treatment that saved me from a life of torture and agony, after everything else, even Doctors, failed to help me. I could not get life insurance because I was considered hopeless. But this treatment performed a miracle in my case. Within 24 hours I could lie down and sleep in comfort all night long. All choking and wheezing stopped almost instantly. It is really astonishing how quickly I got well and I have not had an attack since. My recovery was so complete I had no trouble in getting my life insured for Ten Thousand Dollars. The Doctor could not find even a trace of Asthma. I will prove this by a sworn affidavit from the Doctor who examined me. Now I want to help every one suffering the torture and agony of Asthma attacks. I will gladly send a generous free trial treatment to every sufferer who will write for it. If anything you have tried has given you only temporary relief write me today for a free trial of my treatment and proof that I got rid of Asthma after suffering six years. Remember the trial treatment is free. Write today. O. W. Dean, 332-A Deau Bldg., Benton Harbor, Mich.

Simple Remedy For Bad Stomach Gives Swift Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet. Safe and Simple Home Recipe Keeps Stomach in Fine Condition.

If you are a victim of Stomach Troubles—Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have quick and certain relief by following this simple advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants or pull down your system with starvation diets. For within reason most folks may eat what they like if they will keep their stomach free from souring acids that hinder or paralyze the work of digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to follow every meal with three or four tablets of Bisurated Magnesia—a pleasant, harmless, inexpensive, and handy tablet form of Magnesia that promptly neutralizes acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Bisurated Magnesia tablets, which any good druggist can supply at trifling cost, should quickly convince you that 90 per cent of ordinary stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Be sure to get Bisurated Magnesia Tablets!

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actually make every engine a better engine

Extra power—power you can feel. *Extra* speed—speed you can read in miles per hour. *Extra* acceleration—acceleration you can measure with a stop watch . . . To the million and more car owners of the Dominion, and to motorists the world over, this new discovery—the newly designed Champion Spark Plug—means extra engine performance never before attainable . . . The unique shape of the core, shown above,

is the secret of the truly remarkable results it produces. It automatically controls and distributes heat with such precision that it provides perfect ignition far beyond the point where failure occurs with ordinary spark plugs . . . Back of all the new principles, new design, and new results, is the foremost name in spark plugs for over twenty years—Champion. Install a full set in your car today.

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Just *wash* the dirt away!



*Gillett's Lye lifts off
grease, grime, and
stubborn stains ...
without scrubbing*

WHY tire yourself out rubbing and scrubbing at spots and stains?

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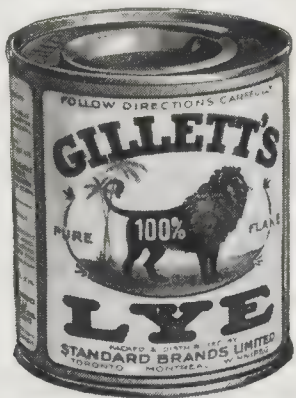
This powerful cleanser just washes the dirt away. Grease and grime at once dissolve. Off come stubborn spots and stains.

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*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.



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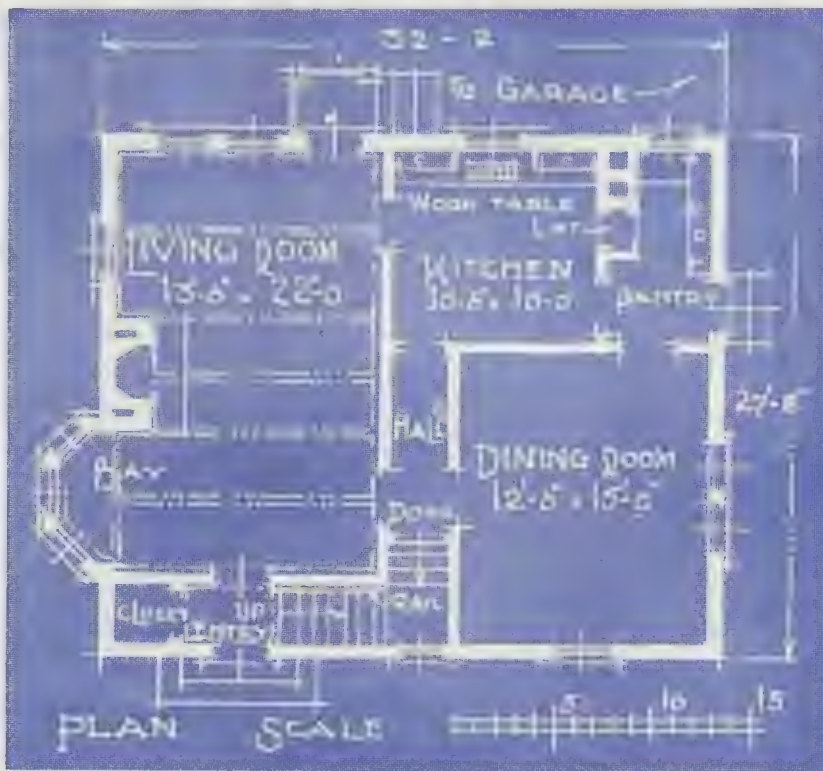
FROM THE HEART OF OLD CANADA

Continued from page 67

adequate ventilation is assured. Door for single cars to be not less than eight feet wide. Floors should slope about one-eighth inch to the foot toward a central grating for drainage. Municipal ordinances in regard to the construction should be studied. They should be fireproof. This one is of concrete with cement asbestos shins

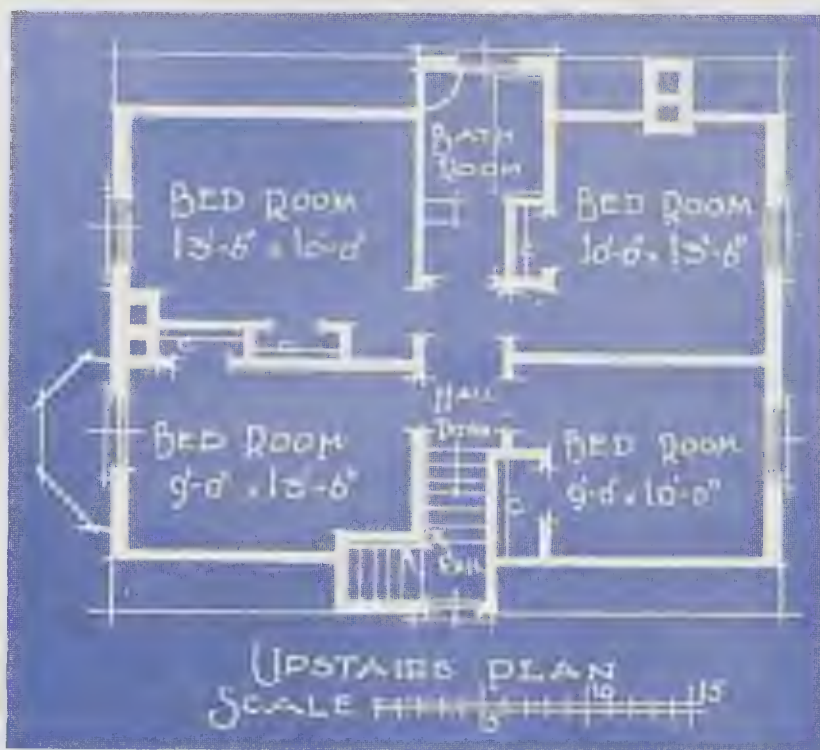
five and up to ten-door outfits for openings 8 feet high to 30 feet wide.

I have shown an overhead door to this garage, for a standard eight feet by eight feet opening. This type is a wonderful door, operating like a roll-top desk and is constructed in four or more sections hinged together and running in a guide track which carries



gles. The garage should be heated by the house plant. The great difficulty in design was the large doors, but now this has been successfully overcome, and doors are manufactured to suit every requirement, either artistic or utilitarian. They are made in all sizes, eight by eight feet being the one-car standard. These doors will harmonize with any style

the door overhead. You simply turn the latch and with a light lift the door rises smoothly and easily over your head; a pull will close it. This door occupies a minimum of room. In building the garage, if you wish afterward to install a perfect door it is well to allow over head of door at least eighteen inches, and around jambs about twelve so that any



of architecture, and consist mainly of sliding or swing doors or overhead doors. Sliding doors have all the advantages without any of the disadvantages of swing doors. They slide inward out of the way of wind and weather, everything being inside, an important fact when snow lies deep. These doors are made in three, four,

fittings can be easily put on afterwards. Doors of the overhead types are an invaluable asset when floor space is required, as in a boathouse.

There is one more thing to add. An automobile is now a necessity to many people. Be sure and give it a shelter of which you will be as proud, as of the automobile.

*Try This
Delicious
Chicken Broth*



AT lunch, at dinner, for invalids, nothing is quite so delicious and appetizing as Halls Concentrated Clear Chicken Broth. Halls Chicken Broth has that rich, delicious flavour that gives a zest to tired appetites; and makes lifelong friends.

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"OUT OF THE WOODS"

is the title of the new serial commencing in the May issue of The Western Home Monthly. This outstanding novel is from the facile pen of John Middleton Ellis, who is noted for his virile writings. This story fairly teems with action and readers are promised something different.

Spring Styles Show Simple Lines and Decorative Details



7432

7432—The new rough woollens are excellent for this style of Coat. Tweed, Alpaca and novelty woollens are also suggested. The armhole is deep and comfortable and the sleeve is roomy and finished with a neat cuff. Serviceable pockets, topped with shaped flaps, trim the fronts of the coat. The collar is an outstanding feature of this style. It may be crossed over the fronts, high at the neck and rolled open.

Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. It will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch lining, and $\frac{7}{8}$ -yard of canvas for interlining. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7434—Corduroy, or light weight woollen is suggested for this style. It is also good in the new rough weave silks, and in linen. The jacket in short hip length may be closed high at the neck edge as shown in the large view or as in the small front view, with the fronts rolled back to form revers. The front of the skirt is made with narrow gores having low placed plait fulness. In the back the skirt flares. The scarf ends of the collar may be looped or worn loose.

Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18, if made as in the large view, will require 3 yards of one material 54 inches wide, together with $2\frac{1}{3}$ -yard of contrasting material 54 inches wide for collar, belt and cuffs. $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material are required for lining the jacket. $\frac{7}{8}$ -yard of belting is required for the skirt waistband. The jacket alone without contrast will require $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards. The skirt alone will require $1\frac{3}{8}$ -yard of 54-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7433—Designed in sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 yards made with bertha portions. Without bertha portions and peplum $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Price 25c.

7426—The chic lines of this model recommend it. It features the higher neck line, and diagonal closing. Low placed plait fulness is introduced in the front of the skirt, with darts in the back completing the fitted effect. The sleeve is plain and fitted to the arm. Black taffeta with frills of red crepe and crystal buttons is here illustrated. One could use crepe, or light weight woollen. Linen and mesh woollens are also suggested.

Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require $4\frac{1}{3}$ yards of 35-inch material. The frills will require $\frac{3}{4}$ -yard of plaiting or it may be made from a strip of material $1\frac{3}{4}$ -yard long and $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, and plaited to a length of $\frac{3}{4}$ -yard. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

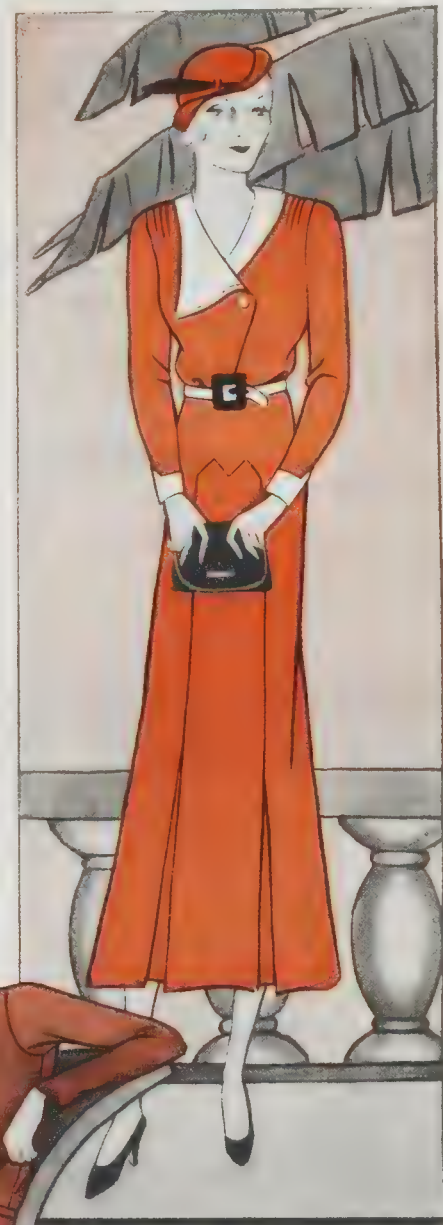
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The Western Home Monthly,
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7434

7433

7426



7429

7432

7434

7433

7426

7429

"Look, Bessie, I've got back my normal weight"

"And I am certainly feeling fine since using the Nerve Food"

"I was so thin and run down for a while that I was really ashamed of myself—nobody likes a skinny girl.

Then, too, I was so easily tired out. Every little task seemed to worry me and I could not go out without being all used up afterwards.

So many of my friends suggested the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food that I finally decided to give it a trial.

Now look at those scales. They tell the story, but I am sure you can see the difference when you look at me. I am so well and happy, too. I sleep well, enjoy my meals and have said good-bye to all my old worries."



"Physicians report an alarming increase of disease among young women as a result of excessive dieting. Starving the blood is certain to result in disorders of the nerves."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food



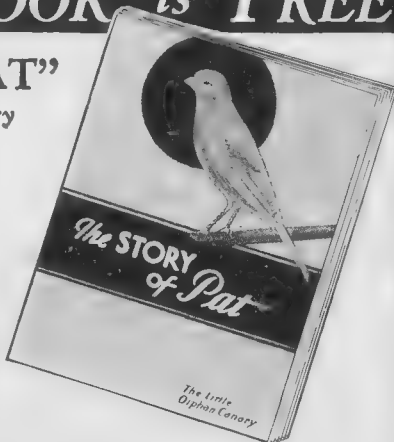
If you like a thrilling story—Watch for the May issue of "The Western Home Monthly".

This Lovely BOOK is FREE

"THE STORY OF PAT"
—the little orphan Canary

Parents!
Children!

Send for this true
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**100 CANARIES
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"THE STORY OF PAT"
Is a most delightful story of a Canary. Children will love it—and adults too! Pat was a little orphan canary, who almost died—had to be fed by aid of a tooth pick—but who grew strong and sturdy, and actually learned to sing songs. Brock's have had Pat's story printed, with illustrations.

Can your Canary whistle "We Won't Go Home Till Morning"—or—"The Bells of St. Mary's"? Pat did, really and truly! Send for this Book—it's quite free. Read of the antics of Pat and how he was trained to sing—how he fooled the painter—and about the cat, too! Parents! the story of Pat is absolutely true and makes a really fine story for children.

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Please send me a FREE copy of "The Story of Pat", as offered, also enter my name in the Draw for a Free Canary.

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Send today for the Story of Pat. You get it Free, and a chance to win a Canary Free.

HURRY—Closing Date of this offer is April 30th, 1932

DARK SEAS

Continued from page 68

which must, eventually, be faced. He pushed it back into his mind, covering it up with words.

There was so much to tell, even without the story of the duel. With that great keystone missing from the arch of the night's events, it still required innumerable questions and answers before the Admiral and his aides were satisfied. The audacity of Von Holm's last exploit teased the imagination of these men.

When at last they released Hamel, the extraordinary intrigue which had drawn the German to his death was discussed. Out of courtesy, no one had done more than hint at the real reason while Hamel was present. With the Lieutenant gone, the facts were laid out in all their stark realism.

"Damn!" said the Admiral, "it's like a book."

The tact shown by the three Brass Hats was absent in the town. Fact and gossip tripped from loose tongues in a deluge of words. Hamel, going grimly about his many tasks, was aware of the position he occupied in the excited imaginations of others. Even while he arranged with the Chief Constructor for the torpedo boat to be placed on the slip for a refit, he knew the man's mind was active with speculation concerning the relationship of Sparte Jack, Margaret Von Holm and himself.

As he sat down to write a detailed report of the sinking, a mental picture of the garden-gate at Villa Dolores returned to him. Resolutely, he put it away and with it the uneasy feeling of something which had to be done, something unpleasant and a little dreadful. The congratulations of the Brass Hats were soothing only while he refused to remember why he had received them. The Admiral had said he was to be recommended for the D.S.O. He glanced down at the place on his monkey-jacket where the decoration would be sewn, and a slight shiver went through him. He began to write.

IT WAS the Chief of Staff who suggested that Mrs. Von Holm should be told and decided upon the method. From the innumerable details of Garrison life which crowded his mind, he sorted out the fact that Mrs. Towers had continued a casual intercourse with the solitary girl in Villa Dolores. He sent a brief note to that good lady. It contained a request that she carry the news to Margaret Von Holm and at the same time convey the Admiral's regrets for the passing of a very gallant seaman worthy of the highest honour from the country he had served so well.

As Mrs. Towers hastily prepared to execute the wishes of the Chief of Staff, her eyes sparkled with anticipation. Never, in her wildest imaginings, had she conceived of a denouement so satisfying. That Hamel, of all people, should be the officer responsible! The lover! Mrs. Towers threw down her powder-puff, seized the letter and hurried into the garden.

Margaret Von Holm, as was usual at this time of the morning, was bent over her plants. She wore a large straw hat, of Spanish manufacture, to shade her face from the sun. On her hands, protecting their perfection, were a pair of gardening gloves.

Mrs. Towers entered the garden of Villa Dolores without waiting for an invitation. Her footsteps on the loose gravel attracted the girl's attention. She turned with a friendly smile.

"Good morning," she said and then stopped. Something in Mrs. Towers' face alarmed her. She saw the open letter. "What is it?" she asked in a low voice.

Mrs. Towers never understood what happened. She had come into the garden with the thought that life was very good indeed, this morning. It had given her such a splendid opportunity for vicariously enjoying so many emotions, licit and illicit. Now, before the look in Margaret Von Holm's eyes, she found herself wordless. Stupidly she held out the letter.

The colour drained from the girl's face as she read. Almost at the beginning, the Chief of Staff mentioned the name of the officer responsible for the death of Ludwig Von Holm. When she had finished reading, Mrs. Von Holm handed the letter back.

"Thank you," she said.

Slowly she began to remove the gardening gloves. Mrs. Towers watched her helplessly, feeling that, somehow, she had let the situation slip away.

"My dear —" she began, and paused.

Margaret Von Holm laid the gloves down beside her trowel and turned. After one hesitating step, Mrs. Towers made no effort to follow. In that erect carriage and proud head there was something which shamed intrusion.

In the little library she knelt before the framed photograph of Ludwig Von Holm, once her husband, now only a pictured memory that had forgotten how to smile. She was so still that slumber might have claimed her.

A patch of sunlight crept across the floor until it rested on the golden head. The light moved on and upwards until it fell upon the changeless face of Ludwig Von Holm. Swiftly the sun dropped behind distant cordilleras so that the room grew soft and dim. The girl moved her head a little and moaned, as if in pain. It had come to her, mercilessly, that there were two men dead. Loneliness, a cowed form, stole through the gathering gloom and knelt beside her. Once she murmured "Ludwig," but when her lips tried to speak another name, no sound had come. She crouched lower. The room was dark.

HAMEL finished his written report by lamplight. He put it into a long manilla envelope, sealed and addressed it to the O.C.P. Then he leaned back and instantly the gate in the garden wall became very clear before him. The thought which had been all day behind the curtains of his mind and veiled by many words and things to do came out plainly. He laid the envelope on the wardrobe table for delivery and went ashore.

Above, swift tongues of light from searchlights formed a moving pattern against a star-lit sky. In Governor's Parade, the garrison band was playing. As he walked slowly under the trees of the Alameda, the gay rhythm of "El Zapatero" came faintly to him. He wished to go back where the lightness of that music might take possession of his mind. Once he stopped, but the gate seemed to grow clearer and he went on.

Even on the shoulder of Scud Hill, the music came to him. He had climbed above the streets of the town and the notes rose unhampered by walls or trees. The garden gate suddenly appeared before him, broad and massive. It had been there all day, and now he had but to reach out his hand and touch it.

Inexplicably, his hand refused to make the gesture. He stood there, in the road, staring at the gate which seemed to lurk, as if it had withdrawn

[Continued on page 73]

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[REMEMBER]

WHEN WRITING THE ADVERTISERS PLEASE
MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

**QUEBEC GOES BACK TO 1600 TO
BREAK DEPRESSION**

Continued from page 20

of considerable value and are making a distinct contribution to Canadian art. As many as a hundred hooked rugs or tapestries are copied from one of these paintings, yet all are individual as no two pupils will make identical copies. The assistance provided by these artists is of great importance.

The provincial school, however, Mr. Beriau hastened to add, is only the centre of the provincial development policy. Six travelling teachers are maintained permanently on the department staff, and they visit the small country villages and even individual homes to help the habitant people who cannot afford to come to Quebec City to attend the school. With the co-operation of the women's guilds in the smaller centres, classes are arranged during the summer months and the farm women come into the villages. When advice is sought the teachers will go out to the farms and tell the farm women how they can improve their looms and their spinning wheels and advise them on better methods of using the vegetable dyes. No effort is made, however, to have these people modernize their work; on the contrary they are encouraged to continue their own crude designs and rougher workmanship in order that their products may retain some of the charm that is French Canada.

For over three centuries the hand looms and spinning wheels of Old Quebec have been clacking and whirring, clothing the habitants and

supplying tourists, but the handicraft movement on a wide scale is still in its infancy. Quebec, however, is old fashioned; it still moves slowly; and in developing its policy to restore the customs of the seventeenth century it looks to the twenty-first century for the fulfilment of its aims. Quebec is looking to the past but building for the future. A glimpse of the classroom at Quebec will illustrate that; there row after row of hand looms are in operation; spinning wheels identical to those brought over from the Old France to the New are turning out yards of wool; and behind each one sits a black-robed sister, who, when she has completed her course, will go out among her pupils and teach them the mastery of these ancient tools. Thus will the next generation of French Canadians be taught the arts so familiar to their ancestors.

The French Canadians of this old province are a steady and conservative people. Jean Baptiste is a great believer in tradition, and views with considerable alarm the growth of great cities in Quebec. It is natural that he should approve of a policy which will preserve his identity, carry on the traditions of his race and at the same time offer the means of a livelihood for thousands of his people. The willingness of the people to be taught makes Quebec's experiment an interesting one but inclines one to the belief that only here where pioneer days are not forgotten and where the past still means more than the future could it be successfully carried out.

DARK SEAS

Continued from page 72

into the shadow of the arch above it. A street lamp, some distance up the road, threw a thin light over the stones leaving the gate in darkness.

He was unaware of the passage of time until a faint sound aroused him. He did not know what it was or where it had come from, but it sounded like a footfall upon gravel. He looked again at the gate and reached out his hand. He knew the gate was unbarred and the hinges oiled.

At that moment, quite plainly, he saw something in the shadow under the arch. It was Ludwig Von Holm. To reach the latch he must touch him first. Involuntarily, he dropped his hand and stepped back. When he looked again, there was only shadow but it was pregnant with menace.

Death did not end things, it began them. Between him and the woman he desired there had risen walls more difficult than stone. He heard again the dead man's voice. "Lieutenant Hamel, I do not like you." A slight shiver ran through his frame. He knew now what was the unpleasant thing he must do.

Quietly, his shoes making no noise in the dust of the road, he turned to descend the hill. As he moved away, he thought he heard a faint sound, which might have been a sob, from the garden. He was not certain, however, for at that moment a perfumed breeze came up over the trees of the Alameda, bringing in fuller cadences the gay melody of "El Zapatero."



Photograph taken by Bruce Metcalfe, Weston, Ont., who won second prize in the Animal Class of the recent Kodak International Competition.

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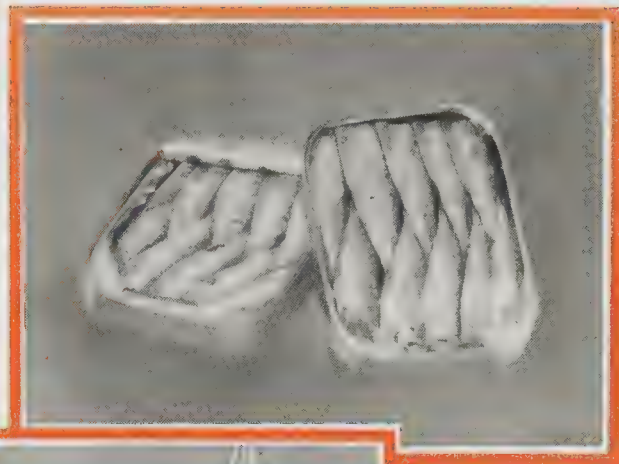
FOOD FROM THE SEA

By
GERTRUDE DUTTON



Canned salmon is available all the year round and may be used in almost unlimited ways.

Canned shrimps provide the base for many delicious salads and hot lunches.



The sardine is the aristocrat of small fish. These vary considerably as to grade, but the smaller the fish the better the quality.



Whitefish is usually boiled or baked and makes a delicious dish.

WE CAN justly be proud of our Canadian fisheries. Few other countries produce as many varieties, or in such great quantities. Fish might well be used to a much greater extent than it is. It is equal to meat from the standpoint of food value, and as a rule is as cheap. Many varieties are more easily digested than meat. For this reason and not because of any of its food elements, it is recommended for people who work largely with their brains. The sea fish contain considerable iodine, and are exceedingly valuable, for this reason, as a preventative of goiter. This does not apply to the fresh water fish from our lakes and rivers.

There are two classes of fish, the oily such as salmon, mackerel, herring, shad, etc., and the non-oily, such as halibut, codfish and white fish. The oily fish have the fat distributed through the flesh, while the others have it concentrated in the livers, making the flesh much more readily digested. We find in the markets, fresh fish, frozen, salted, dried and smoked, and canned.

If a fish is fresh, it will have bright gills, the eyes will be bright and prominent, the flesh along the back-bone firm and elastic. Fish spoils more rapidly than meat. If not cooked at once, it should be kept on ice till used. It keeps better after cooking than if left uncooked. Modern methods of refrigeration and rapid transportation, make it possible to have many varieties of chilled fish in perfect condition, no matter how far we may live from the sea-shore. Frozen fish is placed in cold water till the frost is drawn out, then cooked as any fresh fish.

A piece of fish, large or small, from which the skin and bone are removed, is known as a fillet. Halibut cut in three-quarter inch slices is one of the best known examples.

Fresh fish are scaled or skinned, wiped with a clean cloth and kept on ice, or in a very cold place, till cooked. If allowed to stand in cold water, valuable food material is lost. Salt fish is soaked in cold water for several hours, the water changed frequently, till the salt is removed. The head and tail of a fish may be removed or not, according to the size of the fish and the method of cooking. If the head is left on, the eyes are removed. Small fish are quite often served with the head and tail left on.

If wished, a fish may be boned after it is cleaned and skinned. To do this, run a sharp knife under the flesh, close to the back-bone, beginning at the tail, and follow the bone with the knife for its entire length, removing one-half of the flesh. Turn over and remove the other half of the flesh in the same way. Any small bones which are left may be picked out with the fingers. Whitefish, cod, halibut, haddock, are frequently boned in this way before cooking.

Fish may be boiled or steamed, baked, broiled, fried or sautéed.

Small fish may be cooked whole in boiling water to cover, to which salt and lemon juice or vinegar are added, the acid to keep the flesh white. If small enough, place the fish in a wire-frying basket, or tie it in a piece of cheese-cloth, and drop into the boiling water, and cook till the flesh will drop from the bones, if they are left in. This requires about 10 minutes to the pound, with an extra 10 minutes for a very thick piece. One teaspoon of salt, three teaspoons of vinegar or lemon juice are required for three quarts of water. When cooked, remove from the water, drain, and skin (if the skin was not removed before cooking) garnish and serve. The fish may be steamed over hot water, in a cheese-cloth, or on a rack or basket, if preferred.

Many people enjoy fish, but seldom serve it on account of the disagreeable odor of cooked fish that appears to haunt the house for the remainder of the day. This difficulty can now be overcome by wrapping the fish in a cooking parchment put up by the Appleford Paper Products, called Canapar, which not only prevents any odor escaping, but the original flavor of the food is saved, making it twice as savory. If desired, two or three vegetables may also be boiled in the same cooking utensil as the fish and if wrapped in this insoluble, grease-proof paper, will not absorb any of the flavors except their own. Several vegetables in one pot saves fuel, time and stove space.

Many people like fish baked with a dressing. Clean the fish, remove the eyes if the head is left on. Sprinkle with salt, fill with the stuffing, fasten with strips of cloth or skewers, or sew the opening, put in the pan, dredge with flour, salt and pepper, dot with a little fat, and bake in a hot oven, allowing 10 minutes to the pound, and 10 minutes extra.

Baste occasionally with a little fat melted in hot water. If one has not a fish sheet or a rack to lay the fish on in the pan, it may be put on a strip of clean white cloth, so that it may be lifted from the pan without breaking, when cooked.

Broiling may be done in a broiler under the flame, or in the frying pan on top of the stove. If small, they are left whole, with the head and tail removed, if large, cut in slices. Grease the wires of the broiler, rub the fish with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and cook first on one side, then on the other, if done in the broiler. When done in the frying pan, enough fat is put in the pan to keep the fish from sticking. The pieces of fish are usually rolled in corn meal or flour, and browned on both sides. From 5 to 20 minutes will be required, according to the size of the fish, or thickness of the slices. When the flesh will readily leave the bones, it is done. A hot fire is required.

Pieces of fish may be dropped in batter, or dipped in egg and crumbs and fried in deep fat, at 390° F., or hot enough to fry an inch cube of bread a golden brown in 40 seconds. Drain and serve hot.

Few people realize the great variety of fish to be obtained from the waters of our own country.

THE Cod is one of our finest and best known fishes. It is found in very great quantities in the Atlantic Ocean. Much of it is salted for the market. The average size is from 6 to 10 pounds, although it is not unusual to catch much larger ones, some weighing as much as 100 pounds. The skin is white, heavily mottled with gray, with a white line running the entire length of the fish on both sides. It is in season throughout the year, although caught chiefly from April to November. As a source of Cod Liver Oil, this fish is of inestimable value to us. Isinglass is made from the swimming bladder of the Cod. We most frequently bake or boil the codfish, or make it into Fish Balls, or serve the dried, shredded codfish creamed.

The Cusk or Ling as it is known in Great Britain, is a member of the Cod family, very popular in the United States, which we should know better in this country. It is usually sold as smoked fillets, and is fried, broiled, creamed, boiled or scalloped.

The Flounder is a broad, flat fish, very common on the Pacific Coast, and quite [Continued on page 75]

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MEAT LOAF
(6 Servings)

- 1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine,
- 1/2 cup cold water, 1 cup stock, well seasoned,
- 1/2 onion, peeled and sliced, 1 stalk celery, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice
- 1 cup chopped cold cooked veal, ham, beef or chicken
- 2 tablespoonfuls pimientoes, cut in thin strips (if desired)
- 1/2 tablespoonful chopped parsley

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Add onion and celery to stock, bring to the boiling point, let boil three minutes, strain and pour over the soaked gelatine. Add lemon juice, cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add meat, pimientoes and chopped parsley. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Remove from mold, and cut in slices for serving.

If beef is used, season with 1/2 tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce and omit lemon juice. Use the lemon juice with veal, garnishing with sliced cooked eggs and sliced tomatoes. Lamb may be used, seasoning with a little minced mint. Garnish with lettuce, green peppers, asparagus, first dipped in French dressing, or with small stuffed tomatoes.

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inexpensive. When made into fillets, it is served as Fillets of Sole, and is fried or baked.

The *Haddock* is one of the most popular fishes. It closely resembles the cod, but is smaller, averaging about four pounds each. Its distinguishing mark is a black line running along either side, the whole length of the body. It is found in abundance on the Atlantic coast, in the same waters as the cod, and is in season throughout the year. When smoked, it is known on the market as Finnan Haddie.

Halibut possibly shares the honors with salmon as our most popular fish food. It is the largest of the flat fish, some of them being as heavy as four hundred pounds. It is found in the cold waters of the northern Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, although most of that used in Canada comes from the Pacific. It is most plentiful in the summer, but is in season throughout the year. It has a queer, flattened body, dark grey on one side, white on the other. Both eyes are on the dark side. It is usually boiled, baked or fried.

The *Herring* is found in both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, from April to November in the former, and November to February in the latter. It is usually pickled in brine and sold in barrels or kegs, or split and smoked, is sold as Bloaters or Kippers, and canned in large quantities as Kipper Herring, plain or in Tomato Sauce. The fresh herring is fried, baked or boiled.

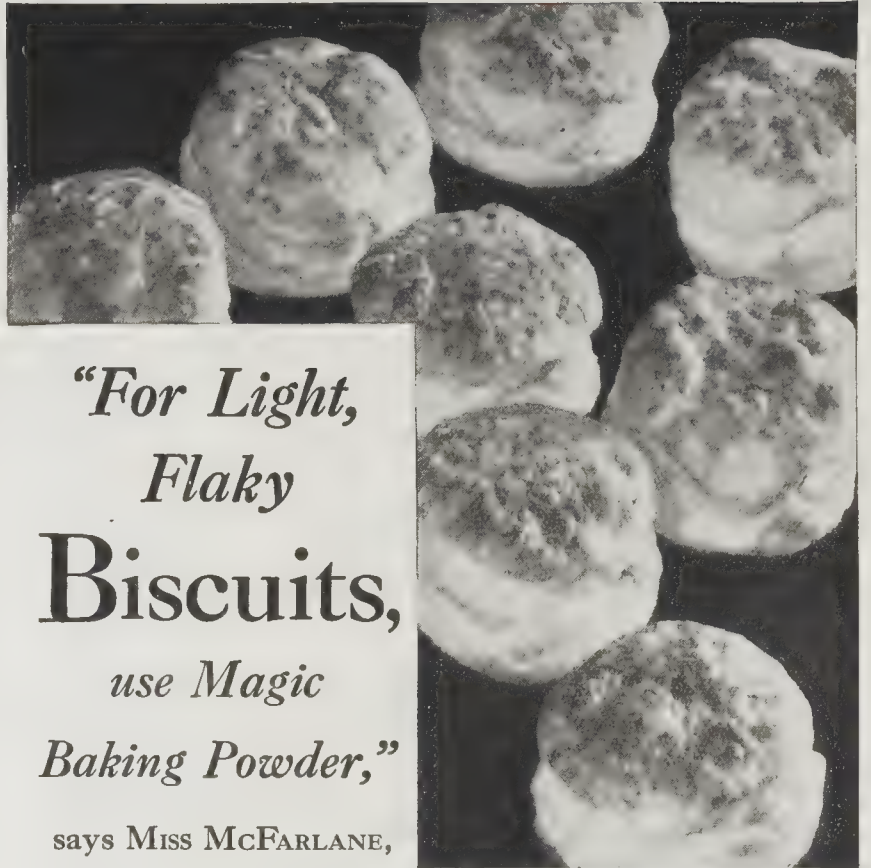
The *Hake* is found at all seasons in the Atlantic, although is in the best condition in the Fall. It deserves to be better known than it is in this country. It is salted and dried for the market. It may be fried, baked or boiled. The "Sound," a glutinous substance found along the back-bone, is dried and used for making glue and isinglass.

The *Mackerel* is one of the best-known of the North Atlantic fish, but the supply varies greatly from year to year. It is not a large fish, weighing from three-fourths of a pound to two pounds, and only the largest of them measuring 17 or 18 inches in length. The skin is a lustrous dark blue above, with wavy black lines, and silver below. They are in season from May to October. We bake, boil or broil mackerel.

Our Canadian *Salmon* is deservedly famous all over the world. It may be called both salt and fresh water fish, as it lives in both. It is very abundant in the North Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The Columbia River and New Brunswick salmon cannot be surpassed. It is secured from April to August, but is available, either frozen or canned all the year. The average weight is from 15 to 25 pounds, and the flesh is a pinkish orange color.

Smelts are among the smallest fish we use, averaging 4 or 5 ounces each. They come from both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and are in season from December to March. They are usually broiled or fried, whole, with the heads and tails left on, and skewered in a roll or a letter "S."

Perhaps the *Swordfish* is the most delicious of salt water fish. It has been recognized as a food only in recent years. The flesh is white, free from bones and with a flavor like chicken. It is always cooked as steaks. [Continued on page 76]



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says MISS MCFARLANE,

Dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital

"I use and recommend Magic because I know it is pure, and free from harmful ingredients."



HER position as dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, gives added weight to the above statement by Miss McFarlane.

For her opinion is based on a thorough knowledge of food chemistry, and on long and close study of food effects upon the body. On practical cooking experience, too.

The majority of dietitians in public institutions, like Miss McFarlane, use and recommend Magic *exclusively*. Because it is always uniform, always dependable, and gives consistently better baking results.

That's why, too, Magic is the favorite of Canadian housewives. It outsells all other baking powders combined.

When you bake at home, you, too,

will find that Magic makes all your baked foods unusually light and tender... and gives you the same perfect results *every time*.

Try Miss McFarlane's favorite recipe for BISCUITS

- 2 cups pastry flour*
- 4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 3/4 cup milk, or half milk and half water

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the chilled shortening. Now add the chilled liquid to make soft dough. Toss dough onto a floured board and do not handle more than is necessary. Roll or pat out with hands to about 1/2 inch thickness. Cut out with a floured biscuit cutter. Place on slightly greased pan or baking sheet and bake in hot oven at 450° F. 12 to 15 minutes.

*When bread flour is used, for best results replace each cupful of pastry flour specified in the above recipe with 3/4 cup of bread flour.



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These "better bran flakes" are full of a flavor men love — the matchless flavor of Pep. But even more important, they're filled with whole-wheat nourishment. Whole wheat is a favorite food for athletes because nature has made it a store-house of the food elements that build and nourish . . . of iron and minerals, of vitamins and proteins. And, these better bran flakes have bran — just enough bulk to keep you clean internally. They're an ideal dish for the children as well.

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FOR THE CHILDREN:

Tune in Kellogg's SING-ING LADY every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 Eastern Time, over WJZ, WLW, WBAL, KDKA, WBZ, WBZA, WGAR, WJR. Songs and stories children love.

*When available.



In addition to those mentioned above, our inland waters abound in delicious fresh water fish. The best known is the *Whitefish*. It is usually broiled or baked.

The *Burbot* belongs to the Cod family, the only one that is a fresh water fish. It is found in the Great Lakes. It is usually fried or boiled.

Bass is with many people the favorite fresh water fish, rolled in flour or corn meal and cooked in the frying pan.

Brook trout, Pickerel, Tullibees, Salmon trout, Pike, fresh water Herring, are all good when properly cooked, baked, boiled or sautéed in the frying pan.

Then we have our shell fish, the oysters, clams and scallops.

Canned salmon, tuna, sardines, lobsters, shrimps, etc., are always to be had.

BOILED SALMON

Clean and boil the salmon as directed above, put on a hot platter, remove any skin which may be on it, garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley, and serve with it, Egg or Hollandaise Sauce.

STUFFED BAKED HADDOCK

Clean a haddock, sprinkle with salt, fill with a stuffing made of:—

Crumbs 1 c.	Salt ½ t.
Butter, melted 4 tb.	Pepper ¼ t.
Hot water 4 tb.	Onion juice few drops

Fasten the opening in the fish, put in the baking pan, brush with melted butter and dredge with flour. Sprinkle with small pieces of fat, salt pork, and bake till the flesh will readily leave the bones, basting with melted fat and hot water every ten minutes. This will take about 50 minutes. Have the oven at about 425° F. to start the baking, then reduce for the last half hour.

BAKED MACKEREL

Clean and split a fish, remove the head and tail, and lay in a greased bake pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dot with butter and pour over it ¾ c. of milk. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour.

PLANKED OR BAKED WHITEFISH

Clean and split a white fish, lay on a greased plank or bake pan, with the skin side down. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dot with butter, and bake in a hot oven, 25-30 minutes. If cooked in a pan, remove to a hot platter, spread with butter, garnish with lemon and parsley.

FRIED SMELTS

Clean the smelts, leaving on the heads and tails. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in egg and crumbs, put in hot fat, about 390° F., set off the hot part of the stove, and cook till cooked, which will take about four minutes. Drain on brown paper. Set the fat over the flame again, to bring it back to the desired temperature before putting in more fish. Arrange the crisp, golden brown fish on hot buttered toast, and garnish with parsley and lemon and serve with Sauce Tartare.

BROILED SWORDFISH

Broil the steaks of swordfish, as directed, spread with butter, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Serve with cucumber or horse radish sauce.

STEAMED FILLETS OF FISH

Cut the fish selected into fillets, put on a greased plate or deeper dish which will fit in the steamer, sprinkle the fish with salt and a little lemon juice or vinegar, cover with waxed paper and the cover of the steamer and cook half an hour. Serve hot with a suitable sauce.

BAKED STUFFED HALIBUT

Have a slice of halibut cut about four inches thick. Carefully cut out the bone and fill the cavity with stuffing. Put in a baking pan, and baste with butter and hot water till done.

CREOLE BAKED HALIBUT

Put a three-inch slice of halibut in a large casserole, cover with a cup of canned tomatoes, a thinly sliced, large onion, a chopped green pepper, 1 c. of water, salt and pepper, and 4tb. of butter. Cover and cook slowly till the fish is tender. Serve from the dish in which it was cooked, if possible.

BAKED FINNAN HADDIE

Cover the finnan haddie with hot water, and simmer for 15 minutes. Drain, either dot with butter, or add 1 c. of milk, and cook in a rather hot oven for 20 minutes longer. Add pepper, and if the milk is used, 2 tb. of butter and serve hot. Pour the milk over the fish on the platter.

BOILED FRESH COD

Tie the cod in a piece of cheese-cloth. Put in water below the boiling point, add salt and vinegar or lemon juice, bring to the boil, and cook till done. Lift from the stove, remove from the cloth, put on a hot platter and spread with butter and chopped parsley.

FRIED FLOUNDERS OR SOLES

Have the fish filleted, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in milk, then in corn meal, and fry in deep fat, or dip in egg and crumbs.

BAKED FILLETS OF FISH

Select halibut, bass, etc., and cut into small fillets, lay on a greased pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with a buttered paper, and bake in a hot oven till done. Arrange on a bed of hot baked rice, garnish with parsley, and serve with Hollandaise Sauce.

FISH BALLS

Salt codfish 1 c.	Potatoes 2 c.
Butter ½ tb.	Egg 1
	Pepper ¼ t.

Soak the codfish in cold water to remove some of the salt. Wash and pare the potatoes and cook with the fish, cut in small pieces, in boiling water to cover, till tender. Drain thoroughly, mash, add the butter, pepper and well-beaten egg. Beat very thoroughly, drop by spoonfuls into hot fat, and fry till golden brown, which will take about one minute.

Canned fish may be used in almost unlimited ways, in salads, scalloped dishes, fish cakes, souffles, etc.

[Continued on page 77]

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DIETETIC VEGETABLE COOKING

BADLY cooked vegetables cause indigestion as surely as the bolting of food, wrong combinations and the like.

In the first place, one should remember that it is the fresh, crisp vegetables that will be, after cooking, the most valuable and palatable food.

The vitamins and mineral salts which are the important factors in maintaining the well-being of the body should be retained at all costs.

Foods, when boiled, should be cooked in as little water as possible. Steaming is recommended for the following vegetables: Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, yams, turnips, rutabagas, artichokes, beets, parsnips, salsify, carrots, cabbage, cauliflower, asparagus, brussels sprouts.

The difference between boiling and steaming relative to the preservation of the mineral salts was demonstrated in a small way by the Department of Agricultural Chemistry, University of Wisconsin, as follows: Average loss in cauliflower, steamed, 2.1 per cent; average loss in cauliflower, boiled, 37.6 per cent. The losses were salts of magnesium, phosphates, sulphates, calcium, iron and proteins.

Any variety of vegetables may be cooked together but the seasoning such as salt, butter, milk or cream, should be added only before serving.

Do You Know?

Bananas are high in mineral salts of potassium and phosphorus which make them very valuable for people who need these minerals. They are, therefore, helpful in lung affections and in fevers. Unripe and green bananas contain starch which is rather indigestible but this may be overcome by baking, in which case no sugar need be added as they become quite sweet during the process.

When perfectly ripe the skin of the banana is speckled with brown spots. By this we know that the starch has been turned into dextrin and sugar, making this fruit a natural, predigested food.

The high alkalinity of the banana will help to correct acid conditions in the system. It is better not to eat them with vinegar dressing in a salad.

Banana flour is made of a large variety of banana, the plantain. It contains, in addition to the salts in the ripe fruit, considerable calcium and iron. A porridge made of this flour and water is a very nutritious dish and it is recommended for acute gastritis and indigestion.

The pulp of melons stimulates the peristaltic movement in the intestines. On account of their high content of alkaline organized salts they are effective in overcoming acid conditions, cleansing the kidneys and supplying the much needed vitamins: A and B.

Nectarines have a considerable amount of organized iron, therefore, good for anemia.

Two kinds of olives—the pickled green and ripe olives—are ever a favorite. The ripe, particularly, are exceedingly high in nutritive value and digestibility. The sun-dried olive

has an oil which is better and more readily absorbed than the extracted and refined olive oil. It acts as a good laxative. The ripe olives, next to figs and dates, carry the largest amount of potassium and calcium which is very scarce with many persons and they are next to raisins in iron.

Raw carrots have the reputation of being the most powerful of all fruits and vegetables for the growing of luxuriant hair; for the clearing of muddy complexions and such serious affections as asthma, dropsy and a nervous breakdown.

Carrots contain a large percentage of mineral salts and natural sugar. This fact makes this vegetable an ideal combination with meat and potato dinners.

In terms of vitamins, carrots are found to contain the very valuable A, B and C vitamins. Their action being alkaline still further enhances their value. The water they are boiled in or juice pressed out by grating is excellent for the liver and kidneys; also aids digestion. It is better to cook them, if cooked they must be, in a very little water, and, like cabbage boiled rapidly to help preserve the vitality of the mineral salts. A great deal less, if any, of their valuable minerals is lost by steaming them.

Raw carrots, finely grated to the consistency of pulp, can be more easily digested even by a weak stomach.

A sour stomach recuperates almost at once with a diet of young carrots with their alkaline reaction on the walls of the stomach. Old carrots with hard and woody cores are harder to digest.

The homely and oft despised onion is coming into its own surely when a certain country is not above declaring an "Onion Week" which proved to be as successful as it was humorous, the non-onion eater notwithstanding.

Its value as a food lies in the fact of its being a veritable Dutch Cleanser of the body.

Boiled onions are especially noted as splendid blood cleansers and when eaten with their juices have a strong laxative power.

The large Spanish onion is tender and mild and more suitable for eating raw in salads—except the green onion—than most of the other varieties.

Sulphur is the predominant mineral in onions. Lack of this mineral causes lifelessness of hair and dullness of eye. Sulphur supports all life processes, intensifying nerve impulsion and increasing internal heat, particularly in old age. It is also found to promote the free flow of bile and influencing normalcy in liver functions.

Onions also contain iodine necessary for the health and life of the glands which, if not fed this mineral, results in premature old age and general degeneration of the vital organs of the body.

Eat onions, then, and keep young.

Parsley eaten after raw onions destroys the strong odor so objectionable to most people; some people claim that milk will also help in this respect. Try it.



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THE ROAD TO LIBERTY

Continued from page 9

WHEN, two years later, Londe found himself once more in Paris, a strange servant opened the door of the little French pension in the Rue de Castelmaine. She shook her head at Londe's inquiry. Mlle. Felice was certainly not amongst the inmates of the pension. Londe, bronzed with travel and hard though he was, felt a sudden pain at his heart. He pushed through into the little hall to meet Mme. Regnier, the proprietress. She held out her hands.

"But it is Monsieur Londe at last, then!" she cried. "Welcome back once more to Paris."

"Mlle. Felice?" he asked, eagerly.

Mme. Regnier became suddenly grave.

"Ah, that poor child!" she exclaimed. "She has gone. It is eleven months ago since she came into my little sitting-room one morning. 'Madame,' she said, 'I have finished with music. I have finished with Paris. It is of no use. Never will they make a musician of me. Herr Sveingeld has told me so himself. There are other things.' She left the next day."

"But do you know where she went?" Londe demanded.

Madame shook her head.

"She left no word."

"But why on earth was that?"

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"Mlle. Felice," she said, "was discreet always, and careful, if one can judge by appearances; but she was far, far too beautiful for Paris and to be alone. The men I have thrown almost from the doorsteps, monsieur, the men who would wait till she came out! For a week there was a motor-car always at the corner!"

Londe set his teeth firmly.

"Do you think," he asked, "that Mlle. Felice has found a lover, then?"

Mme. Regnier once more shrugged her shoulders.

"All I can say is," she pronounced, "that whilst she was here mademoiselle was, of all the young ladies I have ever known, the most discreet. Whether she has stolen away to escape, or the other thing, who can tell?"

Londe went to Herr Sveingeld. The old musician did not recognize him at first. Then he gripped him by the hand.

"I remember you perfectly, monsieur," he declared. "The little lady—she gave it up. She was clever enough, talented in a way, perhaps, but without genius. She worked hard, but there was little to be made of her. Unless they are of the best, there is no call for girls who play the violin, especially with her appearance. A public debut would only have been a nuisance to her."

"Do you know where she has gone?" Londe demanded.

"I have no idea," Herr Sveingeld replied.

Londe braced himself for the question he hated.

"Do you know anything of any admirers she may have had?"

Herr Sveingeld shook his head.

"Why should I?" he asked. "It is not my business. I think only of music. As for my pupils, they are free to come and go. They can do what they like. I am not the keeper of their morals. I am here to teach them music."

So Londe wandered back to his hotel. He spent three days in aimless inquiries leading nowhere. Then he took the train to the South. He stayed at an hotel in Hyeres, and the next morning he hired a motor-car and drove over the mountains and along the straight, white road which

led once more to the hills. He leaned over and touched the chauffeur's shoulder as they came nearer to the place where he had first caught a glimpse of the little pink sunshade. The car slackened speed. He looked around him. It was all very much the same. Then the car came almost to a standstill at a corner. They met a market-cart filled with huge baskets of violets, and on a seat by the side of the driver—Felice!

Londe left the car whilst it was still crawling along. He stood out in the road, and Felice looked down at him and gave a little cry. She set her feet upon the shafts and sprang lightly into the road. The only word that passed between them was a monosyllable, and yet a hope that was almost dead sprang up again in the man's heart. Felice was very plainly dressed in trim, white clothes, a large straw hat, and over her dress she wore a blue smock such as the peasants wore in the field. In her eyes was still the light of heaven.

"But tell me," he begged, "what does it mean? I went to Paris. No one could tell me what had become of you."

She laughed, the laughter of sheer happiness.

"Listen," she explained. "What was I to do? Half of the money was gone. There was no hope for me. I can play

the violin like others—no better, no worse. And—don't laugh—but Paris was a terrible place for me. There were so many foolish people. They gave me so little peace, and it would always have been like that. And then one day I read an article in one of our reviews, and I had a sudden idea. There was three hundred pounds of your money left. I came back. My father had died. The little house and an acre or so of vineyard belonged to me. Well, I hired more. I am a market gardener. Behold!"

She pointed to the fields. Londe followed the sweep of her fingers. Everywhere was an air of cultivation. The vineyards were closely pruned. A wonderful field of violets stretched almost to the village. In the distance was the glitter of grass, rows of artichokes and peas, an orchard of peach trees in blossom.

"It is our business," she laughed; "yours and mine. See, I have no head for figures, but since I returned I have added four times to our capital. We keep books. I have a manager, very clever. I was going to look at a little piece of land which is for sale and leave these violets at the station. It is nothing. Walk with me here up home, and while they get *dejeuner* ready I will show you. Come this way. You must see the almond trees."

They passed across the field, where twenty or thirty blue-smocked peasants were at work. Felice stopped once or twice to speak to them. Finally they entered another gate and passed through an orchard, pink and white with blossom. The air seemed faint and sweet with a perfume almost exotic. The sunshine lay all around them. When they came out, she turned a little to her right and pointed to the road, straight and dazzlingly white—pointed to where it disappeared over the hills.

"After all," she said, "it meant something to me—the road to liberty."

They were at the edge of the orchard. He took her hands firmly in his.

"Felice," he murmured, "it may mean so much to you, if you will, for I have come back—I am free—I am no longer a wanderer. I, too, have worked, and I have been fortunate. And the day when I commenced my new life—and the whole reason of it—was the day we travelled over that road together."

She came closer and closer to him, and her eyes were softer, and she seemed to him like the fairest thing on earth.

"I have prayed," she whispered, "oh, I have prayed all my days that you might return and bring back love with you—like this!"

IS THE PRESENT SOCIAL ORDER DOOMED?

Continued from page 4

the world, there is to be seen the most conspicuous example of inequality in the distribution of wealth. Here are some statistics recently published:

Of the population of the United States, 120,000,000, the following is the classification as to material possessions:

17% of population, 20,400,000, have a bare existence;

59.6% of population, 71,520,000, are poor;

76.6% of population, 91,920,000, have less than enough;

10.1% of population, 12,240,000, have more than enough;

1/10th of 1% of population, 120,000, have 1/5th of national income;

1/10th of these richest, say 4,500 families, average an annual income of \$400,000 per family.

The prospect for the future is even more disturbing. The richest of the rich have doubled their share in the past ten years, the rich have held their own, the poor have made no gains.

Look at these figures: Since 1927—

Production has increased 11%;

Wages have increased 4%;

Profits have increased 51%.

This appalling discrepancy between rich and poor in the most highly industrialized nation in the world and at its highest peak of prosperity constitutes a terrific indictment of our present industrial system as a nation-building agency.

THE statistics for Canada would not show the same discrepancy, but the tendency in Canada is the same, the principles at work are the same, the results will eventually be the same.

This startling inequality of wealth which is due in the first instance to inequality in the distribution of the returns from industry arises mainly

however from the manipulation of money.

Massed money invested in mechanized industry, overwhelms mere human beings in the competitive struggles for work. In textiles one man with machinery can equal in production the work of 45,000 men in Arkwright's time. In an American factory for the manufacture of frames for chassis, 120 men with machines newly invented can turn out 8,600 frames per day, supplanting machinery which with 200 men could turn out 35 frames per day. No reasonable man will condemn the mechanizing of industry. Any lowering of production costs is sound economics. But with the mechanization of industry there arises a demand for an increased humanizing of industry. Within the circle of industry it is ever the man that gives worth to money and to the machine.

The difficulty is that industry in the hands of those responsible for its direction has not yet adjusted itself to the New Age in its relation to money, the machine and man. This is stupid and inhuman.

And governments have not yet grasped the necessity for this adjustment. Does any man of ordinary intelligence imagine that a system of economics built upon foundations so terribly unjust can long survive? I am no alarmist, but the Canadian who is not alarmed is deficient both in intelligence and in moral sense.

"The axe is laid at the root of the tree." And the axeman will be no wild-eyed Marxian Communist, but one of those lads that pushed over Vimy Ridge, a sane and even cheery chap, but in a fight against tyranny, terrible, relentlessly terrible. He will sweep things bare.

The alternatives in this extremity I shall deal with in my next paper.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the second of a series of articles by Ralph Connor. The third and last will appear next month.

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BLACK WATER

Continued from page 60

engines and nursed them reluctantly into action. And then, slowly but surely, they made away, keeping to the lee of the island and taking desperate chances against sudden shoals. In spite of the terrific top current beside Isle Royal they pulled the hulk into a safe anchorage in the lee of the island.

It was he who got the crew ashore and obtained special steel-cutting machinery to make a hole in the ship's bottom in order that they might suck up the thousands of tons of dry wheat into another boat.

It was he also who chartered a Cogswell line freighter to take the wheat, which he claimed to have a market for at almost the full price.

Doughty of course proved to be an able foreman. While Smith planned this and that, it was Doughty, with a voice like a foghorn, who drove the special crew as they had never been driven before.

ON THE second day a tug came out from Fort William and rolled alongside the yacht.

From the tug came a man whom Nora thought seemed vaguely familiar. While she was trying to decide where and when she had seen him before she happened to look down at the figure of Smith who stood immediately below her on the bottom of the upturned boat, peering down into its interior where a group of men were at work. She started in surprise, looked again, and then stared in absolute bewilderment as the newcomer walked over to her father. Her mind worked overtime then, and she hustled below to where Smith stood.

Doughty had come on deck to get a plug of tobacco which he had forgotten, when the newcomer greeted him. "Are you in charge of the salvage gang?" queried the stranger, a tall well set up man with an iron-grey moustache that was as crisp as his voice.

Doughty nodded slowly, and looked enquiringly at his interrogator.

"I am Cogswell," the other went on, eyeing the Captain closely to see the effect of his words.

Doughty nodded again. "Well?" he said at last.

Cogswell looked slightly nonplussed, and seeing that explanations were in order said, "I usually keep pretty good tab of the men who work for me, but I must confess that Stillwell, my district manager, didn't tell me about you. However," and he looked around smilingly, "you seem to have done a wonderful piece of work here, for which of course you will receive a special bonus and merit marks."

It was Doughty's turn to look bewildered. "Working for you?" he repeated. "Who said I was working for you?"

"Well aren't you?" the words came like a bullet from a gun.

"I am not. I am working for myself. Leastways partly for myself. I have a partner of course."

"Working for yourself?" the other's face was a blend of surprise and humor, and he laughed aloud. "You seem to have a queer sense of humor Captain, but my yacht is no place for it."

"Your yacht?" Doughty's eyes seemed about to pop out.

"Naturally it's my yacht," snapped Cogswell indignantly at what he took to be a poor sense of humor on the part of Doughty. Abruptly he turned and beckoned to the captain of the yacht who hastened to his side, his face betraying some inner perturbation.

"Captain, will you introduce me to this man here," went on Cogswell,

"he seems to think I have no business here."

Doughty flared up. "I don't know what you are raving about. I chartered this yacht in due form in the presence of the captain here for a special job of salvage, and Mr. Smith is our witness."

"You're certainly off your head," snapped Cogswell. "Why man," his arm waved around, "this is my yacht, that boat there," pointing to the hulk, "is mine, and that other is mine also. The damaged boat, the salvaged wheat and the freighter are all mine."

"Yours?" repeated Doughty. "But I—I don't understand—Smith said—he said it was all right to get the Cogswell boat. He said he knew the owner well, that he was a good friend. Isn't that so, captain?" Turning pleadingly to the yacht's master.

But that gentleman was not going to be embroiled. He saluted Cogswell hastily and mumbling, "You'd better see Smith about that," he disappeared.

"Who is this mysterious Smith?" asked Cogswell.

"I dunno," answered Doughty, "but by gosh if he can't explain I'll—"

He motioned his visitor toward the rail and there hastened to point out the figure in dirty white who was busily engaged in directing the work, with Nora beside him.

There was a long silence between the two older men, as even Doughty had seen the resemblance now. "Why it's your son, isn't it?" he said finally.

"It is," replied Cogswell grimly.

"The young good for nothing rascal, chartering my own yacht to salvage my own freighter! Of all the damned colossal impudent things to do. I'll fight this, fight it in every court in Canada. It's the most foolish, ridiculous — crazy —" he stopped for breath, and a grinning Doughty nodded in agreement.

"It is crazy, isn't it? You'd be laughed from here to Montreal," and then as the full realization of the joke dawned upon him he shook with laughter.

"Salvage!" he chuckled. "Salvage. Now I am glad we ran him down and my daughter picked him up."

"Ran him down? Picked him up?" queried Cogswell, his eyes glinting strangely as he gazed down at the two below. But they twinkled continuously as Captain Doughty told the whole story from beginning to end.

When the last word was finished there was a note of pride in Cogswell's voice as he said, "So he can do things if he wants to, eh?" He looked again at the battered hulk, and then turning to Doughty said genially, "Captain, I think you and I had better settle this thing in the proper fashion," and taking the old man's arm in his he started for the master's cabin.

Down below on the hard bottom of the hulk Nora and Mr. Smith stood, almost touching. Smith was speaking. "What are they doing now?" he asked anxiously.

"They are shaking hands," replied Nora, "and your father is slapping my father on the back."

"Oh!" A loud and explosive sigh came from Smith. "Well, I always thought the old man would be a sport."

He tucked Nora's arm under his a little more firmly and looked down into her eyes with a smile. "Well," he said, "I suppose they are going to celebrate the union of the house of Doughty with the house of Cogswell by turning bottoms up, and as for me—" he looked into her clear grey eyes—"I—I am glad I was salvaged."

LAUGHING SONG
By Wm. Blake (One of the early poets)

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary and Susan and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing Ha! Ha! He!

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread;
Come live and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha! Ha! He!

(Verses sent in by Rose Norgrove of 918 Ingersoll St., Winnipeg. Rose would like to hear from other fourteen-year-old members of the C.C.C. Rose earns a gold button with these verses.)

THE CHORE BOY
By Harry Edwards

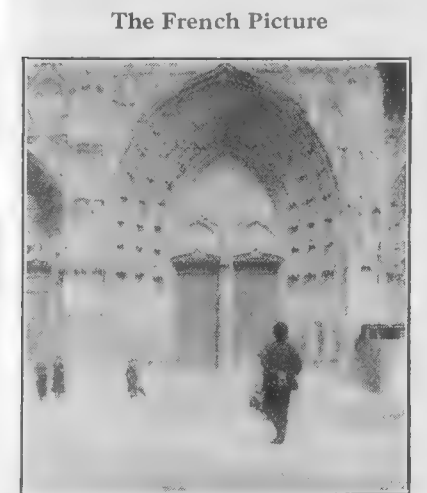
I'm up at five, and sakes alive
I've milked the cows by seven,
And then I clean the barns and strive
From then till after 'leven.

At noon I feed the pigs again,
And give the fowl their scratch,
I peer beneath the setting hens
And take the chicks that hatch.

I'm chopping wood from then till eve,
I milk the cows once more,
And then I bed them down for night,
And lock the stable door.

Then supper, and some checker games
Which give me lots of joy;
And then to bed; when all is said,
Why, I'm a happy boy.

(A gold button goes to Harry Edwards, 3604 East Hastings St., E. Burnaby, Vancouver, B.C., who it would seem wrote these lines himself.)



"A Land of Beautiful Churches"

If you ever visit the older countries of Europe you will see large numbers of old buildings, many of which were built before people realized the existence of the New World. We may not appreciate the dark corners and narrow stairways of these buildings, but we cannot fail to be impressed by their beauty. France is particularly rich in the Gothic style of architecture, which is very elaborate. The men of the Renaissance period seem to have concentrated all their energy on building magnificent churches which are still standing. Look at the picture of the west door of Nantes Cathedral. You could spend a whole afternoon studying the figures that are carved on the porch alone, and every part of the building is just as full of beautiful carving. In the days when there was no machinery each craftsman had time to express all his ideas in the stone that he carved. The world has changed, and old-time methods would probably prove a failure in the busy world of today; nevertheless we all feel grateful for the heritage that these builders have handed down to us.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A letter from Ben R. Patchin, a patient in the Fairmont Hospital, San Leandro, Cal. While we are afraid this contributor



is past the age limit for our Corner, nevertheless we are delighted to hear from him, and thank him for the little verses he made up. We are sure he would like to hear from some of you boys and girls, and your letters would cheer him while he lies abed.

Lilian A. Everest of Brazil Lake, Yarmouth Co., N.S., who only came to Canada from England five years ago, wants to join our family. We are delighted to have you Lilian, and hope you will make many pleasant friendships in our Corner. Lilian is fifteen, and would like to hear from some other Cornerites we are sure.

Aylmer, Ont., is the home of Donna Doolittle, who likes the gold button she won very much. Donna sends us a poem which we hope to publish next month.

Fusilier, on the prairies of Saskatchewan is the town where Anna M. Mortensen writes from. Anna is seventeen, and therefore dangerously near the age limit for our Corner; but we are delighted to welcome her, and hope to publish the prose-poem she has sent us.

Annie Frenz of Steelman, Sask., tells us that she lives on a farm, far from town, and we are sure Annie, who does not see many boys and girls, would appreciate hearing from members of the Cosy Corner. She also contributes a poem, so we shall not soon run out of these.

Percy Thompson of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., is delighted with his gold button, and contributes a poem also for our Corner. Percy says they haven't had a rink this year, but he's fortunate for a lake near the farm froze over, and the skating has been good.

Glenella, Man., is the home of Anna Hoehn, who is saving the Cosy Corner pages for a Cosy Corner scrapbook. Anna is the proud possessor of a Gold Button, and she likes the idea of the little French stories and pictures on the page.

Dorothy Shumway of 1420 Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg, just discovered our Corner, and of course wants to join us. We are delighted to have her, but we are afraid the verses she sent are not quite up to our standard. Do you know what it means to "scan" verses, Dorothy? You ask your teacher about that. It's important, and then go on trying, and some day you may indeed write a poem, for you have a very good idea of it now, and it only needs practice, and a bit of that something that we call "inspiration."

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH
FEBRUARY 29TH?

A good many of you evidently didn't do anything, or if you did you quite forgot to tell the Cosy Corner about it. Well—there you are, a whole extra day gone into the waste-paper basket for four long years—and it's all your fault and it was such a fine time to do something quite worth while, some little "good deed" that you had left undone, some

little hard thing that you'd tucked away in the corner of your mind and tried to forget. Anyway some of you tried to remember the day, and here are a few stories.

The story book, which will beguile many hours of spring when it's too wet to play outdoors goes to Teddy O'Grady of 329-19th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta., and this is Teddy's story—"At school I have always wanted to be a monitor. As luck would have it, I was never appointed, but on February 29th my luck changed. Our teacher told two other boys and myself to look after the doors. The rest of the day passed slowly. At four o'clock we dismissed feeling rather jubilant. I hurried home and swept the snow off the walk. Then I rushed over to my aunt's and ran a few errands for her. When I went home I played an extra twenty minutes on the piano. When mother came home and discovered the work I had done, she nearly had heart failure!"

There are two gold buttons going to two very small young people who are in Junior II and are aged seven and eight. They each wrote a verse to remember Leap Year by, and while this was not exactly what we meant, we think they earned the gold buttons, which go to S. Doyle, 82 Garside Ave., Hamilton, Ont., and Patrician Tracie, 136 Balmorel N., Hamilton, Ont.

The others who wrote us did such very undistinguished things that we don't really think we will publish their letters.

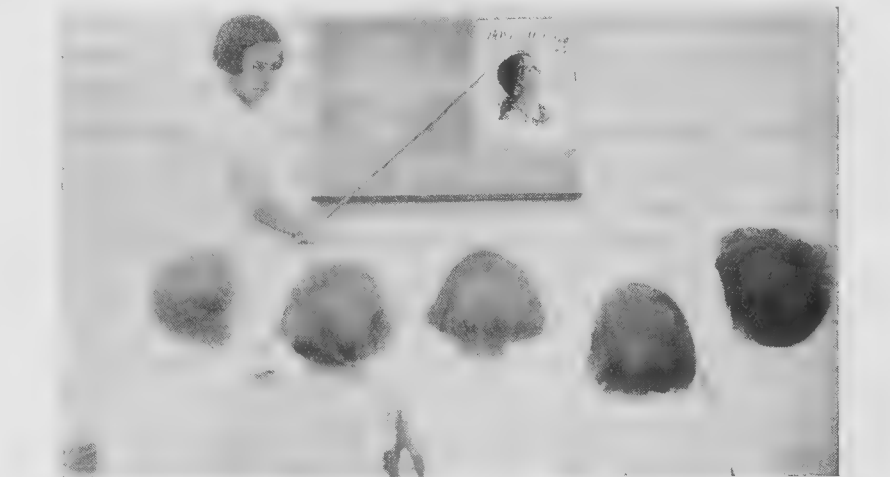
Gwendoline Campbell of Mukoka Falls, Ont., Ruby and Ambrose Mandley Bracebridge, Ont., both wrote us, while Gladys Colling, Box 20, Cumberland, B.C., would like to hear from other Cornerites aged thirteen or fourteen; Dorothy Kendall of 715 Catherine St., Victoria, B.C.; Grace Weber of St. Walburg, Sask. and Betty Nash of Elgin, Man.

Betty says her daddy has two Indian ponies called Crowney and Flip, and a cow called Daisy, and lots of hens, and some mink. Funny little animals, mink, aren't they? We saw a whole "farm" of them once, and they had big wooden wheels to play with, and swimming pools and all sorts of things. Betty sends us in some little verses she wrote about her kitties, and! Jessie Jackman thanks us for her gold button with a new star added to it.

PAT: "Every morning I go to the well and draw up a ninety gallon bucket of water."

Mike: "Oh, that's nothing. Every morning I get a boat and pull up the river."

LITTLE girl who had been watching men with cement mixer building sidewalks: "Oh, Mamma, Mamma, come quick and see the men turning a washing machine, and there are sidewalks coming out."



A GOOD OBJECT LESSON!
The "teacher" is Amy Cotton, of Harlington, Manitoba, while the "class" is composed of her cousins.



I AM alive. I know it now. At first I couldn't think what had happened to me when I felt Mother smoothing my coat with her tongue, ending by washing my face. I don't like my face washed, but I do like the soft warm feel of my Mother's coat. Best of all I like the nice dinner she gives me, it is very comforting to my lonesome little tummy.

After a while I felt a gentle hand stroking me, and a sweet voice said, "You dear, fat, funny, wrinkled darling puppy." Then the same voice called, "Mother, Mother, there are two of them."

So there are two of us. I don't feel like anyone else so I am me. I wonder who the other is. I shall ask Mother about it.

I know who the other is. Mother told me this morning as she smoothed my coat. "He is your brother. You are my dear twin puppies," she said, turning to smooth my brother's coat, and, oh joy! forgetting to wash my face.

Mother fed us and we cuddled down for a long sleep. I woke feeling cold and lonely. Mother was not there, but someone was making a queer jerky noise, which sounded like "Come, come!" I didn't want to go so I gave one frightened howl which quickly brought my Mother. "Don't be silly," she said, "that is only the Clucking Hen." I don't like clucking hens. Mother stayed with us for a long time after that. I hope she takes us with her the next time she goes out.

The soft hand stroked me, and the sweet voice called me a darling puppy again today. Mother says it is our little Mistress, Peggy Burns.

Mother says we are getting quite big and will soon be able to run about the yard. I don't know what the yard is, but it must be something nice from the way Mother spoke, and it must be a busy place for it is quite noisy. We live in a funny round house; Mother says it was once a barrel. It has a nice soft bed made of an old coat, and it is very cosy.

This afternoon a queer-looking thing came to our door saying, "Quack! Quack!" I felt very much afraid and crept close to Mother. "How are the puppies?" the visitor asked. "They are growing fast, thank you," Mother replied. "How are you getting along?" "Oh!" said our visitor, "I should be alright if Mrs. Burns wouldn't take my eggs away as fast as I lay them." Just then the Clucking Hen flew screaming by. "Flighty old thing," said our visitor, "she will never hatch out a family. She is forever leaving her nest. The Turkey Hen is setting too, stuck-up old thing, she wouldn't speak to me when I passed her in the yard. Well," she added, "I must be going. It is getting near tea time."

"Who is that?" I asked Mother as soon as our visitor was out of hearing. "Oh that," replied Mother, "is the Pekin Duck; I think she is very handsome, but she is a great gossip."

(Next month "Puppy" will have some more adventures to relate.)

APRIL FOOL'S DAY
By Elizabeth Auvache

April the First is a funny day,
When we try to fool people in every way.

I found that I was fooled myself,
When I ate some candy off the shelf.

'Twas a chocolate-covered piece of wood;
And I wouldn't eat it if I could.

A brown doughnut was rich and full,
But I found it full of cotton-wool.

I heard a knock at the front door;
No one was there; I was fooled once more.

It's fun to put the clock ahead
To make everyone rise early from bed.

On the sidewalk were some bundles of sand;
We saw folks carry them off in their hand.

And when I came in after school,
Pinned on my coat was "APRIL FOOL."



"Daybreak is Coming"

LOOKING back to the time when he was a small boy, The Philosopher remembers how proud he was when his elder brother, who had a sail boat, took him along on a fishing and hunting trip on which they were to camp out for several nights, on a different island of Georgian Bay each night. On the third day of the trip they were caught in a sudden squall, in which they were capsized half a mile from shore. Clinging to the overturned boat, they were blown ashore on a small island, which was desolate and many miles from the nearest human habitation. Not until the next day were they taken off by a passing boat. They had spent a very uncomfortable night, shelterless in a heavy rainfall, but except when they were capsized, the small boy had not been frightened. Was he not with his big brother, in whom he had unquestioning confidence? He did not realize until afterwards that they were fortunate in being rescued so soon. When they were most uncomfortable in "the dead vast and middle of the night," his big brother, to cheer him up, said, "Remember that daybreak is coming." In that plight of theirs, it was the one thing they could count on with certainty—the coming of the next day. More than once since that night The Philosopher has found the memory of those words a good restorative of courage and confidence.

For Enlargement of Life

AN ADMONISHER whose scowling severity of countenance is one of The Philosopher's unpleasant memories of childhood, used to say, "I do not believe in a religion of gloom." In making that declaration, he used to show his teeth in what he intended for a smile, poor man. Among the memories of The Philosopher's youth is one of a severe rebuke he suffered from that same admonisher on being found reading a novel. How, asked the stern-faced rebuker, could anybody before whom the vast realms of truth in history and theology and science were open for study be content to waste his precious time and weaken his mind with fiction? On taking up a book, he went on, one should ask oneself: "Is it true?" A question which disclosed a pitiful misunderstanding of truth. There are shoals of novels, needless to say, which are a waste of time, and not a few which are worse than that. But such dull-witted condemnation of all novels was simply a revelation of narrow-minded ignorance. Many novels stand among the greatest masterpieces of literature. They are alive with understanding of life and with imagination. It sounds priggish and highbrow to say that a person is better for having read a great novel, but it is the plain truth, all the same. That does not mean that reading a great novel makes us extraordinarily exalted or happy, but that it strengthens us mentally and spiritually, that it widens and extends our perception of life, that it increases our knowledge and our wisdom. Culture is the bloom of life. Man has been raised from lower to higher levels very largely by the power of his imagination.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

The Miracle of Spring

SPRING means the reviving of our aspirations, the awakening of new life and energy in us. We, too, feel the joyful urge that stirs with life in the dark soil and whispers to the lonely little seed, "Awake and live!" and sends the wild geese northward once again, writing V across the sky, as the ancient poet said. There is something powerfully reassuring to the human spirit in the certainty of the return of the season of days of golden suns and silver rains, of bird song and wild flowers, in this miracle and mystery of the great annual renewal which brings messages of hopefulness and healing with every breeze that tells us winter is gone, with every flashing of a wild bird's wing. It teaches us that the darkest day, if we live till tomorrow, will have passed away, and that the same thing is true of the darkest week and the darkest year. No human trouble is unending, no darkness is permanent, no winter of discontent but has to come to its end and give way to spring.

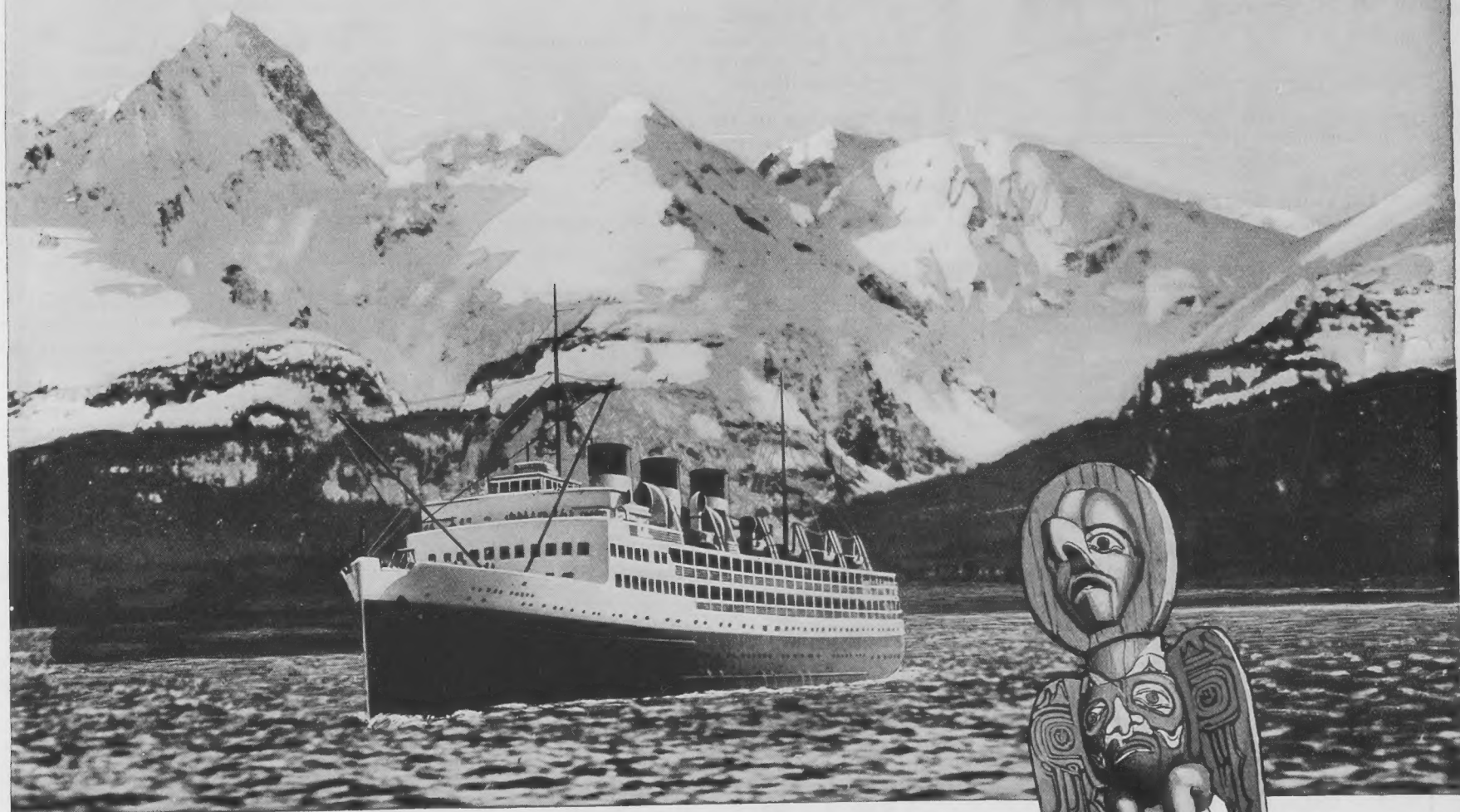
Foolishness and Wisdom

THIS is a world of causes and effects. Every act and every word has its consequences. To act or speak without definite purpose, or to be unable to foresee the probable effects of action or speech is the characteristic of a foolish person, not of a wise one. None of us can always and unfailingly act and speak with perfect wisdom. A person who could be always perfectly wise, even when there is a time for being wisely foolish, would be more than human.

Love Knows No Logic

IN LISTENING to an advocate of Eugenics recently, The Philosopher could not help thinking that there is only one answer to all extremely earnest apostles of cure-all methods for the improvement of humanity, who believe that what they preach is the one thing the world needs to bring all its social and economic ills to an end. That answer is that this world is not, and cannot be, governed by logic. It is all very well for advocates of Eugenics to talk and write earnestly about the need of legislation and governmental action in the direction of applying their ideas to human beings. The methods of breeding which man has applied to domestic beasts and poultry cannot be applied to human beings. There is an unbridgeable gulf which the Eugenists cannot even think of suggesting a way of bridging. Even in Russia, with all the intensive, fiercely logical ruthlessness in attempting to force the souls and minds of the young into a machine mould, it is being made plain that young people cannot be "educated" away from Nature's ancient way of romantic love. Let Eugenists choose their mates, if they will, according to cold logic. The Philosopher remembers the first time he saw as a child a stove which had in its front little windows of mica tinted red, so that when you came in late on a winter afternoon the heat of that stove seemed all the more cheerful because of those rosy mica windows. But think of having to warm your hands before a stove with no fire in it!

To ALASKA



Through the fjords of the North Pacific to the Land of the Midnight Sun

Here under the Arctic Circle is the strangest storehouse of treasure and romance on this continent.

Here under the mild midnight sun the entire north bursts into startling bloom. Here are giant glaciers and snow-clad peaks. Here is the thrilling "Trail of '98" itself!

Take a Canadian National steamer to Alaska this summer. Sail through the fjords of the famous "Inside Passage" — a thousand miles of smooth water and gorgeous scenery all the way! En route to embark see Jasper National Park and the scenic grandeur of the Canadian Rockies.

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from Vancouver,
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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



The jazz drummer who rigged up an ingenious device for combining family chastisement with practice work.

And Neither Does Anybody Else

Some folks do not care what they say.—Edmonton Journal.

And Sometimes The Wise, Too

Fair words please the fool, says the old adage.—Smith's Falls Record-News.

Financial Note

Any town is a good town to the man who can overdraw.—Chilliwack Progress.

Or He Is A Wizard

The only man who is a hero to his wife is just married.—Halifax Mail.

And The B. F. Usually Had A Book

Time was when a girl used to embroider a bookmark for her b.f.—Ottawa Citizen.

Especially The Platinumb Kind

Although brunettes are reported to be more highly thought of now than blondes by many of the Hollywood directors, there are still many blondes flourishing in that world centre of culture and high thinking.—Quebec Soleil.

Because He Fears They'd Laugh At It

Is it not true that nearly every man cherishes a secret hope which he would not avow to his friends?—Niagara Falls Review.

It's The Same Way With Trying To Be Happy

In trying to go to sleep it is necessary first of all to forget that you are trying to go to sleep.—Indian Head News.

Why, Then, Should We Blame Them?

After all, legislators are the elected representatives of the people.—Quebec Telegraph.

Sometimes The Horse Should Have Had It

In the old horse and buggy days no one had to have a driver's license.—Red Deer Advocate.

After Consulting His Wife, Of Course

The wise man first makes sure he is right, and then goes ahead.—Vancouver Province.

Glorious Outburst Of War Spirit

The Japanese volcano Yakegatake, which has been inactive for many years, went into eruption about the middle of last month. Probably as a belated patriotic gesture.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Shedding Tears Into The Microphone

Crooning is the masculine equivalent of weeping on a friendly shoulder.—Toronto Globe.

Why, Then, Blame The Lawyers?

If bootblacks made the laws, nobody could venture far without a \$1.00 shine.—Minneapolis Journal.

What Will Radio Crooners Do For Words Then?

Statistics show a constant decrease in feeble-mindedness. We may hope for a time, even if it is not to be in the immediate future, when there will be none of it in the whole of the United States.—Scientific American.

Friend Wife's And The Wrong One

A few years of married life are enough to show any husband that there are always two sides to a question.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

One Teacher That Always Gets Paid

We haven't heard anything of the School of Experience not continuing to carry on in Chicago, as everywhere else.—Duluth Herald.

We Should Hope Not!

As far as we can make out, the loves of these crooners do not seem to be progressing satisfactorily.—Calgary Herald.

How Many Out Of Ten Husbands Are Ideal?

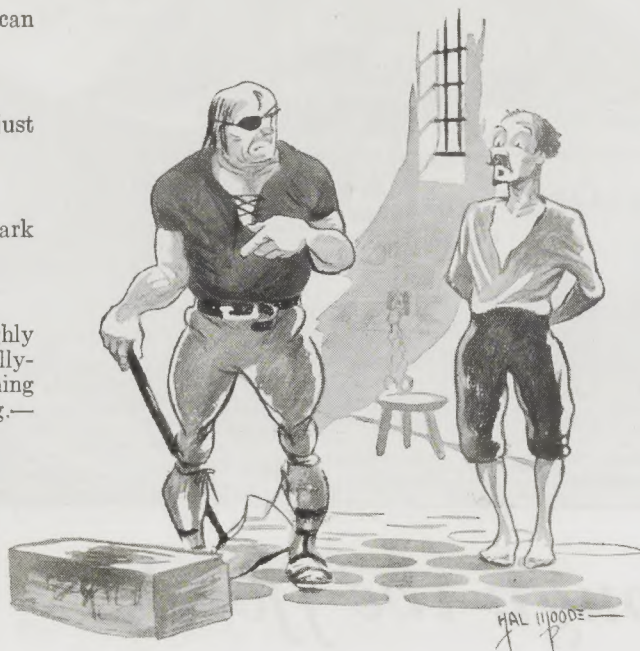
By the law of averages, out of ten wives three are ideal. But the trouble is that we can't all have ten wives.—Fargo Tribune.

Skis Under The Skids Spain Put Under Him?

Ex-King Alfonso spent several weeks of the past winter skiing in Switzerland.—Montreal La Presse.

But Driving A Car In That State Isn't Illegal

The state of being in love is a form of intoxication, declare a psychologist.—Victoria Colonist.



"Down, down on your knees, sir rogue."
"What? And risk dying? Fool, I tell thee I have high blood pressure."

Except, Of Course, The Children

This is the electric age. In the modern home everything is regulated by a switch.—Peterboro Examiner.

We Didn't Know They Could Be Dry-Cleaned

"What Do You Know About Dry-Cleaning Plants?"
—Advt. of a dry-cleaning establishment in Windsor Border Cities Star.

Now To Take The Squeal Out Of The Pedestrian

One of the most outstanding features of automotive history thus far in 1932 is the appearance of the silent car.—Detroit News.

Wherein Lawyers Surpass Doctors in Efficiency

If a lawyer loses a case, another lawyer wins it. Thus is the efficiency of the legal profession as a whole exemplified.—St. John Times-Globe.

Our Problem Is How To Manage To Get Some

Sir Josiah Stamp and several other eminent economists are all for "managed currency." We often wish we had managed ours better.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

1,800,000 Good Deeds Every Day

The Boy Scout movement has spread all round the world. It now numbers no less than 900,000 members.—Toronto Star.

Maybe The Main One Is Human Nature

There are many obstacles which continue to stand in the way of universal prosperity.—Medicine Hat News.

All The Optimists Aren't Dead

It is predicted by R. S. White, M.P., for the Mount Royal division of Montreal, that people fifty years from now will be talking about the political giants of today.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

But Not From Radio Crooners

In addition to the floods and the ravages of those destructive pests, the grasshoppers, which arrived in clouds of countless millions, devouring every green thing, the Red River pioneer settlers suffered from other troubles.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Many Would Be Content With Henry's Lot

Henry Ford says adversity is better than prosperity. Well, he can have our place.—New Westminster British Columbian.

Roll On, Thou Globe Terrestrial, Roll On!

A thing we should all remember is that the world can keep on turning round without any of us.—Brandon Sun.

This Is Not Enough

In a letter from Hollywood, an English novelist says that nine out of every ten scenarios submitted to film producers are rejected.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

What About The Back Seat Driver?

It seems incredible now, but it is true, nevertheless, that the automobile of a quarter of a century ago had no accessories.—Kitchener Record.

—To Come Over The Croon Mountains

In spite of the old saying about the foolishness of wishing for the moon, there seem to be many listeners in who yearn for it.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Well, Isn't Japan "A Pacific Nation?"

The Tokio government has given the name Ankuo, meaning Land of Peace, to the territory its forces conquered in Manchuria.—Toronto Telegram.

Is Not This Almost Past Hoping For?

Perfection will be reached when the automobile can be made not only fool-proof for its driver but also fool-in-the-other-car-proof.—Regina Leader-Post.

And, Maybe, Keep A Lodger On A Trapeze

The housing shortage is so great in Moscow that in some houses, it is reported, whole families of ten or twelve live in a single room.—Montreal Gazette.

Ever Since We First Heard A Ukulele

Most of us have thought for some time that Hawaii wasn't quite such a paradise of the south seas as certain authors have painted it.—Neepawa Press.

Some Of It Is Worse Even Than That

The definition of crooning in Webster's International Dictionary begins thus: "To make a continuous hollow sound, as cattle in pain."—Ottawa Journal.



"Well if it ain't Hubert Netherbee! Where y' been keepin' yourself, Hubert?"

Bless 'em they love Desserts!



DEVIL'S-FOOD PUDDING (above)

3 squares chocolate	1 cup milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	2 cups flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon soda mixed with
2 eggs	1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in saucepan, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Cook until thick. Cool.

Blend creamy *digestible* Crisco with 1 cup sugar and eggs. Stir in chocolate mixture. Add milk alternately with flour sifted with salt. Add vanilla, then soda, mixed with water. Either bake or steam (1) *bake* in Criscoed tube pan in moderate oven (325° F.) 1 hour; (2) *steam* in Criscoed cups covered with waxed paper 40 minutes, then bake in moderate oven (325° F.) 10 minutes. Serve hot with whipped cream or—

Ice Cream Sauce: Beat $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 egg and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt with Dover beater. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted Crisco and beat well. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Fold in 1 cup whipped cream.

TRIPLE TART (below)

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Crisco	$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour	6 to 8 tablespoons ice water

Sift flour and salt. Cut in Crisco, the pure *digestible* shortening. Add just enough water to hold ingredients together. Divide dough into thirds. Roll out into rounds, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Trim rounds to equal size. Cut center out of *one round*, to make a ring. Prick rounds well. Bake them on baking sheet in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes. Cool. Put rounds together like layer cake with cream filling between. The pastry ring goes on top. Fill the center with jam (or fresh berries). Extra delicious when decorated with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweetened whipped cream.

Cream Filling: Heat 1 cup milk over hot water. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar with $\frac{1}{3}$ cup flour and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt. Add slowly. Cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 3 beaten eggs. Cook 3 minutes. Remove from fire, add 2 tablespoons Crisco and $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla. Cool.

All Measurements Level



When you introduce your husband to these grand desserts, he'll sail right in! After all, a man never outgrows his boyish hankering for good sweet things!

I'll warn you that one dainty helping of Devil's-Food Pudding or Triple Tart is likely to be a teaser. Your husband may ask what the chances are of tasting more. Well, there's absolutely no reason why he shouldn't have a second helping, because these desserts are *digestible*. They're made with Crisco, the pure shortening that's *digestible*!

Digestible! its pure, sweet taste tells you so

We're all fussy about digestibility nowadays. And those of us who realize the vast difference in shortenings are avoiding greasy, heavy fats. We prefer to use pure fluffy Crisco . . . as sweet-tasting as whipped cream.

You're taking no chances when you stock up on a convenient 3-lb. tin of Crisco. Crisco won't turn rancid or queer-looking. It will keep its creamy sweetness right in your kitchen. Crisco stays *digestible*!

Do send for my new booklet of radio recipes called "Good Things to Eat from Out of the Air!" Address me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-42, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

WINIFRED S. CARTER



CRISCO IS
MADE IN
CANADA

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Why does Crisco digest easily? Its pure, sweet taste will tell you.



Shot from guns

Rich, nourishing grains—sealed in huge guns—kept under fiery temperatures—then—*shot from guns*. That's what explodes every tiny food cell—makes every particle of Puffed Grains so quickly nourishing.

They're "*twice-crisped*.. twice as tempting—the new Puffed Wheat *and* Puffed Rice

Children everywhere have voted Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice their favorites. Now these delicious grains are made even MORE CRISP and more delicious.



ARE you looking for a *different* cereal? Something that children won't have to be coaxed to eat? Then try the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

You'll find them twice as crisp as ever before. Twice as delicious. Because of a new process that crisps them ... crisps them again ... then hustles them piping hot into the new Seal Krisp package. And so they come to you as fresh as the instant they were shot from guns!

Always Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have been children's first choice. "Because they taste better." This is the reason children everywhere have voted Puffed Grains their first choice. Have chosen them out of 11 leading ready-to-eat cereals as "the cereals we like best."

Now they're more delicious, more ideal for child feeding than before. No other cereal brings you Nature's health grains with every food cell steam-ex-

ploded to perfect digestibility. No other cereal brings children nourishing rice and wheat in such tempting form.

Get the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice at your grocer's today. You'll find everybody in the family more interested in breakfast.

Another Quaker product ... Quaker Corn Flakes ... more crisp, more delicious than others, because wax wrapped and triple-sealed. Only Corn Flakes with the sun Vitamin D.

Made in Canada by The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Puffed Wheat *and* Puffed Rice